

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA - U

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BY PROFESSOR DANIEL LYONS
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UPRIGHT, up'rit, adj. right or straight
up : in an erect position : adhering to
rectitude: honest : just. — adv. Up'right-
LY. — n. Up'RIGHTNE8S.

UPRISE, up-rTz*, v.i. to rise up. — n. the
act of rising. — n. Up'rtsinq, the act of
rising? up: any strong outburst of popu-
lar excitement: insurrection.

UPROAR, up'ror, n. noise and tumult :
bustle and clamor. [Dut. oproer, from
op, up, and roeren (Ger. ruhren, A.S.
hreran), to stir ; corr. from a supposed
connection with Roar.]

UPROARIOUS, up-ror'i-us, (xdj. making or
accompanied by great uproar. — adv.
Uproar'iously.

UPROOT, up-r66t', v.t. to tear up by the
roots.

UPSEE-DUTCH, ui)'se-duch, adv. an old
phrase signifying in the Dutch style or
manner : Dutch-like : as, to drink upsee-
Dutch, to drink in the Dutch manner ;
that is, to drink deeply. " Drink me
upsey-Dutch." — Beau. & Fl. Similarly
Upsee-Freeze, in the Frisian manner.

I do not like the dullness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast, ^is Upsee-Dutch.

— B. JoTison.
This valiant p>ot-leech that, upon his knees.
Has drunk a thousand pottles upsee-Freeze.

— John Taylor.

Beau & Fl. use the phrase Upsey-English
—=English-like. The liquor seems some-
times to be meant by these terms. [Dut.
op-zyn-Deutsch, in the Dutch fashion; so
op-zyn-Engelsch, in the English fashion.]

UPSET, up-set', v.t. to turn upside down : to overthrow. — Up'set, n. an overturn. — adj. relating to what is set up for sale, in phrase Up'set price, the sum at which anything is started at a public sale. [Lit. " to set up."]

UPSHOT, up shot, n. final issue : end.
FLit. "what is shot up or turns out."]

Upside, up'sid, n. the upper side.— UP-SIDE-DOWN, adv. with the upper part undermost : in complete confusion.

UPSTAIRS— Up'starz, adv. in or toward an^ upper story. — n. an upper story. — adj. pertaining to an upper story or flat,

UPSTART, up'st&rt, n. one who has suddenly started up or risen from low life to wealth, etc. — adj. suddenly raised.

UPWARD, Up'ward, adj. Erected up or to a higher place. — Up'wabd, Up'waeds, ttdvs. toward a higher direction, pjp, and toar d, sig. direction.]

URANIUM, U-ra'ni-um, n. one of the rarer chemical elements: as a metal it is hard
Imt maTleahle and is like nickel in lustre.

URATE, u'rat, n. a salt of uric acid.

URBAN, ur'ban, adj. of or belonging to a cCty. [L. urbanus — urbs, a citj^.]

URBANE, ur-ban', adj. pertaining to or influenced by a city : civilized : refined : courteous.

URBANITY, ur-ban'i-ti, n. the quality of being urbane : refinement : politeness.
[L . urbanitas.]

URCHIN, ur'chin, n. a hedgehog : a child, used jocosely, [M. E. urchon, O. Fr. erigon, Fr. herisson ; from L. ericius, a hedgehog.]

URETER, u-re'ter, n. the duct which conveys the urine from the kidneys to the bladder. [Gr. — ouron, urine.]

URETHRA, u^e'thra, n. the canal leading from the bladder to the external orifice.
[G r. — ouron, urine.]

URGE, urj, v.t. to press in any way : to

drive : to press earnestly : to provoke.
[L. urgeo, to press, to drive.]

URGENCY, ur jen-si, n. quality of being
urgent : earnest asking : pressing neces-
sity.

URGFENT, nr'jent, adj., urging: pressing
with importunity: calling for immediate
attention: earnest. — ad». Ur'gently. [L.
urgens, pr.p. of urgeo.]

URIM, u'rim, and THUMMIM, thum'im,
ns.pl. a part of the high-priest's breast-
plate among the ancient Jews, the nature
of which is not distinctly understood.
[Lit. "lights and perfections," Heb. urim,
prob. pl. of ur, or, light, and thummim,
pl. of torn, perfection.]

URINAL, u'rin-al, to. a vessel lor urine : a
convenience for discharging urine. [L.
tirinal — urina.]

URINARY, u'rin-ar-i, adj. pertaining to or
like urine.

URINE, u'rin, n. the fluid which is sep-
arated by the kidneys from the blood,
and conveyed to the bladder. [Fr. — L.
urina ; cog. with Gr. ouron, Ger. ham.
Sans, vari, water.]

URN, urn, n. a kind of vase used for vari-
ous purposes : a vessel in which the ashes
of the dead were anciently deposited. [L.
urna, a water-pot, an urn, prop, a " ves-
sel of burnt clay," from uro, to bum.]

UROSIS, u-ro'sis, n. (med.) any disease of
the urinary organs.

URSINE, ur'sin, adj.ot or resembling a bear.
[Xi. — ursiis, a bear.]

URSULNiii, ur'su-lin, adj. of or pertain-
ing to St. Ursula, esp. to the female
teaching order foimded at Brescia in
1537.

US, us, pron. the obiectrve case of We.

USABLE, uz'a-bl, adj. that may he used.

USAGE, uz'aj, n. act or noode of using :
treatment: practice: custom. [Fr. — ^Low
L. — L. usus^

USE, uz, v.t. to put to some purpose : to
avail one's self of : to habituate : to treat

or behave toward. — v.i. to be accustomed.
[Fr. tiser — ^L. utor, usus, to use.]

USE, us, TO. act of using or putting to
a purpose : convenience : employment :
need: advantage: practice: custom. [Lt,
usus— utor.]

USEFUL, tisTool, adj. full of use or ad-
vantage: able to do good: serviceable. — •
adv. Use'fdixt. — «. Use'fiilness.

USELESS, us'les, adj- having no use:
answering no good purpose or the end
proposed. — adv. Use'IiESSLY. — n. Use'-
ULESSNESS.

USHER, ush'er, w. one whose business it is
to introduce strangers or to walk before
a person of rank : an under-teacher or
assistant. — v.t. to introduce : to forerun.
— n. Ush'eeship. [O. Fr. ussier, Fr.
huissier — L. ostiarius, a door-keeper —
ostium,, a door.]

USUAL, -a'ahu-al, adj. in use : occurring in
ordinary use : conunon. — adv. U'suAliLY.
[L. uimalis.]

USUFRUCT, u'zu-frukt, n. the use and
profit, but not the property, of a thing :
liferent. [L.]

THE ULTIMATE PROBLEM AND THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Social History of the American Negro*
by Benjamin Brawley

In a previous chapter[1] we have already indicated the rise of the Negro Problem in the last decade of the eighteenth and the first two decades of the nineteenth century. And what was the Negro Problem? It was certainly not merely a question of slavery; in the last analysis this institution was hardly more than an incident. Slavery has ceased to exist, but even to-day the Problem is with us. The question was rather what was to be the final place in the American body politic of the Negro population that was so rapidly increasing in the country. In the answering of this question supreme importance attached to the Negro himself; but the problem soon transcended the race. Ultimately it was the destiny of the United States rather than of the Negro that was to be considered, and all the ideals on which the country was based came to the testing. If one studied those ideals he soon realized that they were based on Teutonic or at least English foundations. By 1820, however, the young American republic was already beginning to be the hope of all of the oppressed people of Europe, and Greeks and Italians as well as Germans and Swedes were turning their faces toward the Promised Land. The whole background of Latin culture was different from the Teutonic, and yet the people of Southern as well as of Northern Europe somehow

became a part of the life of the United States. In this life was it also possible for the children of Africa to have a permanent and an honorable place? With their special tradition and gifts, with their shortcomings, above all with their distinctive color, could they, too, become genuine American citizens? Some said No, but in taking this position they denied not only the ideals on which the country was founded but also the possibilities of human nature itself. In any case the answer to the first question at once suggested another, What shall we do with the Negro? About this there was very great difference of opinion, it not always being supposed that the Negro himself had anything whatever to say about the matter. Some said send the Negro away, get rid of him by any means whatsoever; others said if he must stay, keep him in slavery; still others said not to keep him permanently in slavery, but emancipate him only gradually; and already there were beginning to be persons who felt that the Negro should be emancipated everywhere immediately, and that after this great event had taken place he and the nation together should work out his salvation on the broadest possible plane.

[Footnote 1: IV, Section 3.]

Into the agitation was suddenly thrust the application of Missouri for entrance into the Union as a slave state. The struggle that followed for two years was primarily a political one, but in the course of the discussion the evils of slavery were fully considered. Meanwhile, in 1819, Alabama and Maine also applied for admission. Alabama was allowed to enter without much discussion, as she made equal the number of slave and free states. Maine, however, brought forth more talk. The Southern congressmen would have been perfectly willing to admit this as a free state if Missouri had been admitted as a slave state; but the North felt that this would have been to concede altogether too much, as Missouri from the first gave promise of being unusually important. At length, largely through the influence of Henry Clay, there was adopted a compromise whose main provisions were (1) that Maine was to be admitted as a free state; (2) that in Missouri there was to be no prohibition of slavery; but (3) that slavery was to be prohibited in any other states that might be formed out of the Louisiana Purchase north of the line of 36° 30'.

By this agreement the strife was allayed for some years; but it is now evident that the Missouri Compromise was only a postponement of the ultimate contest and that the social questions involved were hardly touched. Certainly the significance of the first clear drawing of the line between the sections was not lost upon thoughtful men. Jefferson wrote from Monticello in 1820: "This momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not a final sentence.... I can say, with conscious truth, that there is not a man on earth who would sacrifice more than I would to relieve us from this heavy reproach, in any practicable way. The cession of that kind of property, for so it is misnamed, is a bagatelle that would not cost me a second thought, if, in that way, a general emancipation and expatriation could be effected; and, gradually, and with due sacrifices, I think it might be." [1] For the time being, however, the South was concerned mainly about immediate dangers; nor was this section placed more at ease by Denmark Vesey's attempted insurrection in 1822. [2] A representative South Carolinian, [3] writing after this event, said, "We regard our Negroes as the Jacobins of the country, against whom we should always be upon our guard, and who, although we fear no permanent effects from

any insurrectionary movements on their part, should be watched with an eye of steady and unremitted observation." Meanwhile from a ratio of 43.72 to 56.28 in 1790 the total Negro population in South Carolina had by 1820 come to outnumber the white 52.77 to 47.23, and the tendency was increasingly in favor of the Negro. The South, the whole country in fact, was more and more being forced to consider not only slavery but the ultimate reaches of the problem.

[Footnote 1: Writings, XV, 249.]

[Footnote 2: See Chapter VII, Section 1.]

[Footnote 3: Holland: A Refutation of Calumnies, 61.]

Whatever one might think of the conclusion--and in this case the speaker was pleading for colonization--no statement of the problem as it impressed men about 1820 or 1830 was clearer than that of Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College, at Albany in 1829.[1] The question, said he, was by no means local. Slavery was once legalized in New England; and New England built slave-ships and manned these with New England seamen. In 1820 the slave population in the country amounted to 1,500,000. The number doubled every twenty years, and it was easy to see how it would progress from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000; to 6,000,000; to 12,000,000; to 24,000,000. "Twenty-four millions of slaves! What a drawback from our strength; what a tax on our resources; what a hindrance to our growth; what a stain on our character; and what an impediment to the fulfillment of our destiny! Could our worst enemies or the worst enemies of republics, wish us a severer judgment?" How could one know that wakeful and sagacious enemies without would not discover the vulnerable point and use it for the country's overthrow? Or was there not danger that among a people goaded from age to age there might at length arise some second Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, reckless of consequences, would array a force and cause a movement throughout the zone of bondage, leaving behind him plantations waste and mansions desolate? Who could believe that such a tremendous physical force would remain forever spell-bound and quiescent? After all, however, slavery was doomed; public opinion had already pronounced upon it, and the moral energy of the nation would sooner or later effect its overthrow. "But," continued Nott, "the solemn question here arises--in what condition will this momentous change place us? The freed men of other countries have long since disappeared, having been amalgamated in the general mass. Here there can be no amalgamation. Our manumitted bondmen have remained already to the third and fourth, as they will to the thousandth generation--a distinct, a degraded, and a wretched race." After this sweeping statement, which has certainly not been justified by time, Nott proceeded to argue the expediency of his organization. Gerrit Smith, who later drifted away from colonization, said frankly on the same occasion that the ultimate solution was either amalgamation or colonization, and that of the two courses he preferred to choose the latter. Others felt as he did. We shall now accordingly proceed to consider at somewhat greater length the two solutions that about 1820 had the clearest advocates--Colonization and Slavery.

[Footnote 1: See "African Colonization. Proceedings of the Formation of the New York State Colonization Society." Albany, 1829.]

ANDREW JACKSON, THE UPHOLDER OF THE UNION

Project Gutenberg's *American Leaders and Heroes*, by Wilbur Fisk Gordy

[1767-1845]

[Illustration: Andrew Jackson.]

Only four years after the Clermont made its successful trip up the Hudson, the first steamboat on the Ohio was launched at Pittsburg. This boat was the forerunner of numerous steam-driven craft which swarmed the extensive network of rivers west of the Alleghany Mountains. A fresh impulse was given to westward migration, for settlers could now easily and cheaply reach the fertile lands of the Mississippi Valley, and, having raised an abundant crop, could successfully send the surplus to the Eastern markets. Under conditions so favorable the West grew in population with marvellous rapidity.

Wealth went hand in hand with the increase of population, and greatly strengthened the influence of the people of the West in the affairs of the country. By 1829, one of their number became the sixth President of the United States. This was Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee.

Andrew Jackson was born in Union County, N. C., in 1767, of poor parents, who about two years before had come from Ireland. In a little clearing in the woods, they had built a rude log hut and settled down to hard work.

But Andrew's father soon died, and his mother went with her children to live in her brother's home, where she spun flax to earn money. She was very fond of little Andrew and hoped some day to make a minister of him. With this in view she sent him to school where he learned reading, writing, and a little ciphering. But he cared so little for study that he made small advancement, and in fact never learned to spell well nor to write the English language with ease or even correctness.

He found great pleasure in hunting and in rough-and-tumble sports, excelling in running, jumping, and wrestling. Although not robust, he was wiry and energetic, and when a stronger boy threw him to the ground, he was so agile that he always managed to regain his feet.

[Illustration: Andrew Jackson's Cradle.]

As a school-boy Andrew was a bare-footed, freckle-faced lad, with slender frame, bright blue eyes, and reddish colored hair. Full of life and fun, he became known as "Mischievous Andy." Andy was brave and ready to champion the weaker and smaller boys, but sometimes he became overbearing and at other times his quick temper got him into trouble. One day his companions, wishing to play a practical joke upon him, secretly overloaded a gun, and dared Andy to shoot it. The fearless little fellow, seizing the gun, shot it off, and was kicked violently upon his back. But quickly jumping up, his eyes blazing with anger, he shouted, "If any of you boys laugh, I'll kill him." The boys did not laugh.

[Illustration: A Spinning Wheel.]

While he was yet a lad the Revolution broke out, and there was severe fighting between the Americans and the British near his home. His love of action, which up to that time had expressed itself in out-of-door sports, now took a more serious turn. War became a passion with him, and from this time he could not visit the local blacksmith's shop without hammering into shape some form of weapon. Once while fiercely cutting weeds with a scythe he was heard repeating these words: "Oh, if I were a man, how I would sweep down the British with my grass blade!"

In the course of a few years young "Andy" had real British soldiers to fight; for he was only thirteen when he was made a prisoner of war. One day soon after his capture, a British officer ordered him to clean his muddy boots. The fiery youth flashed back: "Sir, I am not your slave. I am your prisoner, and as such I refuse to do the work of a slave." Incensed at this reply, the brutal officer struck the boy a cruel blow with his sword. Andrew saved himself from the brunt of the blow, but received two severe wounds, the scars and the bitter memory of which he carried through life.

These indignities were but a beginning. He was transferred to the prison pen about Camden jail, some forty miles away, where without shelter and almost without food, he suffered from heartless exposure. In a weak and half-starved condition, his wounds yet unhealed, he fell a victim to small-pox. Hearing of his wretched plight, Andrew's mother secured his release and took him home with her. Andrew struggled for months with a severe illness. Before he had entirely recovered, his mother died leaving him quite alone in the world.

But these hardships passed, and some years later Andrew decided to become a lawyer. After studying law for a while, at twenty-one he crossed the mountains with an emigrant party into the backwoods region of Tennessee. Now grown to manhood, he was six feet and one inch tall, slender, straight, and graceful, with a long slim face and thick hair falling over a forehead beneath which looked out piercing blue eyes.

When he reached Nashville, the destination of his party, his experience was, in a large measure, the same as that of Daniel Boone in the wilds of Kentucky. When the women of the settlement went out to pick berries, and when the men hoed corn in the clearings, some of the settlers, gun in hand, with watchful eyes stood guard against attack from stealthy Indians.

To the dangers belonging to backwoods life, Jackson was greatly exposed. The court-houses in which, as public prosecutor, he had to try cases, were in some instances hundreds of miles apart. In going from one to another he journeyed alone, and sometimes had to remain alone in the woods for twenty nights in succession. In periods of unusual danger, he dared not light a fire or even shoot a deer for fear of Indians.

But in the midst of all these dangers he escaped harm, and by his energy and business ability achieved success as a lawyer. In time he acquired the means to become a large land-owner. After his marriage he built a house which he called The Hermitage, on a plantation of 1,100 acres, about eleven miles from Nashville.

Here Jackson lived with his wife, whom he loved with a deep and abiding affection. They kept open house for visitors, and entertained large numbers of guests at a time, treating rich and poor with like hospitality. His warm heart and generous nature were especially shown in

his own household, where he was kind to all, including his slaves. Having no children he adopted two, one of whom was an Indian baby-boy who had lost his mother. Of these children, Jackson was very fond.

Indeed, childlike simplicity was always one of his striking traits. Not even when he became a noted man did he give up smoking his corn-cob pipe. But we must not think of him as a faultless man, for besides being often rough in manner and speech he had a violent temper which got him into many serious troubles; among them were some foolish duels.

[Illustration: Map Illustrating Two of Andrew Jackson's Campaigns.]

After one of his duels, with a ball in his shoulder and his left arm in a sling, he went to lead an army of 2,500 men in an attack upon the Creek Indians, who had risen against the whites in Alabama. These Indians had captured Fort Mimms, which was in Southern Alabama, about forty miles north of Mobile, and had massacred 500 men, women, and children seeking shelter there. Although Jackson was weak from a long illness, he marched with vigor against the Creeks. In the campaign he endured much hardship, increased by the difficulty of feeding his 2,500 men in a wild country, where they almost starved for lack of food.

Under such conditions Jackson had to exercise much firmness and tact to keep his army from deserting and returning home. The following incident is told to show in what way he won the confidence and love of his men: "A soldier, gaunt and woe-begone, approached the general one morning, while he was sitting under a tree eating, and begged for some food, as he was nearly starving. 'It has always been a rule with me,' replied Jackson, 'never to turn away a hungry man when it was in my power to relieve him, and I will most cheerfully divide with you what I have.' Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a few acorns, saying: 'This is the best and only fare that I have.'" But in spite of all his drawbacks, Jackson conquered the Creeks, and thus broke for all time the power of the Indians south of the Ohio River.

Not long afterward he was sent at the head of an army, with the rank of major-general, to defend New Orleans against an attack of the British who hoped to get control of the lower Mississippi and all the southern part of what was then known as the Louisiana Territory. When Jackson went down to New Orleans he was in such extremely poor health that he was hardly able to sit on his horse. Nevertheless he worked night and day with unflagging energy, arming his men and encouraging them to meet the over-confident British foe.

The British army consisted of 12,000 veterans fresh from victories over the great Napoleon. Naturally enough they despised the American backwoodsmen. Their confidence seemed reasonable, for they numbered twice as many as the Americans.

On January 8, 1815, the British made a vigorous assault on the American lines. But they were mowed down with such terrible slaughter that at the end of twenty-five minutes, they were forced to retreat with a loss of 2,600 men in killed and wounded. The Americans lost only twenty-one. The resolute courage and unwearied action of "Old Hickory," as Jackson was fondly called by his men, had won a signal victory. Through his military reputation Jackson soon became very popular. His honesty and patriotism took a strong hold on the people, and in due time he was elected President of the United States.

A man of passionate feeling, he loved his friends and hated his enemies with equal intensity. Moreover, he did not seem to think that a man could disagree with him, especially in political matters, and still be his friend. So when he became President he at once began to turn out of office those who held government positions, and put into their places men of his own political party who had helped to bring about his election. Thus was introduced into our national civil service the "spoils system."

We can readily imagine that such a man, so warm-hearted, and yet so intolerant, would make many friends and many enemies. But no one doubted his sincerity, especially in matters pertaining to the welfare of his country. His absolute fairness and his high sense of duty are well illustrated by his dealings with the Nullification Act. By reason of a high tariff, passed for the protection of manufacturers in the North, South Carolina declared that she would not allow any such law to be enforced in that State. This declaration was called the Nullification Act.

[Illustration: JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.]

Jackson himself did not favor a high tariff, but he was firm in his purpose that whatever law Congress passed should be enforced in every State in the Union. When, therefore, he heard of the action of South Carolina, he rose to the full height of his executive authority. The news came to him as he was quietly smoking his corn-cob pipe. In a flash of anger he cried aloud, "The Union! It must and shall be preserved! Send for General Scott!" Troops were speedily sent to compel obedience, and South Carolina withdrew her opposition.

In 1837, at the end of his term of office as President of the United States, he went to his old home, The Hermitage, where he once more took up the life of a hospitable planter. He was now nearly seventy years old, and a constant sufferer from disease. With his usual stubborn will, however, he battled for several years longer. He died in 1845, at the age of seventy-eight, one of the most striking figures in American history. His prompt and decisive action in compelling South Carolina to obey the tariff laws did much to strengthen the Union, for it prepared the nation to ward off the greater danger of secession, in which South Carolina took the lead, twenty-eight years later.

REVIEW OUTLINE

RAPID GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF THE WEST.
ANDREW JACKSON'S EARLY HOME A RUDE LOG HUT.
"MISCHIEVOUS ANDY" AT SCHOOL.
"ANDY" AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.
JACKSON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.
LIFE AT NASHVILLE; BACKWOODS DANGERS.
HOME LIFE AT THE HERMITAGE.
JACKSON CONQUERS THE CREEK INDIANS.
HE WINS THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS MEN.
HE DEFEATS THE BRITISH AT NEW ORLEANS.
JACKSON AND THE UNION.

TO THE PUPIL

1. Explain the rapid growth of the West.
2. Give an account of Jackson's experience in the Revolution.
3. What sort of a man was he in his home life?
4. What and where was The Hermitage?
5. What were his most prominent traits of character?
6. Tell about the Battle of New Orleans.
7. What did Jackson do for the Union?

PEEPS FROM UNDER A PARASOL.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Fresh Leaves*, by Fanny Fern

People describe me, without saying "by your leave;" a little thought has just occurred to me that two can play at that game! I don't go about with my eyes shut--no tailor can "take a measure" quicker than I, as I pass along.

There are Drs. Chapin and Bethune, whose well-to-do appearance in this world quite neutralizes their Sunday exhortations to "set one's affections on a better." There's Greeley--but why describe the town pump? he has been handle-d enough to keep him from Rust-ing. There's that Epicurean Rip-lie, critic of the "New York Tribune;" if I have spelt his name wrong, it was because I was thinking of the unmitigated fibs he has told in his book reviews! There's Colonel Fuller, editor of the "New York Evening Mirror," handsome, witty, and saucy. There's Mr. Young, editor of "The Albion," who looks too much like a gentlemen to have abused, in so wholesale a manner, the lady writers of America. There's Blank-Blank, Esq., editor of the "New York Blank," who always reminds me of what the Scotch parson said to his wife, whom he noticed asleep in church: "Jennie! Jennie! you have no beauty, as all the congregation may see, and if you have no grace, I have made but a poor bargain of it!" There's Richard Storrs Willis, or, Storrs Richard Willis, or, Willis Richard Storrs (it is a way that family have to keep changing their names), editor of the "Musical World," not a bad paper either. Richard has a fine profile, a trim, tight figure, always unexceptionably arrayed, and has a gravity of mien most edifying to one who has eat bread and molasses out of the same plate with him.

Behind that beard coming down street in that night-gown overcoat, is Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the "New York Tribune," who is ready to say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," when he shall have made the "New York Tribune" like unto the "London Times;" Charles should remember that the motto of the "London Times" is "Fair Play"--not the appearance of fair play. And here is Philander Doesticks, of the "New York Picayune," and "New York Tribune," a delightful specimen of healthy manhood, in a day whose boys at sixteen look as though they had exhausted life; may his wit continue as keen as his eyes, his heart as fresh as his complexion, and his fancy as luxuriant as his beard. There's Bayard Taylor, "the Oriental Bayard." Now I don't suppose Bayard

is to blame for being a pretty man, or for looking so nice and bandbox-y. But if some public benefactor would tumble his hair and shirt collar, and tie his cravat in a loose sailor knot, and if Bayard himself would open that little three-cent piece mouth of his a l-i-t-t-l-e wider when he lectures, it would take a load off my mind! I write this, in full view of his interest in the Almighty "Tribune," and also set up before him certain "Leaves" for a target, by way of reprisal.

And there is George P. Morris--General George Morris--and Briga-dear General at that, with an eye like a star; and more vitality in him than there is in half the young men who might call him father. May Time, who has dealt so gently with "The Woodman," long delay to cut him down.

* * * * *

One day, after my arrival in New York, I met a man striding down street, in the face of a pin-and-needle wind, that was blowing his long hair away from his bloodshot eyes, and forcing him to compress his lips, to keep what breath he had--inside--to warm him; tall and lank, he clutched his rough blanket shawl about him like a brigand. Fearing he might be an escaped lunatic, I gave him a wide berth on the sidewalk. Each day, in my walks, I met him, till at last I learned to watch for the wearied, haggard-looking face; I think the demonism of it magnetized me. After looking at the kidded dandies, who flourished their perfumed handkerchiefs past, the sight of him was as refreshing as a grand, black thunder cloud, looming up in the horizon, after the oppressive hum-drum-ness of a sultry day. One night I was at the opera; and amid its blaze, and glitter, and glare, was that haggard face, looking tenfold more satanic than ever. Grisi charmed him not, nor Mario either.

Ah--that strain! who could resist it? A luminous smile in an instant transforms Lucifer--was that the same haggard face, upon which, but one moment ago, every passing hour had seemed to set its seal of care, and sorrow, and disappointment?

What was that smile like?

It was like the glorious outbursting of the sun on bud and tree, and blossom, when the thunder cloud has rolled away. It was like the sudden flashing of light through a crystal vase, revealing the delicate tracery of His fingers who made man originally "but little lower than the angels."

And so when I hear Mr. Fry, the musical thunderer of the "Tribune," called "gaunt" and "ugly"--I shake my head incredulously; and when I read in the "Tribune" a biting article from his caustic pen, dissecting poor Napoleon (who certainly expiated all his sins, even that wretched divorce, when he fretted his eagle soul away at St. Helena, beating his strong, but powerless wings, heavily against his English prison bars); when I read Mr. Fry's vulture-like dissection of Napoleon, I recall that luminous music-born smile, and rejoice that in every man's heart is an oasis which the Simoon-breath of worldly care, and worldly toil and ambition has no power to blight!

And here comes Barnum--poor Barnum! late so riant and rosy. Kick not the prostrate lion, ye crowing changelings; you may yet feel his paws in your faces; Mammon grant it! not for the love I bear to "woolly horses," but for the hate I bear to pharisaical summer friends.

Ah! here comes Count Gurowski; Mars of the "Tribune." Oh! the knowledge buttoned up in that shaggy black overcoat! Oh! the prophet eyes hid by those ugly green goggles! Not a move on the European checker-board escapes their notice; but no film of patriotism can cloud to their Russian owner the fall of Sebastopol; and while we gladly welcome rare foreign talent like his to our shores, our cry still must be, "Down with tyranny and tyrants."

And there is Briggs; whilome editor of "Putnam's Monthly," now factotum of the "New York Times," a most able writer and indefatigable worker. People judge him to be unamiable because his pen has a sharp nib. Fudge! one knows what to expect from a torpedo, but who can count on an eel? I trust no malicious person will twist this question to the disparagement of Briggs's editorial coadjutor.

And here, by the rood, comes FANNY FERN! FANNY is a woman. For that she is not to blame; though since she first found it out, she has never ceased to deplore it. She might be prettier; she might be younger. She might be older; she might be uglier. She might be better; she might be worse. She has been both over-praised and over-abused, and those who have abused her worst, have imitated and copied her most.

One thing may be said in favor of FANNY: she was NOT, thank Providence, born in the beautiful, backbiting, sanctimonious, slandering, clean, contumelious, pharisaical, phiddle-de-dee, peck-measure city--of Boston!

Look!

Which? How? Where?

Why there; don't you see? there's Potiphar Curtis.

Potiphar Curtis! Ye gods, what a name! Pity my ignorance, reader, I had not then heard of the great "Howadji"--the only Potiphar I knew of being that much-abused ancient who--but never mind him; suffice it to say, I had not heard of "Howadji;" and while I stood transfixed with his ridiculous cognomen, his coat tails, like his namesake's rival's, were disappearing in the distance. So I can not describe him for you; but I give you my word, should I ever see him, to do him justice to the tips of his boots, which, I understand, are of immaculate polish. I have read his "Papers" though, and to speak in the style of the patronizing critics who review lady-books, they are very well--for a man.

* * * * *

I was sauntering along one sunny day last week, when I saw before me a young girl, hooped, flounced, fringed, laced, bugled, and ribboned, regardless of cost. Her mantilla, whether of the "Eugenie" or "Victoria" pattern I am too ignorant to inform you, was of black, and had more trimming than I could have believed the most ingenious of dressmakers could pile on one mantilla, though backed by every dry goods merchant in New York. Venus! what a figure it was hung on! Short, flat-chested, narrow-shouldered, angular, and stick-like! her bonnet was a marvel of Lilliputianism, lightness, and lilacs. Raphael! what a face was under it! Watery, yellow, black eyes, a sallow, unwholesome skin, and--Bardolph! what a nose! Imagine a spotted "Seckle pear"--imagine a gnarled bulb-root--imagine a vanquished prize-fighter's proboscis, and

you have it! That such a female, with such repulsive features, living in a Christian country, where there were looking-glasses, should strain back from the roots what little hair she had, as if her face were beautiful in its outline--it was incredible.

Who, or what, was she? One of those poor, bedizened unfortunates who hang out signal "Barkis" flags? The poor thing had no capital, even for that miserable market; nobody would have bid for her, but a pawnbroker.

While I speculated and wondered, she slowly lifted her kidded forefinger. I was all eyes and ears! A footman in livery sprang forward, and obsequiously let down the steps of a superb carriage, in waiting, on whose panels was emblazoned a coat-of-arms. The bundle of millinery--the stick-like figure inside the hoops--the gay little bonnet, and the Bardolphian nose, took possession of it. The liveried footman mounted behind, the liveried coachman cracked his whip on the box, the sleek, shiny horses arched their necks, the silver-mounted harness glistened in the sunlight, and the vision was gone. F-a-n-n-y F-e-r-n! is there no limit to your ignorance? You had been commiserating--actually _commiserating_--one of the _élite_ of New York!

All-compensating nature! tossing money-bags to twisted features, and divorcing beauty from brains; unfortunate they, whom in thy hurry thou hast overlooked, bestowing neither beauty, brains, nor money!

That was not all I saw from under my parasol, on that sunny morning. I saw a young girl--bonnetless, shawless--beautiful as God often makes the poor--struggling in the grasp of two sturdy policemen. Tears streamed from her eyes, while with clasped hands, as she shrank away from their rough gripe, she plead for release. What was her sin I know not. It might have been the first downward step in a life of unfriended and terrible temptation; for the agony in that young face could not have been feigned; or--she might have been seized only on suspicion; but in vain she begged, and prayed, and wept. Boys shouted; men, whose souls were leprous with sin, jeered; and heartless, scornful women "passed by on the other side."

The poor young creature (none the less to be pitied, _had_ she sinned) goaded to madness by the gathering crowd, seized her long trailing tresses, and tossing them up like a veil over her shame-flushed and beautiful face, resigned herself to her fate.

Many will think any expression of sympathy for this poor unfortunate, uncalled for. There are enough to defend that side of the question, and to them I willingly leave it; there are others, who, with myself, could wish that young girls thus (it may be _innocently_) accused, should not, before trial, be dragged roughly through the public streets, like shameless, hardened offenders. There are those who, like myself, as they look upon the faces of their own fair young daughters, and think of the long life of happiness or misery before them, will wish that the sword of the law might be tempered with more mercy.

The two scenes above recorded, are not _all_ that I saw from under my parasol, on that sunny morning. I passed the great bow-windows of the St. Nicholas--those favorite lounging-places for male guests, and other gentlemen, well pleased to criticise lady pedestrians, who, thanks to the inventor of parasols, can dodge their battery of glances at will.

Not so, the gentlemen; who weary with travel and sight-seeing,

unthinkingly fall asleep in those luxurious arm-chairs, in full view of the public, with their heels on the window-sill, their heads hanging on one side, and their wide-open mouths so suggestive of the----_snore_--that I fancy I hear. Heaven forgive these comical-looking sleepers the cachinatory sideaches they have often given me!

Was there _ever_ any thing uglier than a man asleep? Single women who have traveled in railroad cars, need not be too modest to answer!

One of the first things I noticed in New York, was the sharp, shrill, squeaking, unrefined, vixenish, _uneducated_ voices of its women. How inevitably such disenchanting discord, breaks the spell of beauty!

Fair New Yorkers, keep your mouths _shut_, if you would conquer.

By what magnetism has our mention of voices conjured up the form of Dr. LOWELL MASON? And yet, there he is, as majestic as Old Hundred--as popular--and apparently as indestructible by _Time_. I would like to see a pupil of his who does not love him. I defy any one to look at this noble, patriarchal chorister (as he leads the _congregational singing_ on the Sabbath, in Dr. Alexander's church) with an unmoistened eye. How fitting his position--and oh! how befitting God's temple, the praise of "_all_ the people." Should some conquering hero, whose blood had been shed, free as water, for us and ours, revisit our shores, oh, who, as his triumphal chariot wheels rolled by, would _pass_ over to his neighbor for expression_ the tumultuous gratitude with which his own heart was swelling?

That the mantle of the father should have fallen on the son, is not surprising; and they who have listened delightedly at Mr. William Mason's "Musical Matinée's" must bear witness how this inherited gift has been enriched by assiduous culture. Nature in giving him the ear and genius for a pianist, has also finished off his hands with such nicety, that, as they dart over the keys, they look to the observer like little snow-white scampering mice.

Ah--here is Dr. Skinner! no misnomer that: but what a logician--what an orator! Not an unmeaning sentence--not a superfluous word--not an unpolished period escapes him. In these day of superficial, botched, evangelical apprentice-work, it is a treat to welcome a master workman. Thank Providence, _all_ the talent is not on the side of Beelzebub!

Vinegar cruets and vestry meetings! here come a group of Bostonians! Mark their puckered, spick-and-span self-complaisance! Mark that scornful gathering up of their skirts as they sidle away from that gorgeous Magdalen who, God pity and help her, _may_ repent in her robes of unwomanly shame, but they in their "mint and anise," whitewashed garments--_never_!

I close with a little quotation, not that it has any thing to do with my subject, but that it is merely a poetical finish to my article. Some people have a weakness for poetry; I have; it is from the pen of the cant-hating HOOD.

"A pride there is of rank--a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride--in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better, and some worse;

But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a _self-elected saint_.

To picture that cold pride, so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock, in a poultry-yard;
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and planted stiff
In all his pomp and pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail"

SASSACUS AND UNCAS:

RIVAL CHIEFTAINS OF THE PEQUOT REBELLION

Project Gutenberg's *Famous Indian Chiefs*, by Charles H. L. Johnston

The English are an adventurous people and none were more so than burly Captain Stone, a hardy mariner, who, in the summer of 1633, made a coastwise trip from Maine to Virginia in a little schooner. Attracted by the broad harbor of the Connecticut River, he sailed by the rocky bluffs at the entrance and was soon gliding between the green hills which roll back from either side of the sparkling waters of the stream. Charmed by the peaceful scene, he kept on drifting up the winding water course, until he finally dropped anchor beneath a headland covered with the sweet-scented bushes of the sumach and wild plum.

"It seems that this is a likely place for the partridge or grouse," said one of the seamen, as the ship lay peacefully at anchor on the quiet water. "What say you, good Captain, if I and two others go ashore with our fowling pieces to look for game?"

"Good," answered the stout Captain, "and if you see a deer, be sure and bring it down, for we are much in need of fresh meat upon our vessel."

"All right, we will go at once," said the seaman, and, quickly selecting two companions who armed themselves with flintlocks, the sporting sea-dogs were soon ashore. That night they did not come back, but, thinking that they had wandered off in the quest of venison, Captain Stone did not give the matter a second thought.

When morning dawned, a canoe, filled with Indians, was seen coming from the shore. "How! How!" said the red men, when the canoe came near the ship. "We bring presents to white man. We want to see big house on water."

A Sachem of the Pequot Indians was in the bow of the birch-bark boat, and, as he smiled in a friendly fashion, the Captain gave orders that he should be allowed to come on board with all his dozen men. Not long afterwards, he was agreeably conversing with them in his cabin. The crew were in the cook room, getting their luncheon, when, overcome by the drowsy heat of the day, and with no suspicion that the redskins were other than peaceful braves, the Captain fell asleep in his bunk.

Silently the Indians sneaked to the cupboard--where the muskets were kept--and seized them. Then, when all were passed to the waiting braves, the Sachem crept over to the sleeping Captain Stone, and, with one swift blow, brained him with his hatchet. Immediately his followers

rushed to the small room where the crew were peacefully eating, and, aiming at them through the window, shot at those who were nearest. All leaped to their feet and made a rush for the door in order to grapple with their assailants. Three lay groaning upon the floor, as the rest rushed upon the vindictive savages who, using their knives and spears, cut at the sailors with cruel vengeance. A desperate struggle commenced.

The whites and Pequots struggled back and forth upon the narrow deck, which now grew slippery with blood. More than one savage was knocked overboard, but, as they outnumbered the crew, it was plainly evident that the outcome of the struggle would be in their favor. Suddenly, a loud report was heard. The decks flew asunder from the force of an explosion below. The splitting timbers belched outwards upon the blue waters of the quiet stream, and, with a muffled roar, both red men and white were shot into the water. Some clung to the wreckage, some hung on to the canoe and boats, as--in lurid flames and black smoke--the remains of the little schooner were burned to the water's edge. But, although hurled into the water, most of the Pequots escaped, were picked up by their companions, and paddled back in the canoes and ship's boats to complete the massacre. When night came, only a few charred timbers, floating upon the surface of the Connecticut, were left to mark the scene of the tragedy.

This was in 1633, when the Puritans were well established at Plymouth and Boston, and were continually pushing into the interior to find good farm lands. Sassacus was Chief Sachem of the warlike Pequots, and, in spite of this massacre, sent a messenger to the Governor of Massachusetts--in the year following--to gain his friendship and alliance. His emissary brought two large bundles of sticks with him and a large quantity of wampum. "I will give as many skins of the beaver and otter as I send pieces of wood," was the message which King Sassacus sent to the Chief Executive of Massachusetts, "and I wish your friendship and allegiance. Will you sign a treaty with me?"

"I return you a fine moose-skin coat," answered the Governor to this request, "but I cannot make a treaty with you unless you send proper warriors for me to treat with, and enough of them. Furthermore, your men have murdered Captain Stone, my friend, and I can make no peace with you until you deliver to me the Pequots who killed him and his men."

Sassacus was a warrior of high renown. He had twenty-six sachems, or war captains, under his control, and could muster--at any time--seven hundred warriors. His residence was upon the Atlantic, at Groton, Connecticut, and near the Mystic River he had a splendid stronghold, situated upon a verdant eminence, which gradually descended to the waters of the sparkling stream. He and his men looked upon the English as intruders, who had no right to come to the soil of Connecticut. But, as the intrepid Sassacus had warred with the Dutch at New York, so that they had cut off his trade with them, he wished to now gain the good will of the English, near Boston. The Pequots were men of the utmost independence of spirit and had conquered most of the smaller tribes lying around them. They called these people whom they captured "women" and "cowards."

"Your Captain Stone took two of our men," said the emissary from Sassacus. "He detained them by force and made them pilot him up the river. The Captain and the crew then landed, taking the guides on shore, with their hands bound behind them. The Pequots next fell upon

the white men and killed them. The vessel, with the remainder of the crew, was blown up, I do not know why, nor wherefore."

This was a pretty good story, and as the Governor of Massachusetts could not substantiate his own side, he was inclined to believe it, for he had no means of proving its falsity. So a treaty was concluded, with the following terms:

I. The English to have such land in Connecticut as they needed, provided they would make a settlement there; and the Pequots to render them all the assistance that they could.

II. The Pequots to give the English four hundred fathoms of wampum, forty beaver and thirty otter skins, and to surrender the two murderers whenever they should be sent for.

III. The English to send a vessel immediately, to trade with them, as friends, but not to fight them, and the Pequots would give them all their custom.

Having signed this document, the emissary from Sassacus and his companion started back on their five days' journey to the habitation of their Chief. But, unfortunately for them, the Pequots were then at war with the Narragansetts, and a party of about two hundred and fifty warriors of the latter tribe had come as far as Neponset (the boundary between Milton and Dorchester) for the avowed purpose of waylaying and killing the two Pequots on their way home. Learning of this, the Governor sent an armed force to request a visit from these Narragansett braves, and two Sachems--with about twenty men--obeyed the summons. "We have been hunting around the country," said they, "and came to visit the Indians at Neponset, according to old custom. We meant no harm to the Pequots. They can go home in safety." And they kept good this promise, so that the two Pequots made their return trip in perfect security.

For two years white settlers moved into Connecticut, and took up farms in the most fertile places. But the Indians were soon unfriendly. An Englishman named Oldham, who had been trading in Connecticut, was murdered by a party of Block Island braves, several of whom were said--by the frontier settlers--to have taken refuge among the Pequots, who gave them ample protection. When the Governor of Massachusetts heard of this, he was exceedingly wroth, for Oldham was a resident of Dorchester and was a friend of his. So, ordering Captain Endicott of the State Militia to appear before him, he said:

"I commission you, good sir, to put to death the redskins of Block Island, with ninety of our soldiers. Spare the women and children, but bring them away and take possession of the Island. Then go to the Pequots and demand the murderers of Captain Stone, Oldham, and other Englishmen who have been killed, and one thousand fathom of wampum for damages. Also get some of their children as hostages, which, if they refuse, you must take by force."

Endicott was not long in starting upon his mission, and soon had captured Block Island and burned the villages of the natives. He then sailed for Pequot Harbor, where a warrior of the army under Sassacus came out in a canoe to demand who the intruders were. The River Thames, where now the rival crews of Yale and Harvard struggle for supremacy on the water, emptied into this harbor, and upon either bank were the

homes of the Indians.

"I wish to see Sassacus, your Chief," said Endicott.

"He has gone to Long Island," the Indian replied.

"Then I wish to speak with the next in authority," continued the leader of the Massachusetts troops, "and I wish to have the murderers of Oldham given up to my care."

The Pequot brave did not reply and paddled to the shore, followed by the English troops, who landed and stood--fully armed--a short distance from the beach. The Indians in numbers gathered around them, but the head Sachem did not put in an appearance. "He will come," said the fellow who had been in the canoe, "if you English will lay down your arms. We will, at the same time, leave our bows and arrows at a distance."

But Endicott grew angry at this, as he believed it to be a pretext for gaining time. "Begone, you Pequots," he thundered. "You have dared the English to come and fight you, and we are ready." The Indians withdrew to a short distance, and then the leader of the whites ordered his men to advance. A shower of arrows poured upon them, as they did so, but the English discharged a hot volley which killed several and wounded fully twenty of the redskins. At this they fled, while the troops pressed on to their village and burned it to the ground.

At night the little army returned to the five ships which had brought them, and next day they went ashore upon the west side of the river and burned all the wigwams and smashed all the canoes of the Pequots' families who lived upon the bank of the Thames. The Indians shot at them from behind rocks and trees, but their arrows did little damage, and so, with the loss of not a single man, the troops set sail for Boston. "They came home all safe," says a historian, "which was a marvelous providence of God, that not a hair fell from the head of any of them, nor were there any sick or wounded in the little army."

Sassacus was now infuriated with the whites. In retaliation for this attack upon his people, he ordered war upon the white settlers of Connecticut. The forts and settlements of the English were assaulted in every direction. No boat could pass up and down the Connecticut River in safety. The hard-working farmers could neither hunt, fish, nor cultivate their lands. People went armed to their work in the fields and to church on Sunday, while a guard was stationed outside the meeting houses during service. At the mouth of the Connecticut River, the English had a fortification, called Fort Saybrook. In October five of the garrison were surprised and killed, as they were carrying in some hay from a field near by. Not long afterwards several vessels were captured, and the sailors were tortured by the Pequots. Saybrook Fort was besieged, the outhouses were burned, and the few cattle that were not killed often came in at night with the arrows of the Pequot warriors sticking in their sides. Early in March four of the garrison were caught outside the walls of the fort and massacred, while a horde of red warriors surrounded the stockade on all sides, challenging the English to come out and fight in the open, mocking them with catcalls, groans, hisses, and imitations of the screams of those whom they had captured, and boasting that the Pequots would soon drive all the English into the sea. They would often rush up to the gate in the endeavor to gain an entrance, but a discharge of grapeshot from a

cannon made them retreat into the timber.

It is said that a Puritan, or a New Englander, is slow to anger, but once get him aroused and he will fight as no other man can fight on earth. This is what put an end to Sassacus. For when the savage marauders threatened Agawam (Springfield), Hartford and Windsor, and carried off several women from Wethersfield, the Massachusetts colony sent an army of ninety men to Saybrook Fort, commanded by Captain John Mason, an experienced and able soldier. A body of Mohegan Indians, under Uncas, joined them here, for they were unfriendly to Sassacus, as he and his savage Pequots had often killed the members of this tribe. They were to prove of little value in the campaign, but their presence added a spirit of confidence to the English soldiers.

At the head of the Mystic River, where now is the thriving town of Stonington, Connecticut, Sassacus had his principal fortification. It was really a large Indian town, surrounded by a stout palisade, and was crowded with men, women and children. Mason decided to attack it, but, being a good soldier, determined to throw the watchful Pequots off his scent. He, therefore, first sailed down to the Pequot (Thames) River, and pretended to land at its mouth. The savages were closely watching him, and when, instead of landing, he bore away to the southward and coasted along the Narragansett Bay, the natives thought that he was in retreat. "Ugh! Ugh!" said the warriors. "He little heart. He no fight! We brave men. We can beat all the English in the country!"

But Mason was a shrewd campaigner, and dropping anchor at a point in the bay, where he was protected from the prying eyes of the Pequot scouts, he lay to for some time, and then landed his soldiers through the heavy surf which was then raging. Marching inland, he stopped at a fort of the friendly Narragansetts, under Canonicus and Miantonomo, who were cold and distrustful, saying: "We doubt that such a small body of you English can carry the strong palisades of Sassacus. But we will help you when you advance upon them tomorrow." Mason had so little confidence in the word of these allies that he surrounded the fort, that evening, with a strong guard, fearing that the Indians would betray his approach to the Pequots.

Next day the little army of white soldiers pushed on through the woods in the direction of the great Pequot stronghold, where the followers of Sassacus were resting in fancied peace and security. It was a hot day--the 25th of May--and the warriors were much oppressed by their heavy armor breastplates and the weight of their ponderous flintlocks. They forded the Pawcatuck River and camped at a place called Porter's Rocks, at the head of the Mystic River, which was but two miles from the Pequot encampment. Scouts crept near the palisades that evening, and heard the sounds of songs and laughter within, for the redskins were having a big feast. Perfectly unconscious of the peril that lurked so near them, some of the braves were boasting that the English had fled without striking a blow to avenge the death of thirty white settlers whose scalps hung in the wigwams of the Pequot braves. They danced, sang, and caroused until late in the night.

Mason passed among his men, and said: "Sleep lightly. Arouse yourselves at the first flush of dawn. When you strike the Indians, fight like bloodhounds. Give no quarter, for they have given no quarter to our people."

Deep sleep hung over the Indian camp, as at daybreak the Puritan army

started for the stockade. Guided by Uncas--the Mohegan chief--and Wequash, a Pequot who had turned traitor to his tribe, they were soon led to the outskirts of the sleeping village. A hush of deep quiet hung over the habitations of Sassacus and his people. Robins piped from the trees. Song-sparrows trilled from the verdant underbrush, and the flute-like call of thrushes came from the depth of the wood, now beautiful with the fresh green of early spring. It hardly seemed possible that scenes of dreadful carnage would soon be enacted in the midst of this quiet beauty, but silently and cautiously the men with iron breastplates surrounded the circular stockade. Behind them, their Indian allies formed a circle, but advanced with no show of courage or enthusiasm. The garrison slept peacefully on, when suddenly a dog barked, and a Pequot warrior, leaping to his feet in alarm, cried out, "Owanux! Owanux!"--"Englishmen! Englishmen!"

In front of Mason was a barricade of brush heaps at one entrance to the village. Opposite this was another opening, and, as the stout yeomen rushed in one doorway, led by Mason, an equal body penetrated the other, cheered on by Underhill. The Pequot braves seized their bows and arrows in a vain endeavor to stem the onslaught, while the women and children--in terror--endeavored to hide themselves beneath anything that would cover them, or to escape between the lines and gain the protection of the forest. Hoarse cries rose in the misty air. Muskets crashed, children screamed, and, with exultant war whoops, the followers of Uncas shot their arrows into the Pequots, who huddled together like sheep, in confusion and dismay. "We must burn them!" shouted Mason, now full of the heat of battle, and seizing a glowing brand from some smouldering ashes, he thrust it between the sticks of a wigwam. In a moment the mats, with which it was covered, were alight, and the tepee blazed upwards in smoke and fire. Many soldiers followed his example, so that soon the yelling mass of warriors were surrounded by black smoke and curling flames.

In an unyielding circle, the English pressed in upon the Pequot braves. The flames crackled, women shrieked, children cried, and above the rattling of the firearms sounded the vindictive yelping of the followers of Uncas. Seventy wigwams were soon black in smoke, while fully five hundred Pequots were struck down as they endeavored to get past the line of the Puritan troops. The broad swords of the soldiers thrust this way and that with terrible ferocity. Back, back, they pressed the cringing and desperate redskins, who again and again threw themselves upon the ranks of the Puritans in a vain endeavor to get through to the safety of the forest. Sassacus, himself, was not there, but his people were receiving an awful chastisement for attacking the peaceful settlers of Connecticut. They battled desperately for their lives. They strove manfully to penetrate the cordon of steel which pressed in upon them, but it was in vain. Within an hour's time fully six hundred of them lay dead or dying upon the sod, while only seven escaped and seven were taken captive.

News of the disaster was quickly brought to Sassacus, who, fortunately for himself, was in the next Pequot stronghold, some miles distant. Dispatching immediately three hundred warriors to the scene of carnage, they pursued the English very closely for six miles, on their march to their ships, which had sailed to the mouth of the Pequot (Thames) River. The Narragansett warriors who had come on with Mason's men had already deserted. Uncas and his Mohegans still remained faithful, and helped to carry the wounded back to the ships. Underhill protected the rear of the white army as it retreated, and, according to his own

account, killed and wounded near a hundred of the ferocious Pequots, who burned to avenge the slaughter of the morning. A third of Mason's men were used up from wounds or exhaustion, but all arrived safely at the ocean side, where not only were the ships, but also a reinforcement of forty men from Boston. Before night closed in, all were on board and safe from the attacks of the Pequots, who shook their fists at them from the shore and yelled vindictively at them, as the white sails filled in the gentle breeze.

The war was not over by any means. All through the summer skirmishes were had with the Indians. Uncas and his Mohegans, with a few English, were scouring the shores near the sea for the purpose of cutting off stragglers, when they came upon a Pequot Sachem and a few of his men, not far from the harbor of Guilford, Connecticut. They pursued them, and, as the south side of the harbor is formed by a long neck of land, the Pequots went out upon it, hoping that their pursuers would pass by. But Uncas, who saw the stratagem, ordered some of his Mohegans to give chase, which the enemy observed and so jumped into the water and swam over to the mouth of the harbor. There they were captured by the English soldiers, who ran around to head them off. Uncas, himself, is said to have shot the chief sachem with an arrow, to have cut off his head, and set it in the crotch of a large oak tree near the water. The skull remained here for many years, and thus the name of Sachem's-Head has ever since been given to this beautiful harbor.

A large number of the Pequots now deserted Sassacus to his fate and took refuge among the Indians of New York. Some even threatened to destroy him for bringing down upon them the anger of the white settlers, and nothing but the entreaty of his chief counsellor prevented him from being killed by his own people. Realizing that he could no longer hold his own against the whites, he destroyed his fort, and, with several hundred of his best men, retreated towards the Hudson River. To kill or capture him was the main object of the Colonists, and, two captured Pequots having had their lives spared on condition that they would guide the English to him, a good-sized force now pushed on towards the retreating members of the once powerful Pequot tribe. At last the Indians were overtaken near Fairfield, Connecticut, and a fierce fight took place in a swamp. The red men fought with the courage of despair, and sixty or seventy succeeded in forcing their way through the ranks of their assailants; but about two hundred were captured. Sassacus, himself, escaped. Those Pequots who had not been slain were hunted like wild beasts by the other Indians of the Narragansett and Mohegan tribes, and weekly their heads were brought in to Windsor and Hartford. Finally, the entire tribe was obliterated, and the few remaining braves were permitted to live with those tribes which they had called "cowards" and "women."

Sassacus was driven from swamp to swamp, by night and by day. Even his own men hunted him and endeavored to take his life. One Pequot who was freed by the English, on condition that he would find and betray this great chief, finally succeeded in finding him. Creeping upon him in one of his solitary camps, he was about to fire his musket, when he was overcome by the majestic look of the great Sachem. "I could not pull the trigger," he told the English, "for my chief looked like all one God. I could not touch a hair of his head." Thus the once powerful redskin escaped and fled to the Mohawks in New York, where he arrived with five hundred pounds of wampum and several of his best captains and bravest men. But here there was to be no peace for the fugitive. He and his men were treacherously murdered by a party of warlike Mohawks,

and his scalp sent to Connecticut as a present to the English. A lock of his hair was soon carried to Boston, where it was exhibited in a window upon the streets, as a sure proof of the death of this once powerful enemy to the whites.

Uncas--the Mohegan ally of the Connecticut settlers--continued to live at peace with the Colonists, although granting nearly all his land away for a very small consideration. Thus, in 1641, he gave away several thousand acres for the possession of four coats, two kettles, four fathoms of wampum, four hatchets and three hoes. In 1659 he gave all his lands, with all his corn, to his old comrade and friend, Major John Mason, with whom he had stormed the Pequot fort on the Mystic. He lived to be a very old man, and a remnant of his tribe still exists today near Norwich, Connecticut, and are the only natives still lingering upon the soil of the state.

Sassacus defied the English and was exterminated. Uncas befriended them and lived a peaceful existence. Of the two, he led the more quiet life, but one cannot but admire the fierce, fighting spirit of Sassacus and regret that he met such a miserable end. No direct descendants of either now exist, for, upon an old Indian gravestone at Mohegan, a genial carver has left the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of Sun-seeto
Own son to Uncas, grandson to Oneko,
Who were the famous Sachems of Mohegan:
But now they are all dead.
I think it is Werheegen" (which means "all is well"
or "good news" in the Mohegan language).

Certainly, the whites were glad to see the race exterminated. It left the country to their own civilization, and they developed it according to their own desires. Now brick and wooden houses, great factories, and roaring mills stand where the red men once had their thin wigwams; and where they once battled furiously with the stout Colonists, jangling trolley cars rush by in cheerful indifference to the dim records of history.

THE UNITED STATES BILL OF RIGHTS.

The Project Gutenberg Etext of *The U. S. Bill of Rights*

The Ten Original Amendments to the Constitution of the United States

Passed by Congress September 25, 1789

Ratified December 15, 1791

I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

II

A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed.

III

No soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

IX

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights,
shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution,
nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively,
or to the people.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE UNDERGROUND ROAD

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom*, by Wilbur H. Siebert

The Underground Road developed in a section of country rid of slavery, and situated between two regions, from one of which slaves were continually escaping with the prospect of becoming indisputably free on crossing the borders of the other. Not a few persons living within the intervening territory were deeply opposed to slavery, and although they were bound by law to discountenance slaves seeking freedom, they felt themselves to be more strongly bound by conscience to give them help. Thus it happened that in the course of the sixty years before the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion the Northern states became traversed by numerous secret pathways leading from Southern bondage to Canadian liberty.

Slavery was put in process of extinction at an early period in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and the New England states. From the five and a fraction states created out of the Northwestern Territory slavery was excluded by the Ordinance of 1787. It is interesting to note how rapid was the progress of emancipation in the Northeastern states, where the conditions of climate, industry and public opinion were unfavorable to the continuance of slavery. In 1777 emancipation was begun by the action of Vermont, which upon its separation from New York adopted a constitution in which slavery was prohibited. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts took action three years later. Pennsylvania provided by statute for gradual abolition, and its example was followed by Rhode Island and Connecticut in 1784, by New York in 1799, and by New Jersey in 1804. Massachusetts was less direct, but not less effective, in securing the extinction of slavery; happily it had inserted in the declaration of rights prefixed to its constitution: "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights." [31] This clause received at a later time strict interpretation at the bar of the state supreme court, and slavery was held to have ceased with the year 1780.

[31] Constitution of Massachusetts, Part I, Art. 1; quoted by Du Bois, *_Suppression of the Slave Trade_*, p. 225.

There is little to be said about the remaining group of states with which we are here concerned. Their territorial organizations were effected under the provisions of the Ordinance of 1787. One of the most important of these provisions is as follows: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory,

otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." [32] It was this feature, introduced into the great Ordinance by New England men, that rendered futile the many attempts subsequently made by Indiana Territory to have slavery admitted within its own boundaries by congressional enactment. "It is probable," says Rhodes, "that had it not been for the prohibitory clause, slavery would have gained such a foothold in Indiana and Illinois that the two would have been organized as slaveholding states." [33] The five states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin were therefore admitted to the Union as free states. West of the Mississippi River there is one state, at least, that must be added to the group just indicated, namely, Iowa. Slaveholding was prevented within its domain by the Act of Congress of 1820, prohibiting slavery in the territory acquired under the Louisiana purchase north of latitude 36° 30', and several years before this law was abrogated Iowa had entered statehood with a constitution that fixed her place among the free commonwealths. The enfranchisement of this extended region was thus accomplished by state and national action. The ominous result was the establishment of a sweeping line of frontier between the slaveholding South and the non-slaveholding North, and thereby the propounding to the nation of a new question, that of the status of fugitives in free regions. The elements were in the proper condition for the crystallization of this question.

[32] See Appendix A, p. 359.

[33] History of the United States, Vol. I, p. 16.

The colonies generally had found it necessary to provide regulations in regard to fugitives and the restoration of them to their masters. Such provisions, it is probable, were reasonably well observed as long as runaways did not escape beyond the borders of the colonies to which their owners belonged; but escapes from the territory of one colony into that of another were at first left to be settled as the state of feeling existing between the two peoples concerned should dictate. In 1643 the New England Confederation of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven, unwilling to leave the subject of the delivery of fugitives longer to intercolonial comity, incorporated a clause in their Articles of Confederation providing: "If any servant runn away from his master into any other of these confederated Jurisdiccons, That in such case vpon the Certyficate of one Majistrate in the Jurisdiccon out of which the said servant fled, or upon other due proofs, the said servant shall be deliuered either to his Master or any other that pursues and brings such Certificate or prooffe." About the same time an agreement was entered into between the Dutch at New Netherlands and the English at New Haven for the mutual surrender of fugitives, a step that was preceded by a complaint from the commissioners of the United Colonies to Governor Stuyvesant of New Netherlands, to the effect that the Dutch agent at Hartford was harboring one of their Indian slaves, and by the refusal to return some of Stuyvesant's runaway servants from New Haven until the redress of the grievance. It was only when some of the fugitives had been restored to New Netherlands, and a proclamation, issued in a spirit of retaliation by the Lords of the West India Company, forbidding the rendition of fugitive slaves to New Haven, had been annulled, that the agreement for the mutual surrender of runaways was made by the two parties. Negotiations in regard to fugitives early took place

between Maryland and New Netherlands; at one time on account of the flight of some slaves from the Southern colony into the Northern colony, and later on account of the reversal of the conditions. The temper of the Dutch when calling for their servants in 1659 was not conciliatory, for they threatened, if their demand should be refused, "to publish free liberty, access and recess to all planters, servants, negroes, fugitives, and runaways which may go into New Netherland." The escape of fugitives from the Eastern colonies northward to Canada was also a constant source of trouble between the French and the Dutch, and between the French and English.[34]

[34] M. G. McDougall, Fugitive Slaves, pp. 2-11.

When, therefore, emancipation acts were passed by Vermont and four other states the new question came into existence. It presented itself also in the Western territories. The framers of the Northwest Ordinance found themselves confronted by the question, and they dealt with it in the spirit of compromise. They enacted a stipulation for the territory, "that any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service aforesaid." [35]

[35] Journals of Congress, XII, 84, 92.

Meanwhile the Federal Convention in Philadelphia had the same question to consider. The result of its deliberations on the point was not different from that of Congress expressed in the Ordinance. Among the concessions to slavery that the Federal Convention felt constrained to make, this provision found place in the Constitution: "No person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." [36] Neither of these clauses appears to have been subjected to much debate, and they were adopted by votes that testify to their acceptableness; the former received the support of all members present but one, the latter passed unanimously.

[36] Constitution of the United States, Art. IV, § 2. See Revised Statutes of the United States, I, 18. See also Appendix A, p. 359.

In the sentiment of the time there seems to have been no sense of humiliation on the part of the North over the conclusions reached concerning the rendition of escaped slaves. It had been seen by Northern men that the subject was one requiring conciliatory treatment, if it were not to become a block in the way of certain Southern states entering the Union; and, besides, the opinion generally prevailed that slavery would gradually disappear from all the states, and the riddle would thus solve itself. [37] The South was pleased, but apparently not exultant, over the supposed security gained for its slave property. General C. C. Pinckney, of South Carolina, probably expressed the view of most Southerners when he said that the terms for the security of slave property gained by his section were not bad, although they were not the best from the slaveholders' standpoint, and that they permitted the recapture

of runaways in any part of America--a right the South had never before enjoyed.[38] In abstract law the rights of the slave-owner had in truth been well provided for. Especially deserving of note is the fact that a constitutional basis had been furnished for claims which, in case slavery did not disappear from the country--a contingency not anticipated by the fathers--might be insisted upon as having the fundamental and positive sanction of the government. But what would be the fate of the running slave was a matter with which, after all, private principles and sympathies, and not merely constitutional provisions, would have a good deal to do in each case.

[37] Elliot's Debates. See also George Livermore's Historical Research Respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes, as Citizens and as Soldiers, 1862, p. 51 et seq.

[38] Elliot's Debates, III, 277.

For several years the stipulations for the rendition of fugitive slaves remained inoperative. At length, in 1791, a case of kidnapping occurred at Washington, Pennsylvania, and this served to bring the subject once more to the public mind. Early in 1793 Congress passed the first Fugitive Slave Law.[39] This law provided for the reclamation of fugitives from justice and fugitives from labor. We are concerned, of course, with the latter class only. The sections of the act dealing with this division are too long to be here quoted: they empowered the owner, his agent or attorney, to seize the fugitive and take him before a United States circuit or district judge within the state where the arrest was made, or before any local magistrate within the county in which the seizure occurred. The oral testimony of the claimant, or an affidavit from a magistrate in the state from which he came, must certify that the fugitive owed service as claimed. Upon such showing the claimant secured his warrant for removing the runaway to the state or territory from which he had fled. Five hundred dollars fine constituted the penalty for hindering arrest, or for rescuing or harboring the fugitive after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labor.

[39] Appendix A, pp. 359-361.

All the evidence goes to show that this law was ineffectual; Mrs. McDougall points out that two cases of resistance to the principle of the act occurred before the close of 1793.[40] Attempts at amendment were made in Congress as early as the winter of 1796, and were repeated at irregular intervals down to 1850. Secret or "underground" methods of rescue were already well understood in and around Philadelphia by 1804. Ohio and Pennsylvania, and perhaps other states, heeded the complaints of neighboring slave states, and gave what force they might to the law of 1793 by enacting laws for the recovery of fugitives within their borders. The law of Pennsylvania for this purpose was passed the same year in which Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, began negotiations with England looking toward the extradition of slaves from Canada (1826); but it was quashed by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Prigg case in 1842.[41] By 1850 the Northern states were traversed by numerous lines of Underground Railroad, and the South was declaring its losses of slave property to be enormous.

[40] Fugitive Slaves, p. 19.

[41] See Chap. IX, pp. 259-267; also Stroud, Sketch of the Laws Relating to Slavery in the Several States, 2d ed., pp. 220-222.

The result of the frequent transgressions of the Fugitive Slave Law on the one hand and of the clamorous demand for a measure adequate to the needs of the South on the other, was the passage of a new Fugitive Recovery Bill in 1850.[42] The increased rigor of the provisions of this act was ill adapted to generate the respect that a good law secures, and, indeed, must have in order to be enforced. The law contained features sufficiently objectionable to make many converts to the cause of the abolitionists; and a systematic evasion of the law was regarded as an imperative duty by thousands. The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 was based on the earlier law, but was fitted out with a number of clauses, dictated by a self-interest on the part of the South that ignored the rights of every party save those of the master. Under the regulations of the act the certificate authorizing the arrest and removal of a fugitive slave was to be granted to the claimant by the United States commissioner, the courts, or the judge of the proper circuit, district, or county. If the arrest were made without process, the claimant was to take the fugitive forthwith before the commissioner or other official, and there the case was to be determined in a summary manner. The refusal of a United States marshal or his deputies to execute a commissioner's certificate, properly directed, involved a fine of one thousand dollars; and failure to prevent the escape of the negro after arrest, made the marshal liable, on his official bond, for the value of the slave. When necessary to insure a faithful observance of the fugitive slave clause in the Constitution, the commissioners, or persons appointed by them, had the authority to summon the posse comitatus of the county, and "all good citizens" were "commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution" of the law. The testimony of the alleged fugitive could not be received in evidence. Ownership was determined by the simple affidavit of the person claiming the slave; and when determined it was shielded by the certificate of the commissioner from "all molestation ... by any process issued by any court, judge, magistrate, or other person whomsoever." Any act meant to obstruct the claimant in his arrest of the fugitive, or any attempt to rescue, harbor, or conceal the fugitive, laid the person interfering liable "to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months," also liable for "civil damages to the party injured in the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost." In all cases where the proceedings took place before a commissioner he was "entitled to a fee of ten dollars in full for his services," provided that a warrant for the fugitive's arrest was issued; if, however, the fugitive was discharged, the commissioner was entitled to five dollars only.[43]

[42] Appendix A, pp. 361-366.

[43] Statutes at Large, IX, 462-465.

By the abolitionists, at whom it was directed, this law was detested. A government, whose first national manifesto contained the exalted principles enshrined in the Declaration of Independence, stooping to the task of slave-catching, violated all their ideas of national dignity, decency and consistency. Many persons, indeed, justified their opposition to the law in the familiar

words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The scriptural injunction "not to deliver unto his master the servant that hath escaped,"[44] was also frequently quoted by men whose religious convictions admitted of no compromise. They pointed out that the law virtually made all Northern citizens accomplices in what they denominated the crime of slave-catching; that it denied the right of trial by jury, resting the question of lifelong liberty on ex-parte evidence; made ineffective the writ of habeas corpus; and offered a bribe to the commissioner for a decision against the negro.[45] The penalties of fine and imprisonment for offenders against the law were severe, but they had no deterrent effect upon those engaged in helping slaves to Canada. On the contrary, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 stimulated the work of secret emancipation. "The passage of the new law," says a recent investigator, "probably increased the number of anti-slavery people more than anything else that had occurred during the whole agitation. Many of those formerly indifferent were roused to active opposition by a sense of the injustice of the Fugitive Slave Act as they saw it executed in Boston and elsewhere.... As Mr. James Freeman Clarke has said, 'It was impossible to convince the people that it was right to send back to slavery men who were so desirous of freedom as to run such risks. All education from boyhood up to manhood had taught us to believe that it was the duty of all men to struggle for freedom.'"[46]

[44] _Deut._ xxiii, 15, 16.

[45] See _Some Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict_, by S. J. May, p. 345 _et seq._; Stroud's _Sketch of the Laws Relating to Slavery in the Several States_, 2d ed., 1856, pp. 271-280; Wilson, _History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power_, Vol. II, pp. 304-322.

[46] M. G. McDougall, _Fugitive Slaves_, p. 43; J. F. Clarke, _Anti-Slavery Days_, p. 92.

The desire for freedom was in the mind of nearly every enslaved negro. Liberty was the subject of the dreams and visions of slave preachers and sibyls; it was the object of their prayers. The plaintive songs of the enslaved race were full of the thought of freedom. It has been well said that "one of the finest touches in _Uncle Tom's Cabin_ is the joyful expression of Uncle Tom when told by his good and indulgent master that he should be set free and sent back to his old home in Kentucky. In attributing the common desire of humanity to the negro the author was as true as she was effective."[47] To slaves living in the vicinity, Mexico and Florida early afforded a welcome refuge. Forests, islands and swamps within the Southern states were favorite places of resort for runaways. The Great Dismal Swamp became the abode of a large colony of these refugees, whose lives were spent in its dark recesses, and whose families were reared and buried there. Even in this retreat, however, the negroes were not beyond molestation, for they were systematically hunted by men with dogs and guns.[48] Scraps of information about Canada and the Northern states were gleaned and treasured by minds recognizing their own degradation, but scarcely knowing how to take the first step towards the betterment of their condition.

[47] Rhodes, History of the United States, Vol. I, p. 377.

[48] F. L. Olmsted, Journey in the Back Country, p. 155; Rev. W. M. Mitchell, The Underground Railroad, pp. 72, 73; M. G. McDougall, Fugitive Slaves, p. 57.

There can be no doubt that the form in which slavery existed in the South during the opening decade of the present century was comparatively mild; but it is quite clear that it soon exchanged this character for one from which the amenities of the patriarchal type had practically disappeared. With the rapid expansion of the industries peculiar to the South after the opening up of the Louisiana purchase, the invention of the cotton gin, and the removal of the Indians from the Gulf states, came the era of the slave's dismay. The auction block and the brutal overseer became his dread while awake, his nightmare when asleep. That his fears were not ill founded is proved by the activity of the slave-marts of Baltimore, Richmond, New Orleans and Washington from the time of the migrations to the Mississippi territory until the War. Alabama is said to have bought millions of dollars worth of slaves from the border states up to 1849. Dew estimated that six thousand slaves were carried from Virginia, though not all of these were sold to other states.[49]

[49] Edward Ingle, Southern Side-Lights, p. 293.

The fear of sale to the far South must have stimulated slaves to flight. That the number of escapes did increase is deduced from the consensus of abolitionist testimony. Our sole reliance is upon this testimony until the appearance of the United States census reports for 1850 and 1860;[50] and the exhibits on fugitive slaves in these compendiums we are constrained by various considerations to regard as inadequate. However, the flight of slaves from the South was not what the new conditions would readily account for. We must conclude, therefore, that the deterring effect of ignorance and the sense of the difficulties in the way were reënforced after 1840 by increased vigilance on the part of the slave-owning class, owing to the rise in value of slave property. "Since 1840," says a careful observer, "the high price of slaves may be supposed ... to have increased the vigilance and energy with which the recapture of fugitives is followed up, and to have augmented the number of free negroes reduced to slavery by kidnappers. Indeed it has led to a proposition being quite seriously entertained in Virginia, of enslaving the whole body of the free negroes in that state by legislative enactment." [51] Then, too, the negro's attachment to the land of his birth, and to his kindred, when these were not torn from him, must be allowed to have hindered flight in many instances; when, however, the appearance of the dreaded slave-dealer, or the brutality of the overseer or the master, spread dismay among the hands of a plantation, flights were likely to follow. This was sometimes the case, too, when by the death of a planter the division of his property among his heirs was made necessary. William Johnson, of Windsor, Ontario, ran away from his Kentucky master because he was threatened with being sent South to the cotton and rice fields.[52] Horace Washington, of Windsor, after working nearly two years for a man that had a claim on him for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, reminded his employer that the original agreement required but one year's labor, and asked for release. Getting no satisfaction, and fearing sale, he fled to Canada.[53]

Lewis Richardson, one of the slaves of Henry Clay, sought relief in flight after receiving a hundred and fifty stripes from Mr. Clay's overseer.[54] William Edwards, of Amherstburg, Ontario, left his master on account of a severe flogging.[55] One of the station-keepers of an underground line in Morgan County, Ohio, recalls an instance of a family of seven fugitives giving as the cause of their flight the death of their master, and the expected scattering of their number when the division of the estate should occur.[56]

[50] These reports will be dealt with in another connection. See Chap. XI, pp. 342, 343.

[51] G. M. Weston, Progress of Slavery in the United States, Washington, D.C., 1858, pp. 22, 23.

[52] Conversation with William Johnson, Windsor, Ontario, July, 1895.

[53] Conversation with Horace Washington, Windsor, Ontario, Aug. 2, 1895.

[54] The Liberator, April 10, 1846.

[55] Conversation with William Edwards, Amherstburg, Ontario, Aug. 3, 1895.

[56] Letter of H. C. Harvey, Manchester, Kan., Jan. 16, 1893.

[Illustration: This picture of a poor fugitive is from one of the stereotype cuts manufactured in this city for the southern market, and used on handbills offering rewards for runaway slaves.]

THE RUNAWAY

(Slightly enlarged from The Anti-Slavery Record, published in New York City by the American Anti-Slavery Society.)]

It has already been remarked that slaves began to find their way to Canada before the opening of the present century, but information in regard to that country as a place of refuge can scarcely be said to have come into circulation before the War of 1812. The hostile relations existing between the two nations at that time caused negroes of sagacious minds to seek their liberty among the enemies of the United States.[57] Then, too, soldiers returning from the War to their homes in Kentucky and Virginia brought the news of the disposition of the Canadian government to defend the rights of the self-emancipated slaves under its jurisdiction. Rumors of this sort gave hope and courage to the blacks that heard it, and, doubtless, the welcome reports were spread by these among trusted companions and friends. By 1815 fugitives were crossing the Western Reserve in Ohio, and regular stations of the Underground Railroad were lending them assistance in that and other portions of the state.[58]

[57] S. G. Howe, The Refugees from Slavery in Canada West, pp. 11, 12.

[58] Wilson, History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power, Vol. II, p. 63.

After the discovery of Canada by colored refugees from the Southern states, it was, presumably, not long before some of them, returning for their families and friends, gave circulation in a limited way to reports more substantial than the vague rumors hitherto afloat. Among the escaped slaves that carried the promise of Canadian liberty across Mason and Dixon's line were such successful abductors as Josiah Henson and Harriet Tubman. In 1860 it was estimated that the number of negroes that journeyed annually from Canada to the slave states to rescue their fellows was about five hundred. It was said that these persons "carried the Underground Railroad and the Underground Telegraph into nearly every Southern state." [59] The work done by these fugitives was supplemented by the cautious dissemination of news by white persons that went into the South to abduct slaves or encourage them to escape, or while engaged there in legitimate occupations used their opportunities to pass the helpful word or to afford more substantial aid. The Rev. Calvin Fairbank, the Rev. Charles T. Torrey and Dr. Alexander M. Ross may be cited as notable examples of this class. The latter, a citizen of Canada, made extensive tours through various slave states for the express purpose of spreading information about Canada and the routes by which that country could be reached. He made trips into Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, and did not think it too great a risk to make excursions into the more southern states. He went to New Orleans, and from that point set out on a journey, in the course of which he visited Vicksburg, Selma and Columbus, Mississippi, Augusta, Georgia, and Charleston, South Carolina. [60]

[59] Redpath, The Public Life of Captain John Brown, p. 229.

[60] Dr. A. M. Ross, Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist, 2d ed., 1876, pp. 10, 11, 15, 39.

Considering the comparative freedom of movement between the slave and the free states along the border, it is easy to understand how slaves in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri might pick up information about the "Land of Promise" to the northward. Isaac White, a slave of Kanawha County, Virginia, was shown a map and instructed how to get to Canada by a man from Cleveland, Ohio. Allen Sidney, a negro who ran a steamboat on the Tennessee River for his master, first learned of Canada from an abolitionist at Florence, Alabama. [61] Until the contest over the peculiar institution had become heated, it was not an uncommon thing for slaves to be sent on errands, or even hired out to residents of the border counties of the free states. Notwithstanding Ohio's political antagonism to slavery from the beginning, there was a "tacit tolerance" of slavery by the people of the state down to about 1835; and "numbers of slaves, as many as two thousand it was sometimes supposed, were hired ... from Virginia and Kentucky, chiefly by farmers." Doubtless such persons heard more or less about Canada, and when the agitation against slavery became vehement, they were approached by friends, and many were induced to accept transportation to the Queen's dominions. [62]

[61] Conversation with White and Sidney in Canada West, August, 1895.

[62] Rufus King, Ohio, in American Commonwealths, pp. 364, 365, relates that some of these slaves were discharged from

servitude "by writs of habeas corpus procured in their names," and that "numbers were abducted from the slave states and concealed, or smuggled by the 'Underground Railroad' into Canada."

Depredations of this sort caused alarm among slaveholders. They sought to deter their chattels from flight by talking freely before them about the rigors of the climate and the poverty of the soil of Canada. Such talk was wasted on the slaves, who were shrewd enough to discern the real meaning of their masters. They were alert to gather all that was said, and interpret it in the light of rumors from other sources. Thus, masters themselves became disseminators of information they meant to withhold. In this and other ways the slaves of the border states heard of Canada. The sale of some of these slaves to the South helps to explain the knowledge of Canada possessed by many blacks in those distant parts. When Mr. Ross visited Vicksburg, Mississippi, he found that "many of these negroes had heard of Canada from the negroes brought from Virginia and the border slave states; but the impression they had was that, Canada being so far away, it would be useless to try to reach it." [63] Notwithstanding the distance, the number of successful escapes from the interior as well as from the border slave states seems to have been sufficient to arouse the suspicion in the minds of Southerners that a secret organization of abolitionists had agents at work in the South running off slaves. This suspicion was brought to light during the trial of Richard Dillingham in Tennessee in 1849. [64] The labors of Mr. Ross several years later gave color to the same notion. These facts help to explain the insistence of the lower Southern states on the passage and strict enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850.

[63] Dr. A. M. Ross, The Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist, p. 38.

[64] A. L. Benedict, Memoir of Richard Dillingham, p. 17.

With the growth of a thing so unfavored as was the Underground Road, local conditions must have a great deal to do. The characteristics of small and scattered localities, and even of isolated families, are of the first importance in the consideration of a movement such as this. These little communities were in general the elements out of which the underground system built itself up. The sources of the convictions and confidences that knitted these communities together in defiance of what they considered unjust law can only be learned by the study of local conditions. The incorporation in the Constitution of the compromises concerning slavery doubtless quieted the consciences of many of the early friends of universal liberty. It was only natural, however, that there should be some that would hold such concessions to be sinful, and in violation of the principles asserted in the Declaration of Independence and in the very Preamble of the Constitution itself. These persons would cling tenaciously to their views, and would aid a fugitive slave whenever one would ask protection and help. It is not strange that representatives of this class should be found more frequently among the Quakers than any other sect. In southeastern Pennsylvania and in New Jersey the work of helping slaves to escape was, for the most part, in the hands of Quakers from the beginning. This was true also of Wilmington, Delaware, New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Valley Falls, Rhode Island, as of a number of important centres in western Pennsylvania, and eastern, central and southwestern Ohio, in eastern

Indiana, in southern Michigan and in eastern Iowa.

Anti-slavery views prevailed against the first attempts at enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793 in Massachusetts, and spread to other localities in the New England states. When the tide of emigration to the Western states set in, settlers from New England were given more frequent occasions to put their principles into practice in their new homes than they had known in the seaboard region. The western portions of New York and Pennsylvania, as well as the neighboring section of Ohio, called the Western Reserve, are dotted over with communities where negroes learned the meaning of Yankee hospitality. Like Joshua R. Giddings, the people of these communities claimed to have borrowed their abolition sentiments from the writings of Jefferson, whose "abolition tract," Giddings said, "was called the Declaration of Independence." [65] In northern Illinois there were many centres of the New England type, though, of course, not all the underground stations in that region were kept by New Englanders.

[65] George W. Julian, Life of Joshua R. Giddings, p. 157.

In a few neighborhoods settlers from the Southern states were helpers. These persons had left the South on account of slavery; they preferred to raise their families away from influences they felt to be harmful; and they pitied the slave. It was easy for them to give shelter to the self-freed negro. In south central Ohio, in a district of four or five counties locally known as the old Chillicothe Presbytery, a number of the early preachers were anti-slavery men from the Southern states. Among the number were John Rankin, of Ripley, James Gilliland, of Red Oak, Jesse Lockhart, of Russellville, Robert B. Dobbins, of Sardinia, Samuel Crothers, of Greenfield, Hugh S. Fullerton, of Chillicothe, and William Dickey, of Ross or Fayette County. The Presbyterian churches over which these men presided became centres of opposition to slavery, and fugitives finding their way into the vicinity of any one of them were likely to receive the needed help. [66] The stations in Bond, Putnam and Bureau counties, Illinois, were kept in part by anti-slavery settlers from the South.

[66] History of Brown County, Ohio, p. 313 et seq. Also letter of Dr. Isaac M. Beck, Sardinia, O., Dec. 26, 1892. Mr. Beck was born in 1807, and knew personally the clergymen named. He joined the abolition movement in 1835. His excellent letter is verified in various points by other correspondents.

It is a fact worthy of record in this connection that the teachings of the two sects, the Scotch Covenanters and the Wesleyan Methodists, did not exclude the negro from the bonds of Christian brotherhood, and where churches of either denomination existed the Road was likely to be found in active operation. Within the borders of Logan County, Ohio, there were a number of Covenanter homes that received fugitives; and in southern Illinois, between the towns of Chester and Centralia, there was a series of such hospitable places. There were several Wesleyan Methodist stations in Harrison County, Ohio, and with these were intermixed a few of the Covenanter denomination.

It was natural that negro settlements in the free states should be resorted to by fugitive slaves. The colored people of Greenwich, New

Jersey, the Stewart Settlement of Jackson County, Ohio, the Upper and Lower Camps, Brown County, Ohio, and the Colored Settlement, Hamilton County, Indiana, were active. The list of towns and cities in which negroes became coworkers with white persons in harboring and concealing runaways is a long one. Oberlin, Portsmouth and Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Boston, Massachusetts, will suffice as examples.

The principles and experience gained by a number of students while attending college in Oberlin did not come amiss later when these young men established themselves in Iowa. Professor L. F. Parker, after describing what was probably the longest line of travel through Iowa for escaped slaves, says: "Along this line Quakers and Oberlin students were the chief namable groups whose houses were open to such travellers more certainly than to white men,"[67] and the Rev. William M. Brooks, a graduate of Oberlin, until recently President of Tabor College, writes: "The stations ... in southwestern Iowa were in the region of Civil Bend, where the colony from Oberlin, Ohio, settled which afterwards settled Tabor."[68]

[67] Letter from Professor L. F. Parker, Grinnell, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1894.

[68] Letter from President W. M. Brooks, Tabor, Iowa, Oct. 11, 1894.

The origin of the Underground Road dates farther back than is generally known; though, to be sure, the different divisions of the Road were not contemporary in development. Two letters of George Washington, written in 1786, give the first reports, as yet known, of systematic efforts for the aid and protection of fugitive slaves. One of these letters bears the date May 12, and the other, November 20. In the former, Washington speaks of the slave of a certain Mr. Dalby residing at Alexandria, who has escaped to Philadelphia, and "whom a society of Quakers in the city, formed for such purposes, have attempted to liberate."[69] In the latter he writes of a slave whom he sent "under the care of a trusty overseer" to the Hon. William Drayton, but who afterwards escaped. He says: "The gentleman to whose care I sent him has promised every endeavor to apprehend him, but it is not easy to do this, when there are numbers who would rather facilitate the escape of slaves than apprehend them when runaways."[70] The difficulties attending the pursuit of the Drayton slave, like those in the other case mentioned, seem to have been associated in Washington's mind with the procedure of certain citizens of Pennsylvania; it is quite possible that he was again referring to the Quaker society in Philadelphia. However that may be, it appears probable that the record of Philadelphia as a centre of active sympathy with the fugitive slave was continuous from the time of Washington's letters. In 1787 Isaac T. Hopper, who soon became known as a friend of slaves, settled in Philadelphia, and, although only sixteen or seventeen years old, had already taken a resolution to befriend the oppressed Africans.[71] Some cases of kidnapping that occurred in Columbia, Pennsylvania, in 1804, stirred the citizens of that town to intervention in the runaways' behalf; and the movement seems to have spread rapidly among the Quakers of Chester, Lancaster, York, Montgomery, Berks and Bucks counties.[72] New Jersey was probably not behind southeastern Pennsylvania in point of time in Underground Railroad work. This is to be inferred from the fact that the adjacent parts of the two states were largely

settled by people of a sect distinctly opposed to slavery, and were knitted together by those ties of blood that are known to have been favorable in other quarters to the development of underground routes. That protection was given to fugitives early in the present century by the Quakers of southwestern New Jersey can scarcely be doubted; and we are told that negroes were being transported through New Jersey before 1818.[73] New York was closely allied with the New Jersey and Philadelphia centres as far back as our meagre records will permit us to go. Isaac T. Hopper, who had grown familiar with underground methods of procedure in Philadelphia, moved to New York in 1829. No doubt his philanthropic arts were soon made use of there, for in 1835 we find him accused, though falsely this time, of harboring a runaway at his store in Pearl Street.[74] Frederick Douglass mentions the assistance rendered by Mr. Hopper to fugitives in New York; and says that he himself received aid from David Ruggles, a colored man and coworker with the venerable Quaker.[75] After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, New York City became more active than ever in receiving and forwarding refugees.[76] This city at the mouth of the Hudson was the entrepôt for a line of travel by way of Albany, Syracuse and Rochester to Canada, and for another line diverging at Albany, and extending by the way of Troy to the New England states and Canada; and these routes appear to have been used at an early date. The Elmira route, which connected Philadelphia with Niagara Falls by way of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was made use of from about 1850 to 1860. Its comparatively late development is explained by the fact that one of its principal agents was a fugitive slave, John W. Jones, who did not settle in Elmira until 1844, and that the line of the Northern Central Railroad was not completed until about 1850.[77] In western New York fugitives began to arrive from the neighboring parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio between 1835 and 1840, if not earlier. Professor Edward Orton recalls that in 1838, soon after his father moved to Buffalo, two sleigh-loads of negroes from the Western Reserve were brought to the house in the night-time;[78] and Mr. Frederick Nicholson, of Warsaw, New York, states that the underground work in his vicinity began in 1840. From this time on there was apparently no cessation of migrations of fugitives into Canada at Black Rock, Buffalo and other points.[79]

[69] Sparks's Washington, IX, 158, quoted in Quakers of Pennsylvania, by Dr. A. C. Applegarth, Johns Hopkins Studies, X, p. 463.

[70] Lunt, Origin of the Late War, Vol. I, p. 20.

[71] L. Maria Child, Life of Isaac T. Hopper, 1854, p. 35.

[72] History of Chester County, Pennsylvania, R. C. Smedley's article on the "Underground Railroad," p. 426; also Smedley, Underground Railroad, p. 26.

[73] The Rev. Thomas C. Oliver, born and raised in Salem, N.J., says that the work of the Underground Railroad was going on before he was born, (1818) and continued until the time of the War. Mr. Oliver was raised in the family of Thomas Clement, a member of the Society of Friends. He graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1856. As a youth he began to take part in rescues. Although seventy-five years old when visited by the author, he was vigorous in body and mind, and seemed to have a

remarkably clear memory.

[74] L. Maria Child, Life of Isaac T. Hopper, p. 316.

[75] History of Florence, Mass., p. 131, Charles A. Sheffield, Editor.

[76] The Underground Road was active in New York City at a much earlier date certainly than Lossing gives. He says, "After the Fugitive Slave Law, the Underground Railroad was established, and the city of New York became one of the most important stations on the road." History of New York, Vol. II, p. 655.

[77] Letter of Mrs. Susan L. Crane, Elmira, Sept. 14, 1896. Mrs. Crane's father, Mr. Jervis Langdon, was active in underground work at Elmira, and had a trusted co-laborer in John W. Jones, who still lives in Elmira.

[78] Conversation with Professor Orton, Ohio State University, Columbus, O., 1893.

[79] For cases of arrivals of escaped slaves over some of the western New York branches, see Sketches in the History of the Underground Railroad, by Eber M. Pettit, 1879. These sketches were first published in the Fredonia Censor, the series closing Nov. 18, 1868.

The remoteness of New England from the slave states did not prevent its sharing in the business of helping blacks to Canada. In Vermont, which seems to have received fugitives from the Troy line of eastern New York, the period of activity began "in the latter part of the twenties of this century, and lasted till the time of the Rebellion." [80] In New Hampshire there was a station at Canaan after 1830, and probably before that time. [81] The Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, personally conducted a fugitive on two occasions from Concord, New Hampshire, to his uncle's at Canterbury, in the same state "most probably in 1838 or 1839." [82] This thing once begun in New Hampshire seems to have continued steadily during the decades until the War of the Rebellion. [83] As regards Connecticut the Rev. Samuel J. May states that as long ago as 1834 slaves were addressed to his care while he was living in the eastern part of the state. [84] In Massachusetts the town of Fall River became an important station in 1839. [85] New Bedford, Boston, Marblehead, Concord, Springfield, Florence and other places in Massachusetts are known to have given shelter to fugitives as they travelled northward. Mr. Simeon Dodge, of Marblehead, who had personal knowledge of what was going on, recollects that the Underground Road was active between 1840 and 1860, and his testimony is substantiated by that of a number of other persons. [86] Doubtless there was underground work going on in Massachusetts before this period, but it was probably of a less systematic character. In Maine fugitives frequently obtained help in the early forties. The Rev. O. B. Cheney, later President of Bates College, was concerned in a branch of the Road running from Portland to Effingham, New Hampshire, and northward, during the years 1843 to 1845. [87] That later conditions probably increased the labors of the Maine abolitionists appears from the statement of Mr. Brown Thurston, of Portland, that he had at one time after the passage of the second Fugitive Slave Law the care of thirty fugitives. [88]

[80] Letter of Mr. Aldis O. Brainerd, St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 21, 1895.

[81] Letter of Mr. Charles E. Lord, Franklin, Pa., July 6, 1896: "My maternal grandfather, James Furber, lived for several years in Canaan, N.H., where his house was one of the stations of the Underground Railway. His father-in-law, James Harris, who lived in the same house, had been engaged in helping fugitive negroes on toward Canada ever since 1830, and probably before that time."

[82] Letter of Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 1, 1896.

[83] Letter of Mr. Thomas P. Cheney, Ashland, N.H., March 30, 1896.

[84] Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict, p. 297.

[85] Elizabeth Buffum Chace, Anti-Slavery Reminiscences, p. 27. Mrs. Chace says: "From the time of the arrival of James Curry at Fall River, and his departure for Canada, in 1839, that town became an important station on the so-called Underground Railroad." The residence of Mrs. Chace was a place of refuge from the year named.

[86] Concerning Springfield, Mass, see Mason A. Green's History of Springfield, pp. 470, 471. For the sentiment of New Bedford, see Ellis's History of New Bedford, pp. 306, 307.

[87] Letter of the Rev. O. B. Cheney, Pawtuxet, R.I., Apr. 8, 1896.

[88] Letter of Mr. Brown Thurston, Portland, Me., Oct. 21, 1895.

Considering the geographical situation of Ohio and western Pennsylvania, the period of their settlement, and the character of many of their pioneers, it is not strange that this work should have become established in this region earlier than in the other free states along the Ohio River. The years 1815 to 1817 witnessed, so far as we now know, the origin of underground lines in both the eastern and western parts of this section. Henry Wilson explains this by saying that soldiers from Virginia and Kentucky, returning home after the War of 1812, carried back the news that there was a land of freedom beyond the lakes. John Sloane, of Ravenna, David Hudson, the founder of the town of Hudson, and Owen Brown, the father of John Brown of Osawatomie, were among the first of those known to have harbored slaves in the eastern part.[89] Edward Howard, the father of Colonel D. W. H. Howard, of Wauseon, and the Ottawa Indians of the village of Chief Kinjeino were among the earliest friends of fugitives in the western part.[90] At least one case of underground procedure is reported to have occurred in central Ohio as early as 1812. The report is but one remove from its original source, and was given to Mr. Robert McCrory, of Marysville, Ohio, by Richard Dixon, an eye-witness. The alleged runaway, seized at Delaware, was unceremoniously taken from the custody of his mounted captor when the two reached Worthington, and was brought before Colonel James Kilbourne, who served as an official of all work in the village he had founded but a few years before. By Mr.

Kilbourne's decision, the negro was released, and was then sent north aboard one of the government wagons engaged at the time in carrying military supplies to Sandusky.[91] That such action was not inconsistent with the character of Colonel Kilbourne and his New England associates is evidenced by the fact that as an agent for "The Scioto Company," formed in Granby, Connecticut, in the winter of 1801-1802, he had delayed the purchase of a township in Ohio for settlement until a state constitution forbidding slavery should be adopted.[92] If now the testimony of the oldest surviving abolitionists from the different regions of the state be compared, some interesting results may be found. Job Mullin, a Quaker of Warren County, in his eighty-ninth year when his statement was given, says: "The most active time to my knowledge was from 1816 to 1830...." In 1829 Mr. Mullin moved off the line with which he had been connected and took no further part in the work.[93] Mr. Eliakim H. Moore, for a number of years the treasurer of Ohio University at Athens, says that the work began near Athens during 1823 and 1824. "In those years not so many attempted to escape as later, from 1845 to 1860." [94] Dr. Thomas Cowgill, an aged Quaker of Kennard, Champaign County, recollects that the work of the Underground Railroad began in his neighborhood about 1824. The time between 1840 and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law he regards as the period of greatest activity within his experience. Joseph Skillgess, a colored citizen of Urbana, now seventy-six years old, says that it is among his earliest recollections that runaways were entertained at Dry Run Church, in Ross County.[95] William A. Johnston, an old resident of Coshocton, testifies: "We had such a road here as early as the twenties, I know from tradition and personal observation." [96] Mahlon Pickrell, a prominent Quaker of Logan County, writes: "There was some travel on the Underground Railroad as early as 1820, but the period of greatest activity in this vicinity was between 1840 and 1850." [97] Finally, Mr. R. C. Corwin, of Lebanon, writes: "My first recollection of the business dates back to about 1820, when I remember seeing fugitives at my father's house, though I dare say it had been going on long before that time. From that time until 1840 there was a gradual increase of business. From 1840 to 1860 might be called the period of greatest activity." [98] Among these aged witnesses, those have been quoted whose experience, character and clearness of mind gave weight to their words. Mr. Rush R. Sloane, of Sandusky, who made some local investigations in northwestern Ohio and published the results in 1888, produces some evidence that agrees with the testimony just given. He found that, "The first runaway slave known as such at Sandusky was there in the fall of the year 1820.... Judge Jabez Wright, one of the three associate judges who held the first term of court in Huron County in 1815, was among the first white men upon the Firelands to aid fugitive slaves; he never failed when opportunity offered to lend a helping hand to the fugitives, secreting them when necessary, feeding them when they were hungry, clothing and employing them." [99] After reciting a number of instances of rescues occurring between 1820 and 1850, Mr. Sloane remarks that one of the immediate results of the passage of the second Fugitive Slave Law was the increased travel of fugitives through the State of Ohio. [100] The foregoing items have been brought together to show that there was no break in the business of the Road from the beginning to the end. The death or the change of residence of abolitionists may have interrupted travel on one or another route, and may even have broken a line permanently, but the history of the Underground Railroad system in Ohio is continuous.

[89] Wilson, Rise and Fall of the Slave Power, Vol. II, p. 63; Alexander Black, The Story of Ohio, see account of the Underground Railroad.

[90] Letter of Col. D. W. H. Howard, Wauseon, O., Aug. 22, 1894.

[91] Conversation with Robert McCrory, Marysville, O., Sept. 30, 1898. Mr. McCrory was educated at Oberlin College, and has an excellent memory.

[92] Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio, Vol. I, p. 614.

[93] Letter from Job Mullin, dictated to his son-in-law, W. H. Newport, at Springboro, O., Sept. 9, 1895.

[94] Conversation with Mr. Eliakim H. Moore, Athens, O.

[95] Conversation with Joseph Skillgess, Urbana, O., Aug. 14, 1894.

[96] Letter of Wm. A. Johnston, Coshocton, O., Aug. 23, 1894.

[97] Letter of Hannah W. Blackburn, for her father, Mahlon Pickrell, Zanesfield, O., March 25, 1893.

[98] Letter of R. C. Corwin, Lebanon, O., Sept. 11, 1895.

[99] The Firelands Pioneer, July, 1888, p. 34.

[100] The Firelands Pioneer, July, 1888, p. 34 et seq.

In North Carolina underground methods are known to have been employed by white persons of respectability as early as 1819. We are informed that "Vestal Coffin organized the Underground Railroad near the present Guilford College in 1819. Addison Coffin, his son, entered its service as a conductor in early youth and still survives in hale old age.... Vestal's cousin, Levi Coffin, became an anti-slavery apostle in early youth and continued unflinching to the end. His early years were spent in North Carolina, whence he helped many slaves to reach the West." [101] Levi Coffin removed to Indiana in 1826. Of his own and his cousin's activities in behalf of slaves while still a resident of North Carolina, Mr. Coffin writes: "Runaway slaves used frequently to conceal themselves in the woods and thickets of New Garden, waiting opportunities to make their escape to the North, and I generally learned their places of concealment and rendered them all the service in my power.... These outlying slaves knew where I lived, and, when reduced to extremity of want or danger, often came to my room, in the silence and darkness of the night, to obtain food or assistance. In my efforts to aid these fugitives I had a zealous coworker in my friend and cousin Vestal Coffin, who was then, and continued to the time of his death--a few years later--a staunch friend to the slave." [102] When Levi Coffin emigrated in 1826 to southeastern Indiana, he did not give up his active interest in the fleeing slave, and his house at Newport (now Fountain City) became a centre at which three distinct lines of Underground Road converged. It is probable, however, that wayfarers from bondage found aid from pioneer settlers in Indiana before Friend Coffin's arrival. John F. Williams, of Economy,

Indiana, says that fugitives "commenced coming in 1820," and he denominated himself "an agent since 1820," although he "never kept a depot till 1852." [103] It is scarcely necessary to make a showing of testimony to prove that an expansion of routes like that taking place in Ohio and states farther east occurred also in Indiana.

[101] Stephen B. Weeks, *Southern Quakers and Slavery*, p. 242.

[102] *Reminiscences of Levi Coffin*, 2d ed., pp. 20, 21.

[103] Letter from John F. Williams, Economy, Ind., March 21, 1893. When this letter was written, Mr. Williams was eighty-one years old. He was, he says, born in 1812. In 1820 he would have been eight years old. Children were sometimes sent to carry food to refugees in hiding, or to do other little services with which they could be safely trusted. Such experiences were apt to make deep impressions on their young memories.

It is doubtful at what time stations first came to exist in Illinois. Mr. H. B. Leeper, an old resident of that state, assigns their origin to the years 1819 and 1820, at which time a small colony of anti-slavery people from Brown County, Ohio, settled in Bond County, southern Illinois. Emigrations from this locality to Putnam County, about 1830, led, he thinks, to the establishment there of a new centre for this work. These settlers were persons that had left South Carolina on account of slavery, and during their residence in Brown County, Ohio, had accepted the abolitionist views of the Rev. James Gilliland, a Presbyterian preacher of Red Oak; and in Illinois they did not shrink from putting their principles into practice. This account is plausible, and as it is substantiated in certain parts by facts from the history of Brown County, Ohio, it may be considered probable in those parts that are and must remain without corroboration. Concerning his father Mr. Leeper writes: "John Leeper moved from Marshall County, Tennessee, to Bond County, Illinois, in 1816. Was a hater of slavery.... Remained in Bond County until 1823, then moved to Jacksonville, Morgan County, and in 1831 to Putnam County, and in 1833 to Bureau County, Illinois.... My father's house was always a hiding-place for the fugitive from slavery." [104] On the basis of this testimony, and the probability in the case, we may believe that the underground movement in Illinois dates back, at least, to the time of the admission of Illinois into the Union, that is, to 1818. Soon after 1835, the movement seems to have become well established, and to have increased in importance with considerable rapidity till the War.

[104] Letter from H. B. Leeper, Princeton, Ill., received Dec. 19, 1895. Mr. Leeper is seventy-five years of age. His letter shows a knowledge of the localities of which he writes, Bond County in southwestern Illinois, and Bureau and Putnam Counties in the central part of the state.

It is a fact worthy of note that the years that witnessed the beginnings in Ohio, Indiana, North Carolina and Illinois of this curious method of assailing the slave power, precede but slightly those that witnessed the formulation of three several bills in Congress designed to strengthen the first Fugitive Slave Law. The three measures were drafted during the interval from 1818 to 1822.

The abolitionist enterprises of the more western states, Iowa and

Kansas, came too late to be in any way connected with the proposal of these bills. The settlement of these territories was, of course, considerably behind that of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, but the nearness of the new regions to a slaveholding section insured the opportunity for Underground Railroad work as soon as settlement should begin. Professor L. F. Parker, of Tabor College, Iowa, has sketched briefly the successive steps in the opening of his state to occupancy. "The Black-Hawk Purchase opened the eastern edge of Iowa to the depth of 40 or 50 miles to the whites in 1833. The strip ... west of that which included what is now Grinnell was not opened to white occupancy till 1843, and it was ten years later before the white residents in this county numbered 500. Grinnell was settled in 1854, when central and western Iowa was merely dotted by a few hamlets of white men, and seamed by winding paths along prairie ridges and through bridgeless streams." [105] One of the early settlers in southeastern Iowa was J. H. B. Armstrong, who had been familiar with the midnight appeals of escaping slaves in Fayette County, Ohio. Mr. Armstrong removed to the West in 1839, and settled in Lee County, Iowa. His proximity to the northeastern boundary of Missouri seems to have involved him in Underground Railroad work from the start, on the route running to Salem and Denmark. When in 1852 Mr. Armstrong moved to Appanoose County, and located within four miles of the Missouri line, among a number of abolitionists, he found himself even more concerned with secret projects to help slaves to Canada. The lines of travel of fugitive slaves that extended east throughout the entire length of Iowa were more or less associated with Kansas men and Kansas movements, and their development is, therefore, to be assigned to the time of the outbreak of the struggle over Kansas (1854). Residents of Tabor in southwestern Iowa, and of Grinnell in central Iowa, agree in designating 1854 as the year in which their Underground Railroad labors began. The Rev. John Todd, one of the founders of the college colony of Tabor, is authority for the statement that the first fugitives arrived in the summer of 1854. [106] Professor Parker states that Grinnell was a stopping-place for the hunted slave from the time of its founding in 1854.

[105] Letter from Professor L. F. Parker, Grinnell, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1894.

[106] Letter from Professor James E. Todd, Vermillion, South Dakota, Nov. 6, 1894. Professor Todd is the son of the Rev. John Todd.

The Tabor Beacon, 1890, 1891, contains a series of reminiscences from the pen of the Rev. John Todd. The first of these recounts the first arrival of fugitives in July, 1854.

We may summarize our findings in regard to the expansion of the Underground Railroad, then, by saying that it had grown into a wide-spread "institution" before the year 1840, and in several states it had existed in previous decades. This statement coincides with the findings of Dr. Samuel G. Howe in Canada, while on a tour of investigation in 1863. He reports that the arrivals of runaway slaves in the provinces, at first rare, increased early in the century; that some of the fugitives, rejoicing in the personal freedom they had gained and banishing all fear of the perils they must endure, went stealthily back to their former homes and brought away their wives and children. The Underground Road was of great

assistance to these and other escaping slaves, and "hundreds," says Dr. Howe, "trode this path every year, but they did not attract much public attention." [107] It does not escape Dr. Howe's consideration, however, that the fugitive slaves in Canada were soon brought to public notice by the diplomatic negotiations between England and the United States during the years 1826-1828, the object being, as Mr. Clay, the Secretary of State, himself declared, "to provide for a growing evil." The evidence gathered from surviving abolitionists in the states adjacent to the lakes shows an increased activity of the Underground Road during the period 1830-1840. The reason for flight given by the slave was, in the great majority of cases, the same, namely, fear of being sold to the far South. It is certainly significant in this connection that the decade above mentioned witnessed the removal of the Indians from the Gulf states, and, in the words of another contemporary observer and reporter, "the consequent opening of new and vast cotton fields." [108] The swelling emphasis laid upon the value of their escaped slaves by the Southern representatives in Congress, and by the South generally, resounded with terrific force at length in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. That act did not, as it appears, check or diminish in any way the number of underground rescues. In spite of the exhibit on fugitive slaves made in the United States census report of 1860, which purports to show that the number of escapes was about a thousand a year, it is difficult to doubt the consensus of testimony of many underground agents, to the effect that the decade from 1850 to 1860 was the period of the Road's greatest activity in all sections of the North. [109]

[107] S. G. Howe, The Refugees from Slavery in Canada West, 1864, pages 11, 12.

[108] G. M. Weston, Progress of Slavery in the United States, Washington, D.C., 1858, p. 22.

[109] Some conclusions presented in the American Historical Review, April, 1896, pp. 460-462, are here repeated.

It is not known when the name "Underground Railroad" came to be applied to these secret trails, nor where it was first applied to them. According to Mr. Smedley the designation came into use among slave-hunters in the neighborhood of Columbia soon after the Quakers in southeastern Pennsylvania began their concerted action in harboring and forwarding fugitives. The pursuers seem to have had little difficulty in tracking slaves as far as Columbia, but beyond that point all trace of them was generally lost. All the various methods of detection customary in such cases were resorted to, but failed to bring the runaways to view. The mystery enshrouding these disappearances completely bewildered and baffled the slave-owners and their agents, who are said to have declared, "there must be an Underground Railroad somewhere." [110] As this work reached considerable development in the district indicated during the first decade of this century the account quoted is seen to contain an anachronism. Railroads were not known either in England or the United States until about 1830, so that the word "railroad" could scarcely have received its figurative application as early as Mr. Smedley implies.

[110] R. C. Smedley, Underground Railroad, pp. 34, 35.

The Hon. Rush R. Sloane, of Sandusky, Ohio, gives the following account of the naming of the Road: "In the year 1831, a fugitive named Tice Davids came over the line and lived just back of Sandusky. He had come direct from Ripley, Ohio, where he crossed the Ohio River....

"When he was running away, his master, a Kentuckian, was in close pursuit and pressing him so hard that when the Ohio River was reached he had no alternative but to jump in and swim across. It took his master some time to secure a skiff, in which he and his aid followed the swimming fugitive, keeping him in sight until he had landed. Once on shore, however, the master could not find him. No one had seen him; and after a long ... search the disappointed slave-master went into Ripley, and when inquired of as to what had become of his slave, said ... he thought 'the nigger must have gone off on an underground road.' The story was repeated with a good deal of amusement, and this incident gave the name to the line. First the 'Underground Road,' afterwards 'Underground Railroad.'"[111] A colored man, the Rev. W. M. Mitchell, who was for several years a resident of southern Ohio, and a friend of fugitives, gives what appears to be a version of Mr. Sloane's story.[112] These anecdotes are hardly more than traditions, affording a fair general explanation of the way in which the Underground Railroad got its name; but they cannot be trusted in the details of time, place and occasion. Whatever the manner and date of its suggestion, the designation was generally accepted as an apt title for a mysterious means of transporting fugitive slaves to Canada.

[111] The Firelands Pioneer, July, 1888, p. 35.

[112] The Underground Railroad, pp. 4, 5.

[Illustration: A CROSSING PLACE FOR FUGITIVE SLAVES ON THE OHIO RIVER, AT STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

(From a recent photograph.)]

[Illustration: HOUSE OF THE REV. JOHN RANKIN, RIPLEY, OHIO.

Situated on the top of a high hill, this initial station was readily found by runaways from the Kentucky shore opposite.

(From a recent photograph.)]

THE UNION LEAGUE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *When the Ku Klux Rode*, by Eyre Damer

In pursuance of their schemes which culminated at the election in 1868, the carpetbag adventurers early in 1867 organized everywhere in Alabama branches of the Union League, a secret, oathbound political society, with all the mysticism of grips, signs, signals and passwords, national in scope, with grand national and grand state councils. Secrecy and obedience to commands were enjoined under severest penalties, including even death. Their meeting places were guarded by armed sentinels. The negro members were taught to disregard the feelings and interests of the whites, and told that if their former masters should obtain control of the government,

they would re-enslave them; and this was an irresistible appeal to ignorant people enjoying the first delights of release from bondage. On the other hand, they were promised that if the Republicans should gain control, they would enact such oppressive tax laws that the landowners would be unable to meet the exactions, and consequently their lands would be forfeited; after which the Republicans would allot them in parcels of forty acres, together with a mule, to each head of a negro family resident thereon; they were told, further, that, in order to facilitate and expedite this process of confiscation and apportionment, they should slight their work and thus increase the difficulties under which their former masters would have to struggle to save their properties from spoliation. The student of history should not be harsh in judgment of the negro because of his susceptibility to a lure so enticing. He was ignorant, and regarded every pretentious white stranger as one of that great army which had liberated him from bondage.

Serious as was the situation, it was not without amusement in its demonstration of the negro's gullibility. A bogus "land agent" circulated slips conveying directions regarding "preëmption of homesteads," and the credulous negroes bought them, and, besides, painted sticks with pointed ends to be driven into the ground to mark their boundaries; they also purchased chances in a sort of lottery for the distribution of parcels of land. All of these were sold under alleged authority received from the government at Washington, all dependent on the success of the Republican party.

By request of President Johnson, General Grant in 1865 made a tour of the southern states, to learn the feelings and intentions of the people and to ascertain to what extent, in the interest of economy, the military forces there could be reduced. He reported that white troops excited no opposition: thinking men would offer no violence to them. But black troops demoralized labor, "and the late slaves seem to be infused with the idea that the property of their late masters should by right belong to them, or at least should have no protection from the colored soldiers. There is danger of collision being brought by such causes."

The so-called abandoned lands on the coast of South Carolina and Georgia--lands from which whites had fled to escape dangers of the war--were actually seized and colonized with wandering negroes, though the lands were afterward restored to the owners. The germ of the "forty acres and a mule" idea, no doubt, originated in those colonies. The idea was of early conception, as the Grant report shows.

The first annoyances caused by the league were the neglect of field work by negroes in order to attend political meetings in daylight, and taking hard-worked mules from lots at night and riding them to league meetings. But in the course of time the organization assumed a military aspect, drilling regularly. Bodies appeared in procession, in regular company order, with arms, banners, drums and fifes, the officers wearing side-arms. At the election they were met outside the towns by emissaries and furnished with tickets, and then proceeded to the polling places and deposited them as directed. All of this appealed to the negroes' taste for novelty and spectacle.

THE UNION-STREET CAR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Vignettes Of San Francisco*, by Almira Bailey

It is surprising how many people patronize the shabby little thing. But then it waits right where those who leave the ferry may see it first as though it were the most important car in town, and I have a fancy the big cars humor it a bit and give it first place. Besides, it goes anywhere in the city, Chinatown, the Hall of Justice, the Chamber of Commerce, the Barbary Coast, St. Francis Church--sinners, saints and merchants may travel its way--Portsmouth Square, Telegraph Hill, Little Italy, Russian Hill, Automobile Row, Fillmore street, the Presidio and I expect with a little coaxing it would switch about and run over to the Mission. It has actually been known on stormy nights to take its constituents up the side streets to their very doors.

It is a surprising little boat which looks like nothing more than a bug crawling up the backs of the hills with its antenna of khaki-wound legs sticking out fore and aft. Those who have traveled in Ireland tell us that it is much like the jaunting cars, and it is not unlike the Toomerville Trolley.

One night I set out to find the little thing to take me home. I was in a strange part of the city and when my friends told me to get on and get off and get on again I did as I was told. With blind faith I told the conductors to put me off and they did. I continued in this way until long after midnight when I found myself at a lonely corner with no one in sight. I waited and waited and was getting nervous when I spied a blue uniform. I looked sharply to see if he were a motorman, a fireman or an officer from the Presidio. I am careful about these matters since last summer when I was coming North on the President, and asked a naval officer for some ice water. I rushed up to him and told him, which was true, that it was the first time I had ever seen a policeman when I wanted one. This led him into a defense of the San Francisco police, which I told him was quite unnecessary with me for I thought them the finest policemen in the world, probably because they are so Irish.

"Irish," said he with a twinkle, "I'm not Irish."

We chatted awhile until the Union street car came along, and then that policeman who said he wasn't Irish leaned over and whispered confidentially, "If you miss this car, there'll be another." I suppose they get lonesome.

You see how I am wandering away from my subject. That is because I followed the Union street car. It switches from subject to subject just like that. It begins with the wonderful retail markets of San Francisco, and then changes abruptly to all sorts of sociological problems, then before we know it gives us a beautiful marine view, and then drops us down where the proletariat lives, then up to the homes of the rich and mighty, and ends in the military.

Everyone should sight-see by the little Union street car.

UNBOILED ICING

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The International Jewish Cook Book*
by Florence Kreisler Greenbaum

Take the white of one egg and add to it the same quantity of water (measure in an egg shell). Stir into this as much confectioner's sugar to make it of the right consistency to spread upon the cake. Flavor with any flavoring desired. You may color it as you would boiled frosting by adding fruit coloring.

285. To take out Stains of Urine.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Toilet of Flora*, by Pierre-Joseph Buc'hoz

Wash the stained place well with boiled Urine, and afterwards wash it in clear Water.

THE CLOAK MAKERS' STRIKE AND THE PREFERENTIAL UNION SHOP

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Making Both Ends Meet*, by Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt
1911

Forty million dollars are invested in New York in the making of women's cloaks, skirts, and suits. One hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of these garments are produced in New York in a year.[23]

Between sixty and seventy thousand organized men and women in the city are employed in these industries. The Union members constitute ninety-five per cent of the workers engaged in the trade, and about ten thousand of these members are women.[24]

It seems at first strange to find that the multitudinous fields of the metropolitan needle trades,--industries traditionally occupied by sewing women,--are, in fact, far more heavily crowded with sewing men. There is, however, a division of labor, the men doing practically all the cutting, machine sewing, and pressing, and in many cases working at hand-finishing; the women practically never cutting, machine sewing, or pressing, and in all cases working at hand-finishing.

A general strike involving all these men and women in the cloak making trade was declared on the 8th of July, 1910. The industry had for years burdened both its men and women workers with certain grave difficulties--an unstandardized wage, the subcontracting system, competition with home work, and long seasonal hours.

The subcontracting system bore most severely on the women in the trade, as the greater proportion of the finishers were women, and before the strike nearly every finisher was employed by a subcontractor.

The wages paid to finishers in the same shop, whether they were girls or men, were the same. But as compared with cutters, basters, and operators the finishers both before and since the strike had always been paid

relatively below their deserts.

Wages were lowered, not only by the unstandardized rates prevalent through the sub-subcontracting system, but also by the practice of sending hand-finishing out of the factories and shops to be done at home. When inquiry was made of numerous self-supporting girls employed as cloak finishers, most of them said that at the end of the working day they were too exhausted to carry any sewing home. But work had been carried away by various strong girls in the trade, and by old men, and by young men to their families.

Among the women cloak finishers, Rose Halowitch, a delicate little Russian girl of seventeen, a helper in a cloak factory, who gave her account to the Consumers' League, about two years and a half ago received a wage of from \$3.50 to \$6 a week. In busy weeks she would work from eight in the morning till eight at night, with only one stop of an hour for her insufficient noon lunch, for which she could afford to spend only 6 or 7 cents.

Among the home workers Rhett Salmonsens, a Russian woman of forty, the mother of four children, used to finish at night the cloaks brought to her by her husband, who worked through the day as an operator in a cloak factory. Between them they would earn \$12 and \$15 in busy weeks. In these weeks there were some occasions when Mrs. Salmonsens would do the housework till her husband came home late at night. After clearing away his supper and putting the children to bed, she would start felling seams at midnight; and in order to complete the cloaks he had brought before he returned to the shop in the morning, she would sew until she saw the white daylight coming in at the tenement window, and it was time for her to prepare breakfast again. With all this industry, as her husband had been ill and there had been three months of either slack work or idleness, the family had fallen in debt. Rent, food, and shoes alone had cost them \$400. This left less than \$100 a year for all the other clothing and expenses of six people in New York. Against such a standard of living as this, then, cloak finishers were obliged to compete as long as they attempted to underbid the hours and prices of home work.

Among the stronger girls who had taken work home, Ermengard Freiburg, a powerful young Galician woman of twenty-eight, who had been finishing cloaks ever since she was eleven, had earned \$1 in the first week and had advanced rapidly to \$3 a week. In the last years, however, she had not carried any work home. She had sewed on piece-work from eight in the morning to six at night with an hour for lunch and no night work or overtime. She had earned from \$20 to \$25 a week in the busy weeks when the better pieces of work were more plentiful; and in the slack weeks \$6 and \$7. Ermengard had no complaint whatever to make about her own trade fortunes. All her concern and conversation were for the numbers of women cloak makers who lacked her own wonderful strength. Successful without education, she was astonishingly destitute of the wearisome fallacy of complacent self-reference characteristic of many people of uncommon ability. During the past year she had twice been discharged for organizing the workers in cloak factories where she was employed. In the first establishment subcontracting had made conditions too hard for most of the women; and in the second, wages were too low for a decent livelihood for most of the workers.

These instances serve to express in the industry and lives of women cloak workers the subcontracting system, long seasonal hours, home work, and an unstandardized wage--the features under discussion in the cloak making

trade in the spring of 1910.

The whole cloak making trade of New York presents, for an outside observer, the kaleidoscopic interest of a population not static. The cutter of one decade is the employer of another decade. In the general strike of the cloakmakers in 1896 nearly all the manufacturers were German. In the strike of last summer nearly all the manufacturers were Galician and Russian.

This aspect of the New York needle trades must be borne in mind in realizing those occurrences in the last strike which led to the present joint effort of both manufacturers and workers to standardize the wage scale, to regulate seasonal hours, to abolish the subcontracting system and home work, and to establish the preferential Union shop throughout the metropolitan industry.

Dr. Henry Moskowitz, an effective non-partisan leader in achieving the settlement of the strike, was an eye-witness and student of all its crises, and the outline of its history below is mainly drawn from his chronicle and observation.

Between the cloak makers and the manufacturers of New York a contest waged in numerous strikes had continued for twenty-five years. The agreements reached at the close of these strikes had been only temporary, because the cloak makers were never able to maintain a Union strong enough to hold the points won at the close of the struggle. The cloak makers had always proved themselves heroic strikers, but feeble Unionists, lacking sustained power. Again and again, men and women who had been sincerely ready to risk starvation for the justice of their claims during the fight would in peace become indifferent, fail to attend Union meetings, fail to pay Union dues; and the organization, strong in the time of defeat through the members' zeal, would weaken through their negligence in the critical hour of an ill-established success.

The main contestants in this struggle had been the cloak makers on one side, and on the other the manufacturers belonging to the Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Protective Association. The majority of the manufacturers in the association are men of standing in the trade, controlling large West Side establishments, and supplying fifty per cent of the New York output, though they represent only a small percentage of the cloak houses of New York. These cloak houses altogether number between thirteen and fourteen hundred, most of them on the East Side and the lower West Side, manufacturing cheap and medium-grade clothing. Such smaller houses had frequently broken the strikes of the last twenty-five years by temporary agreements in which they afterwards proved false to the workers. Many small dealers had become rich merchants through such strike harvests.

On this account the cloak makers naturally distrusted employers' agreements. On the other hand, in many instances in the settlement of former strikes, cloak makers had made with certain dealers secret terms which enabled them to undersell their competitors. For this reason the manufacturers naturally distrusted cloak makers' agreements. With this mutual suspicion, the strike of 1910 began in June in two houses, an East Side and a West Side house. From the first house the workers went out because of the subcontracting system, and from the second practically on account of lockout.

On the 3d of July, a mass meeting of 10,000 cloakmakers gathered in Madison Square Garden. It was decided that the question of a general

strike should be put to the vote of the 10,000 Union members. Balloting continued at the three polls of the three Union offices for two succeeding days. Of these 10,000, all but about 600 voted in favor of the strike, and of these 600 the majority afterward declared that they, too, were in sympathy with the action.

The wide prevalence of the difficulties which led to the decision of the 10,000 workers assembled at Madison Square Garden was evinced by the fact that within the next week an army of over 40,000 men and women in the New York garment trade joined the Cloak and Suit Makers' Union.

These crowds poured into the three Union offices, filled the building entries, the streets before them, reached sometimes around the block--great processions of Rumanians, Hungarians, Poles, Germans, Italians, Galicians, and Russians, the last two nationalities in the greatest numbers, men and women who had been driven out of Europe by military conscription, by persecution and pillage, literally by fire and sword, bearded patriarchs, nicely dressed young girls with copies of Sudermann and Gorky under their arms, shawled, wigged women with children clinging to their skirts, handsome young Jews who might have stood as models for clothiers' advertisements--cutters, pressers, operators, finishers, subcontractors, and sub-subcontractors; for these, too, struck with all the rest. In watching these sewing men and sewing women streaming through the Union office on Tenth Street--an office hastily improvised in an old dwelling-house in a large room, evidently formerly a bedroom, and still papered with a delicate design of white and blue stripes, and a border of garlands of rosebuds--it seemed to an onlooker that almost no economic procession could ever before have comprised elements so very catholic and various. Who could lead such a body? How could the position of their great opponents, from day to day, be made known to them? As a matter of fact, no one man can be said to have led the 60,000 New York cloak makers. In the absence of such control, the corps of more prominent Union officers and their attorney, Meyer London, and through these men the multitudes of the Union members, were virtually guided by an East Side Yiddish paper, the Vorwärts.

In the meantime, while these multitudes were flocking into the Union early in July, the Cloak Manufacturers' Association, representing beforehand about seventy-five houses, had by the inclusion of many smaller firms extended its membership to twelve hundred establishments.[25]

Soon after the formation of the alliance, it became apparent to the smaller firms that the larger ones were not in any haste for settlement. The latter felt that they could beat their opponents by a waiting game; while the smaller firms, with their lesser capital, scarcely more able than their workers to exist through a prolonged beleaguering of the cloak makers, felt that the present stand of the larger manufacturers involved, not only beating the Unionists, but driving themselves, the weaker manufacturers, out of the industry.

One by one, they left the association, sought the Union headquarters, and settled with the cloak makers. The profit reaped by these firms starting to work induced others to meet the workers' demands. By the end of July and the first week in August, six hundred smaller firms, employing altogether 20,000 cloakmakers, had settled.[26] In many instances the men and women marched back to their work with bands of music playing and with flying flags and banners.

In July two attempts were made, on behalf of the cloak makers, by the State Board of Arbitration to induce the manufacturers to meet the Union members and to arbitrate with them. These attempts failed because the Union insisted on the question of the closed shop as essential. The manufacturers refused to arbitrate the question of the closed shop.

At this juncture a public-spirited retailer of Boston, Mr. Lincoln Filene, entered the controversy. Mr. Filene resolved that, as a large consumer, he and his class had no right to shirk their responsibility by passively acquiescing in sweat-shop conditions. As an intermediary between the wholesaler and the public, the retailer had an important part in the conflict, not only because he suffered directly from the temporary paralysis of the industry, but also because his indifference to the claims of the worker for a just wage, sanitary factory conditions, abolition of home work, and for a decent working-day was equivalent to an active complicity in the guilt of the manufacturer. Through Mr. Filene's intervention, the manufacturers and the Union officials agreed to confer, and to request Mr. Louis Brandeis of Boston to act as chairman.

Mr. Brandeis had, at the outset, the confidence of both parties. Each side recognized in him that combination of wide legal learning and a social economic sense which had made him an effective participant in the development of the progressive political and industrial policies of the nation. The employers welcomed Mr. Brandeis because they had faith in his sense of fairness. The cloak makers welcomed him because of his brilliant and signal service to the entire trade-union movement and to American working women in securing from the United States Supreme Court the decision which declared constitutional the ten-hour law for the women laundry workers of Oregon.

The conference that was to have determined the industrial fortunes of more than 40,000 New York workers for the following year opened on Thursday morning, July 28, in a small room in the Metropolitan Life Building. Mr. Brandeis was in the chair. On one side of a long table sat the ten representatives of the cloak makers, including their attorney, a member of the Vorwärts staff, and the Secretary of the International Garment Workers' Union, all these three men of middle age, intellectual faces, and sociological education, keenly identified with the ideas and principles of the workers; three or four rather younger representatives of the cloak makers, alert and thoroughly Americanized; and three older men, who had fought throughout the quarter-of-a-century contest, men with the sort of trade education that nothing but a working experience can give, deeply imbued with the traditions of that struggle, a hostility to "scabs," a distrust (too often well founded) of employers, and an unshaken belief in the general panacea of the closed shop--a subject which was, by agreement, to remain undiscussed in the conference. All these men, with the exception of their attorney, Mr. London, had cut and sewed on the benches of the garment trade. On the other side of the table sat the ten representatives of the manufacturers, some of them men of wide culture and learning, versed in philosophies, and prominent members of the Ethical Society, some of them New York financiers who had come from East Side sweat shops. Perhaps the most eager opponent of the closed shop in their body was a cosmopolitan young manufacturer, a linguist and "literary" man, interested in "style" from every point of view, who had introduced into the New York trade from abroad a considerable number of the cloak designs now widely worn throughout America. This man felt the keenest personal pride in his output. He is said at one time to have remarked, "Le cloak c'est moi". And, bizarre as it may seem to an outsider, a really sincere reason of his against

accepting workmen on the recommendation of the Union was that the cloak manufacturer as an artist should adopt toward his workers "the attitude of Hammerstein to his orchestra." One of the manufacturers had been a strike leader in 1896. "Your bitterest opponent of fourteen years ago sits on the same side of the table with you now," said one of the older cloak makers, in a deep, intense voice, as the men took their places.

Mr. Brandeis opened the conference with these words: "Gentlemen, we have come together in a matter which we must all recognize is a very serious and an important business--not only to settle this strike, but to create a relation which will prevent similar strikes in the future. That work is one which, it seems to me, is approached in a spirit that makes the situation a very hopeful one, and I am sure, from my conferences with counsel of both parties[27] and with individual members whom they represent, that those who are here are all here with that desire."

Up to a certain point in the conference, which lasted for three days, this seemed to be true. The manufacturers agreed to abolish home work, to abolish subcontracting, to give a weekly half-holiday, besides the Jewish Sabbath, during June, July, and August, and to limit overtime work to two hours and a half a day during the busy season, with no work permitted after half past eight at night, or before eight in the morning. Beyond this, the question of hours was left to arbitration. Also, the question of wages was left to arbitration.

The last subject to be dealt with at the Brandeis conference was the general method of enforcing agreements between the Manufacturers' Association and the Union. It was in this discussion that the question of the closed shop and the open shop came before the conference.

Though the Union leaders had agreed to eliminate the discussion of the closed shop before they entered into negotiations, it was almost impossible for them to refrain from suggesting it as a means of enforcing agreements. As one of the cloak makers, one of the old leaders of the labor movement in America, said: "This organization of cloak makers in the city of New York can only control the situation where Union people are employed. They have absolutely no control of the situation where non-union people are employed. They cannot enforce any rules, nor any discipline of any kind, shape, or description, and if we are to coöperate in any way that will be absolutely effective, then the ... Manufacturers' Association, ... it seems to me, should see that the necessary first step is that they shall run Union shops."[28]

The Union shop the speaker had in mind, the Union shop advocated by the Vorwärts and desired, as it proved, by a majority of the workers, was a different matter from the closed shop, which constitutes a trade monopoly by limiting the membership of a trade to a certain comparatively small number of workers.

The institution of the closed shop is by intention autocratic and exclusive. The institution of the Union shop is by intention democratic and inclusive. With the cloak makers' organization, entrance into the Union was almost a matter of form. There were no prohibitive initiation fees, or dues, as in other unions. They offered every non-union man and woman an opportunity to join their ranks.

The manufacturers contended that they had no objection to the voluntary enlistment of non-union men in Union ranks; but they would not insist that all their workers belong to the Union.

This deadlock was reached on the third day of the conference. At this point Mr. Brandeis brought before the meeting the opinion that "an effective coöperation between the manufacturers and the Union ... would involve, ... of necessity, a strong Union." "I realize," he said, ... "from a consideration of ... general Union questions, that in the ordinary open shop, where that prevails, there is great difficulty in building up the Union. I felt, therefore, particularly in view of the fact that so many of the members of the Garment Workers' Union are recent members, that to make an effective Union it was necessary that you should be aided ... by the manufacturers, ... and that aid could be effectively ... given by providing that the manufacturers should, in the employment of labor hereafter, give preference to Union men, where the Union men were equal in efficiency to any non-union applicants.... That presented in the rough what seemed to me a proper basis for coming together.... I think, if such an arrangement as we have discussed can be accomplished, it will be the greatest advance, not only that unionism has made in this country, but it would be one of the greatest advances that has generally been made in improving the condition of the working-man, for which unionism is merely an instrument."

This, then, was the first public presentation of the idea of the preferential shop. Mr. Brandeis, as a result of close study of labor disputes and a rich experience in settling strikes, had reached the conclusion that the position of the adherents of the closed as well as those of the open shop was economically and socially untenable. The inherent objection to the closed shop, he contends, is that it creates an uncontrolled and irresponsible monopoly of labor.

On the other hand, the so-called open shop, even if conducted with fairness and honesty on the part of the employer, is apt to result in a disintegration of the Union. It has been a frequent experience of organized labor that, even after a strike has been won, men drop out of the Union and leave the burden of Union obligation to the loyal minority, who, weakened in numbers, face not only a loss of what the strike has gained, but a retrogression of those Union standards that have been the result of past struggles and sacrifices.

By the preferential Union plan, when an employer obliges himself to prefer Union to non-union men, a Union man in good standing, that is, a Union man who has paid his dues and met his Union obligations, is insured employment to a limited extent, and the dues represent a premium paid by him for such employment.

It was not an easy task to secure assent to this idea from the manufacturers, for Mr. Brandeis made it clear that, while the plan did not oblige the manufacturers to coerce men into joining the Union, it clearly placed them on record in favor of a trade-union, and obliged them to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to injure the Union, and positively to do everything in their power, outside of coercion, to strengthen the Union.

In Mr. Brandeis' appeal to the Union representatives he referred to the history of the Cloak Makers' Union as a telling illustration of the futility of their past policy. He pointed out that the membership of the Union during a strike was no test of its strength--a Union's solidity rested upon its membership in time of peace. Were they not justified in assuming that what had occurred in the past of the Cloak Makers' Union would occur in the future, and that its membership would dwindle to a

small number of the faithful? How could their organization be permanently strengthened?

Cloak making, as a seasonal trade, offered a fair field for proving the efficiency of the preferential plan, for in the slack season the manufacturers must, by its terms, prefer Union men. The industrial situation provided a test of this good faith. The Union leaders could then effectively show the non-union worker the advantage of the union membership.

The final formation of the preferential union shop as presented to both sides by Mr. Brandeis, Mr. London, and Mr. Cohen, in the Brandeis conference, was this: "The manufacturers can and will declare in appropriate terms their sympathy with the Union, their desire to aid and strengthen the Union, and their agreement that, as between Union and non-union men of equal ability to do the job, the Union men shall be given the preference."

The manufacturers were willing to make this agreement. But the representatives of the Union received it with a natural suspicion bred by years of oppression. "Can the man who has ground us down year after year suddenly be held by a sentiment for the organization he has fought for a quarter of a century?" they asked. "Between Union and non-union men, will he candidly give the preference to Union men of equal ability? Will he not rather, since the question of ability is a matter of personal judgment and is left to his judgment, prefer the non-union man, and justify his preference by a pretence, in each case, that he considers the skill of the non-union man superior?"

Nevertheless, a majority of the leaders of the cloak makers were willing to try the plan.... A minority refused. This minority was influenced partly by its certain knowledge that the 40,000 cloak makers would never accept an agreement based on the idea of the preferential Union shop, and partly by its complete distrust of the good will of the manufacturers. The minority was trusted and powerful. It won. The conference broke.

The Vorwärts printed a statement that the preferential shop was the "open shop with honey." The news of the Brandeis conference reached the cloak makers through the bulletins of this paper; and during its progress and after its close, frantic crowds stood before the office on the lower East Side, waiting for these bulletins, eager for the victory of the closed shop, the panacea for all industrial evils.

After the decision of the leaders, after the breaking of the conference, the cloak makers who had settled gave fifteen per cent of their wages to support those standing out for the closed shop, and volunteered to give fifty per cent. The Vorwärts headed a subscription list with \$2000 for the strikers, and collected \$50,000. A furore for the closed shop arose. Young boys and bearded old men and young women came to the office and offered half their wages, three-quarters of their wages. One boy offered to give all his wages and sell papers for his living. Every day the office was besieged by committees, appointed by the men and women in the settled shops, asking to contribute to the cause more than the percentage determined by the Union. These were men and women accustomed to enduring hardships for a principle, men and women who had fought in Russia, who were revolutionists, willing to make sacrifices, eager to make sacrifices. Their blind faith was the backbone of the strike.

This furore was continuing when, in the third week in August, the loss of

contracts by the manufacturers and the general stagnation of business due to the idleness of 40,000 men and women, normally wage-earners, induced a number of bankers and merchants of the East Side to bring pressure for a settlement of the strike. Louis Marshall, an attorney well known in New York in Jewish charities, assembled the lawyers of both sides. They drew up an agreement in which the preferential union shop again appeared as the basis of future operations, formulated as in the Brandeis conference.

The Vorwärts printed the result of the Marshall conference with deep concern. It maintained a neutral attitude. The editorials urged that the readers consider the whole document soberly, discuss it freely in local meetings, and vote for themselves, on their own full understanding, after mature conviction on each point.

Tremendous crowds surged around the Vorwärts office. They almost mobbed the East Side leaders, with their voluble questioning about the preferential Union shop. Thousands of men and women and children called out pleas and reproaches and recriminations in an avid personal demonstration possible only to their race. "Oh, you wouldn't sell us out?" they cried desperately. "You wouldn't sell us out? You are our hope."

Imagine what these days of doubt, of an attempt to understand, meant to these multitudes, knowing no industrial faith but that of the closed shop which had failed them absolutely, wanderers from a strange country, turning wildly to their leaders, who could only tell them that they must determine their own fates, they must decide for themselves. These leaders have been blamed at once for their autocracy and for not mobilizing and informing and directing these multitudes more clearly and firmly. Their critics failed to conceive the remarkably various economic and political histories of the enormous concourse of human beings engaged in the needle trades of New York.

However that may be, when the workers and their families surged around the Vorwärts office and asked the leaders if they had betrayed them, Schlesinger, the business manager, and the old strike leaders addressed them from the windows, and said to the people, with painful emotion: "You are our masters. What you decide we will report back to the association lawyers. What you decide shall be done."

Terrible was the position of these men. Well they knew that the winter was approaching; that the closed shop could not win; that the workers could not hear the truth about the preferential Union shop, and that the man who stood avowedly for the preferential shop, now the best hope of victory for the Union, would be called a traitor to the Union.

In great anxiety, the meetings assembled. The workers had all come to the same conclusion. They all rejected the Marshall agreement.

Soon after this, the tide of loyalty to the closed shop was incited to its high-water mark by the action of Judge Goff, who, as a result of a suit of one of the firms of the Manufacturers' Association, issued an injunction against peaceful picketing, on the part of the strikers, on the ground that picketing for the closed shop was an action of conspiracy in constraint of trade, and therefore unlawful.

The manufacturers were now, naturally, more deeply distrusted than ever on the East Side.[29] The doctrine of the closed shop became almost ritualistic. Early in September, one of the Labor Day parades was headed

by an aged Jew, white-bearded and fierce-eyed,--a cloak maker who knew no other words of English than those he uttered,--who waved a purple banner and shouted at regular intervals: "Closed shop! Closed shop!" That man represented the spirit of thousands of immigrants who have recently become trade-unionists in America. Impossible to say to such a man that the idea of the closed shop had been an enemy to the spread of trade-unionism in this country by its implication of monopolistic tyranny.

Impossible, indeed, to say anything to Unionists whose reply to every just representation is, "Closed shop"; or to employers whose reply to every just representation is, "We do not wish other people to run our business." This reply the Marshall conference still had to hear for some days. It was now the first week in September. There was great suffering among the cloak makers. On the manufacturers' side, contracts heretofore always filled by certain New York houses, in this prolonged stoppage of their factories were finally lost to them and placed with establishments in other important cloak making centres--Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, and even abroad. Two or three large Union houses settled for terms, in hours and wages, which were satisfactory to every one concerned, though lower than the demands on these points listed in the cloak makers' first letter.

Curiously enough, wages and hours had been left to arbitration, had never been thoroughly considered in the whole situation before. Neither the workers nor the employers had clearly stated what they really would stand for on these vital points. No one, not even the most wildly partisan figures on either side, supposed that the first demands as to wages and hours represented an ultimatum. The debaters in the Marshall conference now agreed on feasible terms on these points,[30] though, curiously enough, the rates for piece-work were left to the arbitration of individual shops. In spite of this fact, the majority of the workers are paid by piece-work. The former clauses of the agreement relating to the abolition of home work and of subcontracting remained practically as they had stood before.[31] As for the idea of the preferential Union shop, it had undoubtedly been gaining ground. Naturally, at first, appearing to the Vorwärts' staff and to many ardent unionists as opposed to unionism, it had now assumed a different aspect. This was the final formulation of the preferential Union shop in the Marshall agreement: "Each member of the Manufacturers' Association is to maintain a Union shop, a 'Union shop' being understood to refer to a shop where Union standards as to working conditions prevail, and where, when hiring help, Union men are preferred, it being recognized that, since there are differences of skill among those employed in the trade, employers shall have freedom of selection between one Union man and another, and shall not be confined to any list nor bound to follow any prescribed order whatsoever.

"It is further understood that all existing agreements and obligations of the employer, including those to present employees, shall be respected. The manufacturers, however, declare their belief in the Union, and that all who desire its benefits should share in its burdens."

As will be seen, this formulation signified that the Union men available for a special kind of work in a factory must be sought before any other men. The words "non-union man," the words arousing the antagonism of the East Side, are not mentioned. But whether the preference of Union men is or is not insisted on as strongly as in the Brandeis agreement must remain a matter of open opinion.

This formulation was referred to the strike committee. It was accepted by the strike committee, and went into force on September 8.

The Vorwärts posted the news as a great Union victory. At the first bulletin, the news ran like wildfire over the East Side. Multitudes assembled; men, women, and children ran around Rutgers Square, in tumult and rejoicing. The workers seized London, the unionists' lawyer, and carried him around the square on their shoulders, and they even made him stand on their shoulders and address the crowd from them. People sobbed and wept and laughed and cheered; and Roman Catholic Italians and Russian Jews, who had before sneered at each other as "dagoes" and "sheenies," seized each other in their arms and called each other brother.

Now that the men and women have returned to their shops, it remains for all the people involved--the manufacturers, the workers, the retailers, and the interested public--to make a dispassionate estimate of this new arrangement. Is the preferential shop so delicate a fabric as to prove futile? Has it sustaining power? Will the final agreement prove, at last, to be a Union victory? Will both sides act in good faith--the manufacturers always honestly preferring Union men, the Union leaders always maintaining a democratic and an inclusive Union, without autocracy or bureaucratic exclusion? Undoubtedly there will be failures on both sides. But the New York cloak makers' strike may be historical, not only for its results in the cloak industry, but for its contribution to the industrial problems of the country.

No outsider can read the statement of the terms of the manufacturers' preference without feeling that a joint agreement committee should have been established to consider cases of alleged unfair discrimination against Union workers. On the other hand, no outsider can hear without a feeling of uneasiness such an assertion as was made to one of the writers--that strike breakers had been obliged to pay an initiation fee of one hundred dollars to enter the Cloak Makers' Union.

There is undoubtedly, on both sides, need of patience and a long educational process to change the attitude of hostility and bitterness engendered by over twenty years of a false policy of antagonism. But never before, in the cloak makers' history, have the men and women gone back to work after a strike holding their heads as high as they do to-day.[32] It can be reasonably believed that their last summer's struggle will achieve a permanent gain for the workers' industrial future. This narrative of the industrial fortunes of the women cloak makers in New York in the last year is given for its statement of the effects of the struggle for the Preferential Union Shop on their trade histories, and for its account of their gains as workers in the same trade with men.

These cloak makers' gains were local. What national gains have American working women been able to obtain? For an answer to this question we turned to the results of the National Consumers' League inquiry concerning the fortunes of women workers in laundries and its chronicle of the decision of the Federal Supreme Court on the point of their hours of labor.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 23: Printed statement of the Cloak, Skirt, and Suit Manufacturers' Protective Association, July 11, 1910.]

[Footnote 24: Estimate of the Waverly Place Office of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, November 26 to 30.]

[Footnote 25: For this account of the position of different cloak manufacturers the writers wish to acknowledge the kindness of Miss Mary Brown Sumner of the _Survey_.]

[Footnote 26: These were the most important clauses of these early settlements as regards women workers:--

I. The said firm hereby engages the Union to perform all the tailoring, operating, pressing, finishing, cutting, and buttonhole-making work to be done by the firm in the cloak and suit business during one year ... from date; and the Union agrees to perform said work in a good and workmanlike manner.

II. During the continuance of this agreement, operators shall be paid in accordance with the annexed price list. The following is the scale of wages for week hands: ... skirt makers, not less than \$24 per week; skirt basters, not less than \$15 per week; skirt finishers, not less than \$12 per week; buttonhole makers, not less than \$1.10 per hundred buttonholes.

III. A working week shall consist of forty-eight hours in six working-days.

IV. No overtime work shall be permitted between the fifteenth day of November and the fifteenth day of January and during the months of June and July. During the rest of the year employees may be required to work overtime, provided all the employees of the firm, as well as all the employees of the outside contractors of the firm, are engaged to the full capacity of the factories. No overtime shall be permitted on Saturday nor on any day for more than two and a half hours, nor before 8 A.M. or after 8 P.M. For overtime work the employees shall receive double the usual pay. No contracting or subcontracting shall be permitted by the firm inside its factory, and no operator or finisher shall be permitted more than one helper.

XIII. No work shall be given employees to be done at their homes.

XV. Only members of respective locals above named shall be employed by the firm to do the said work.]

[Footnote 27: Mr. London for the cloak makers, and Mr. Cohen for the manufacturers.]

[Footnote 28: Stenographic minutes of the Brandeis conference.]

[Footnote 29: This decision met with disapproval, not only on the East Side. The New York _Evening Post_ said: "Justice Goff's decision embodies rather strange law and certainly very poor policy. One need not be a sympathizer with trade-union policy, as it reveals itself to-day, in order to see that the latest injunction, if generally upheld, would seriously cripple such defensive powers as legitimately belong to organized labor."

And the _Times_: "This is the strongest decision ever handed down against labor."]

[Footnote 30: These are the clauses of the Marshall agreement on wage scale and hours of labor which affect women workers. The term "sample makers" includes, of course, sample makers of cloaks. The week workers among the cloak makers are principally the sample makers. But the greater proportion of the workers in the cloak factories are piece-workers. This explains why there is no definite weekly wage schedule listed for cloak workers as such. Sample makers, \$22; sample skirt makers, \$22; skirt basters, \$14; skirt finishers, \$10; buttonhole makers, Class A, a minimum of \$1.20 per 100 buttonholes; Class B a minimum of 80 cents per 100 buttonholes.

As to piece-work, the price to be paid is to be agreed upon by a committee of the employees in each shop and their employer. The chairman of said price committee of the employees shall act as the representative of the employees in their dealings with the employer.

The weekly hours of labor shall consist of 50 hours in 6 working days, to wit, nine hours on all days except the sixth day, which shall consist of five hours only.

No overtime work shall be permitted between the fifteenth day of November and the fifteenth day of January, or during the months of June and July, except upon samples.

No overtime work shall be permitted on Saturdays, except to workers not working on Saturdays, nor on any day or more than two and one-half hours, nor before 8 A.M., nor after 8.30 P.M.

For overtime work all week workers shall receive double the usual pay.]

[Footnote 31: There has been practically no complaint on the part of the workers or the public concerning the sanitary conditions of the larger houses. At present the strike settlement has established a joint board of sanitary control, composed of three representatives of the public, Dr. W.J. Scheffelin, chairman, Miss Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, and Dr. Henry Moskowitz of the Down-town Ethical Society; two representatives of the workers, Dr. George Price, Medical Sanitary Inspector of the New York Department of Health, 1895-1904, and Mr. Schlesinger, Business Manager of the Vorwärts; and two representatives of the manufacturers, Mr. Max Meier and Mr. Silver. The work of this committee will be the enforcement of uniform sanitary conditions in all shops, including the more obscure and smaller establishments.]

[Footnote 32: This statement is written in the last week of September, 1910.]

URUGUAY

Project Gutenberg's *Through Five Republics on Horseback*, by G. Whitfield Ray

THE LONE TRAIL.

*And sometimes it leads to the desert and the tongue swells
out of the mouth,
And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die in the mocking
drouth.
And sometimes it leads to the mountain, to the light of the
lone camp-fire,
And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of the hunger-goaded
desire.*

--_Robert W. Service._

The Republic of Uruguay has 72,210 square miles of territory, and is the smallest of the ten countries of South America. Its population is only 1,103,000, but the Liebig Company, "which manufactures beef tea for the world, owns nearly a million acres of land in Uruguay. On its enormous ranches over 6,000,000 head of cattle have passed through its hands in the fifty years of its existence." [Footnote: Clark. "Continent of Opportunity."]

The republic seems well governed, but, as in all Spanish-American countries, the ideas of right and wrong are strange. While taking part in a religious procession, President Borda was assassinated in 1897. A man was seen to deliberately walk up and shoot him. The Chief Executive fell mortally wounded. This cool murderer was condemned to two years' imprisonment for insulting the President.

In 1900, President Arredondo was assassinated, but the murderer was acquitted on the ground that "he was interpreting the feelings of the people."

Uruguay is a progressive republic, with more than a thousand miles of railway. On these lines the coaches are very palatial. The larger part of the coach, made to seat fifty-two passengers, is for smokers, the smaller compartment, accommodating sixteen, is for non-smokers, thus reversing our own practice. Outside the harbor of the capital a great sea-wall is being erected, at tremendous cost, to facilitate shipping, and Uruguay is certainly a country with a great future.

The capital city occupies a commanding position at the mouth of the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata; its docks are large and modern, and palatial steamers of the very finest types bring it in daily communication with Buenos Ayres. The Legislative Palace is one of the finest government buildings in the world. The great Solis Theatre, where Patti and Bernhardt have both appeared, covers nearly two acres of ground, seats three thousand people and cost three million dollars to build. The sanitary conditions and water supply are so perfect that fewer people die in this city, in proportion to its size, than in any other large city of the world.

The Parliament of Uruguay has recently voted that all privileges

hitherto granted to particular religious bodies shall be abrogated, that the army shall not take part in religious ceremonies, that army chaplains shall be dismissed, that the national flag shall not be lowered before any priest or religious symbol. So another state cuts loose from Rome!

The climate of the country is such that grapes, apricots, peaches, and many other fruits grow to perfection. Its currency is on a more stable basis than that of any other Spanish republic, and its dollar is actually worth 102 cents. The immigrants pouring into Uruguay have run up to over 20,000 a year; the population has increased more than 100 per cent in 12 years; so we shall hear from Uruguay in coming years more than we have done in the past.

SKETCHES OF A HORSEBACK RIDE THROUGH THE REPUBLIC.

I CROSS THE SILVER RIVER.

I left Buenos Ayres for Uruguay in an Italian polacca. We weighed anchor one Sunday afternoon, and as the breeze was favorable, the white sails, held up by strong ropes of rawhide, soon wafted us away from the land. We sailed through a fleet of ships from all parts of the world, anchored in the stream, discharging and loading cargoes. There, just arrived, was an Italian emigrant ship with a thousand people on board, who had come to start life afresh. There was the large British steamer, with her clattering windlass, hoisting on board live bullocks from barges moored alongside. The animals are raised up by means of a strong rope tied around their horns, and as the ship rocks on the swell they dangle in mid-air. When a favorable moment arrives they are quickly dropped on to the deck, completely stupefied by their aerial flight.

As darkness fell, the wind dropped, and we lay rocking on the bosom of the river, with only the twinkling lights of the Argentine coast to remind us of the solid world. The shoreless river was, however, populous with craft of all rigs, for this is the highway to the great interior, and some of them were bound to Cuyabá, 2,600 miles in the heart of the continent. During the night a ship on fire in the offing lit up with great vividness the silent waste of waters, and as the flames leaped up the rigging, the sight was very grand. Owing to calms and light winds, our passage was a slow one, and I was not sorry when at last I could say good-bye to the Italians and their oily food. Three nights and two days is a long time to spend in crossing a river.

MONTEVIDEO.

Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, is "one of the handsomest cities in all America, north or south." Its population is over 350,000. It is one of the cleanest and best laid-out cities on the continent; it has broad, airy streets and a general look of prosperity. What impresses the newcomer most is the military display everywhere seen. Sentry boxes, in front of which dark-skinned soldiers strut, seem to be at almost every corner. Although Uruguay has a standing army of under 3,500 men, yet gold-braided officers are to be met with on every street. There are twenty-one generals on active service, and many more living on pension. More important personages than these men

assume to be could not be met with in any part of the world.

The armies of most of these republics are divided into sections bearing such blasphemous titles as "Division of the Son of God," "Division of the Good Shepherd," "Division of the Holy Lancers of Death" and "Soldiers of the Blessed Heart of Mary." These are often placed under the sceptre of the Sacred Heart of Jesus as the national emblem.

Boys of seven and old men of seventy stand on the sidewalks selling lottery tickets; and the priest, with black beaver hat, the brim of which has a diameter of two feet, is always to be seen. One of these priests met a late devotee, but now a follower of Christ through missionary effort, and said: "Good morning, _Daughter of the Evil One_!" "Good morning, _Father_," she replied.

The cemetery is one of the finest on the continent, and is well worth a visit. Very few of Montevideo's dead are _buried_. The coffins of the rich are zinc-lined, and provided with a glass in the lid. All caskets are placed in niches in the high wall which surrounds the cemetery. These mural niches are six or eight feet deep in the wall, and each one has a marble tablet for the name of the deposited one. By means of a large portable ladder and elevator combined, the coffins are raised from the ground. At anniversaries of the death the tomb is filled with flowers, and candles are lit inside, while a wreath is hung on the door. A favorite custom is to attend mass on Sunday morning, then visit the cemetery, and spend the afternoon at the bull-fights.

NATIVE HOUSES AND HABITS.

Uruguay is essentially a pastoral country, and the finest animals of South America are there raised. It is said that "Uruguay's pasture lands could feed all the cattle of the world, and sheep grow fat at 50 to the acre." In 1889, when I first went there, there were thirty-two millions of horned cattle grazing on a thousand hills. Liebig's famous establishments at Fray Bentos, two hundred miles north of Montevideo, employs six hundred men, and kills one thousand bullocks a day.

Uruguay has some good roads, and the land is wire-fenced in all directions. The rivers are crossed on large flat-bottomed boats called _balsas_. These are warped across by a chain, and carry as many as ten men and horses in one trip. The roads are in many places thickly strewn with bones of dead animals, dropped by the way, and these are picked clean by the vultures. No sooner does an animal lie down to die than, streaming out of the infinite space, which a moment before has been a lifeless world of blue ether, there come lines of vultures, and soon white bones are all that are left.

On the fence-posts one sees many nests of the _casera_ (housebuilder) bird, made of mud. These have a dome-shaped roof, and are divided by a partition inside into chamber and ante-chamber. By the roadside are hovels of the natives not a twentieth part so well-built or rain-tight. Fleas are so numerous in these huts that sometimes, after spending a night in one, it would have been impossible to place a five-cent piece on any part of my body that had not been bitten by them. Scorpions come out of the wood they burn on the earthen floor, and monster cockroaches nibble your toes at night. The thick, hot

grass roofs of the ranches harbor centipedes, which drop on your face as you sleep, and bite alarmingly. These many-legged creatures grow to the length of eight or nine inches, and run to and fro with great speed. Well might the little girl, on seeing a centipede for the first time, ask: "What is that queer-looking thing, with about a million legs?" Johnny wisely replied: "That's a millennium. It's something like a centennial, only its has more legs."

After vain attempts to sleep, you rise, and may see the good wife cleaning her only plate for you by rubbing it on her greasy hair and wiping it with the bottom of her chemise. Ugh! Proceeding on the journey, it is a common sight to see three or four little birds sitting on the backs of the horned cattle getting their breakfast, which I hope they relish better than I often did.

A WAKE, AND HOW TO GET TO HEAVEN.

During my journey I was asked: Would I like to go to the wake held that night at the next house, three miles away? After supper, horses were saddled up and away we galloped. Quite a number had already gathered there. We found the dead man lying on a couple of sheepskins, in the centre of a mud-walled and mud-floored room. "No useless coffin enclosed his breast," nor was he wound in either sheet or shroud. There he lay, fully attired, even to his shoes. Four tallow candles lighted up the gloom, and these were placed at his head and feet. His clammy hands were reverently folded over his breast, whilst entwined in his fingers was a bronze cross and rosary, that St. Peter, seeing his devotion, might, without questioning, admit him to a better world. The scene was weird beyond description. Outside, the wind moaned a sad dirge; great bats and black moths, the size of birds, flitted about in the midnight darkness. These, ever and anon, made their way inside and extinguished the candles, which flickered and dripped as they fitfully shone on the shrunk features of the corpse. He had been a reprobate and an assassin, but, luckily for him, a pious woman, not wishing to see him die "in his sins," had sprinkled Holy Water on him. The said "Elixir of Life" had been brought eighty miles, and was kept in her house to use only in extreme cases. The poor woman had paid the price of a cow for the bottle of water, but the priest had declared that it was an effectual soul-saver, and they never doubted its efficacy. Around the corpse was a throng of women, and they all chattered as women are apt to do. The men, standing around the door, talked of their horse-races, fights or anything else. For some hours I heard no allusion to the dead, but as the night wore on the prophetess of the people came forth.

If my advent among them had caused a stir, the entrance of this old woman caused a bustle; even the dead man seemed to salute her, or was it only my imagination--for I was in a strangely sensitive mood--that pictured it? As she slowly approached, leaning heavily on a rough, thick staff, all the females present bent their knees. Now prayers were going to be offered up for the dead, and the visible woman was to act as interceder with the invisible one in heaven. After being assisted to her knees, the old woman, in a cracked, yet loud, voice, began. "Santa Maria, ruega por nosotros, ahora, y en la hora de nuestra muerte!" (Holy Mary pray for us now, and in the hour of our death!) This was responded to with many gesticulations and making of crosses by the numerous females around her. The prayers were many and long, and must have lasted perhaps an hour; then all arose, and maté

and cigars were served. Men and women, even boys and girls, smoked the whole night through, until around the Departed was nothing but bluish clouds.

The natives are so fond of wakes that when deaths do not occur with great frequency, the bones of "grandma" are dug up, and she is prayed and smoked over once more. The digging up of the dead is often a simple matter, for the corpse is frequently just carried into the bush, and there covered with prickly branches.

THE SNAKE'S HISTORY.

I met with a snake, of a whitish color, that appeared to have two heads. Never being able to closely examine this strange reptile, I cannot positively affirm that it possesses the two heads, but the natives repeatedly affirmed to me that it does, and certainly both ends are, or seem to be, exactly alike. In the Book of Genesis the serpent is described as "a beast," but for its temptation of Eve it was condemned to crawl on its belly and become a reptile. A strange belief obtains among the people that all serpents must not only be killed, but put into a fire. If there is none lit, they will kindle one on purpose, for it must be burned. As the outer skin comes off, it is declared, the four legs, now under it, can be distinctly seen.

A GIRL'S NEW BIRTH AND TRANSLATION.

At Rincon I held a series of meetings in a mud hut. Men and women, with numerous children, used to gather on horseback an hour before the time for opening. A little girl always brought her three-legged stool and squatted in front of me. The rest appropriated tree-trunks and bullocks' skulls. The girl referred to listened to the Gospel story as though her life depended upon it, as indeed it did! When at Rincon only a short time, the child desired me to teach her how to pray, and she clasped her hands reverently. "Would Jesus save me?" she asked. "Did He die for me--me? Will He save me now?" The girl believed, and entered at once into the family of God.

One day a man on horseback, tears streaming down his cheeks, galloped up to my hut. It was her father. His girl was dead. She had gone into the forest, and, feeling hungry, had eaten some berries; they were poisonous, and she had come home to die. Would I bury her? Shortly afterwards I rode over to the hovel where she had lived. Awaiting me were the broken-hearted parents. A grocery box had been secured, and this rude coffin was covered with pink cotton. Four horses were yoked in a two-wheeled cart, the parents sat on the casket, and I followed on horseback to the nearest cemetery, sixteen miles away. There, in a little enclosure, we lowered the girl into her last earthly resting-place, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. She had lived in a house where a cow's hide served for a door, but she had now entered the "pearly gates." The floor of her late home was mother earth; what a change to be walking the "streets of gold!" Some day, "after life's fitful fever," I shall meet her again, not a poor, ragged half-breed girl, but glorified, and clothed in His righteousness.

HOW I DID NOT LOSE MY EYES.

One day I was crossing a river, kneeling on my horse's back, when he gave a lurch and threw me into the water. Gaining the bank, and being

quite alone, I stripped off my wet clothes and waited for the sun to dry them. The day was hot and sultry, and, feeling tired, I covered myself up with the long grass and went to sleep. How long I lay I cannot tell, but suddenly waking up, I found to my alarm that several large vultures, having thought me dead, were contemplating me as their next meal! Had my sleep continued a few moments longer, the rapacious birds would have picked my eyes out, as they invariably do before tearing up their victim. All over the country these birds abound, and I have counted thirty and forty tearing up a living, quivering animal. Sometimes, for mercy's sake, I have alighted and put the suffering beast out of further pain. Before I got away they have been fighting over it again in their haste to suck the heart's blood.

A BACHELOR RABBIT.

The pest of Australia is the rabbit, but, strange to say, I never found one in South America. In their place is the equally destructive viscacha or prairie dog--a much larger animal, probably three or four times the size, having very low, broad head, little ears, and thick, bristling whiskers. His coat is gray and white, with a mixture of black. To all appearance this is a ferocious beast, with his two front tusk-like teeth, about four inches long, but he is perfectly harmless. The viscacha makes his home, like the rabbit, by burrowing in the ground, where he remains during daylight. The faculty of acquisition in these animals must be large, for in their nightly trips they gather and bring to the mouth of their burrow anything and everything they can possibly move. Bones, manure, stones and feathers are here collected, and if the traveller accidentally dropped his watch, knife or handkerchief, it would be found and carried to adorn the viscacha's doorway, if those animals were anywhere near.

The lady reader will be shocked to learn that the head of the viscacha family, probably copying a bad example from the ostrich, his neighbor, is also very unamiable with his "better half," and inhabits bachelor's quarters, which he keeps all to himself, away from his family. The food of this strange dog-rabbit is roots, and his powerful teeth are well fitted to root them up. At the mouth of their burrows may often be seen little owls, which have ejected the original owners and themselves taken possession. They have a strikingly saucy look, and possess the advantage of being able to turn their heads right around while the body remains immovable. Being of an inquisitive nature, they stare at every passer-by, and if the traveller quietly walks around them he will smile at the grotesque power they have of turning their head. When a young horse is especially slow in learning the use of the reins, I have known the cowboy smear the bridle with the brains of this clever bird, that the owl's facility in turning might thus be imparted to it.

Another peculiar animal is the comadreka, which resembles the kangaroo in that it is provided with a bag or pouch in which to carry its young ones. I have surprised these little animals (for they are only of rabbit size) with their young playing around them, and have seen the mother gather them into her pouch and scamper away.

DRINKING WATER, SAINTS AND THE VIRGIN.

In Uruguay it is the custom for all, on approaching a house, to call out, "Holy Mary the Pure!" and until the inmate answers: "Conceived

without sin!" not a step farther must be made by the visitor. At a hut where I called there was a baby hanging from the wattle roof in a cow's hide, and flies covered the little one's eyes. On going to the well for a drink I saw that there was a cat and a rat in the water, but the people were drinking it! When smallpox breaks out because of such unsanitary conditions, I have known them to carry around the image of St. Sebastian, that its divine presence might chase away the sickness. The dress of the Virgin is often borrowed from the church, and worn by the women, that they may profit by its healing virtues. A crucifix hung in the house keeps away evil spirits.

The people were very religious, and no rain having fallen for five months, had concluded to carry around a large image of the Virgin they had, and show her the dry crops. I rode on, but did not get wet!

NO NEED OF THE DOCTOR OR VET.

"A poor girl got very severely burnt, and the remedy applied was a poultice of mashed ears of viscacha. The burn did not heal, and so a poultice of pig's dung was put on. When we went to visit the girl, the people said it was because they had come to our meetings that the girl did not get better. A liberal cleansing, followed by the use of boracic acid, has healed the wound. Another case came under our notice of a woman who suffered from a gathering in the ear, and the remedy applied was a negro's curl fried in fat."

To cure animals of disease there are many ways. Mrs. Nieve boasted that, by just saying a few cabalistic words over a sick cow, she could heal it. A charm put on the top of the enclosure where the animals are herded will keep away sickness. To cure a bucking horse all that is necessary is to pull out its eyebrows and spit in its face. Let a lame horse step on a sheepskin, cut out the piece, and carry it in your pocket; if this can't be done, make a cross with tufts of grass, and the leg will heal. For ordinary sickness tie a dog's head around the horse's neck. If a horse has pains in the stomach, let him smell your shirt.

A RACE FOR INFORMATION.

Uruguay is said to have averaged a revolution every two years for nearly a century, so in times of revolutionary disturbance the younger children are often set to watch the roads and give timely warning, that the father or elder brother may effect an escape. The said persons may then mount their fleetest horse and be out of sight ere the recruiting sergeant arrives. Being one day perplexed, and in doubt whether I was on my right road, I made towards a boy I had descried some distance away, to ask him. No sooner did the youth catch sight of me than he set off at a long gallop away from me; why, I could not tell, as they are generally so interested at the sight of a stranger. Determined not to be outdone, and feeling sure that without directions I could not safely continue the journey, I put spurs to my horse and tried to overtake him. As I quickened my pace he looked back, and, seeing me gain upon him, urged his horse to its utmost speed. Down hill and up hill, through grass and mud and water, the race continued. A sheepskin fell from his saddle, but he heeded it not as he went plunging forward. Human beings in those latitudes were very few, and if I did not catch him I might be totally lost for days; so I went clattering on over his sheepskin, and then over his wooden saddle, the fall of which only made his horse give a fresh

plunge forward as he lay on its neck. Thus we raced for at least three miles, until, tired out and breathless, I gave up in despair.

Concluding that my fleet-footed but unamiable young friend had undoubtedly some place in view, I continued in the same direction, but at a more respectable pace. Shortly afterwards I arrived at a very small hut, built of woven grass and reeds, which I presumed was his home. Making for the open door, I clapped my hands, but received no answer. The hut was certainly inhabited--of that I saw abundant signs--but where were the people? I dare not get down from my horse; that is an insult no native would forgive; so I slowly walked around the house, clapping my hands and shouting at the top of my voice. Just as I was making the circuit for the third time, I descried another and a larger house, hidden in the trees some distance away, and thither I forthwith bent my steps. There I learned that I had been taken for a recruiting sergeant, and the inhabitants had hidden themselves when the boy galloped up with the message of my approach.

I FIND DIAMONDS.

"For one shall grasp and one resign.
One drink life's rue, and one its wine;
And God shall make the balance good."

Encamped on the banks of the Black River, idly turning up the soil with the stock of my riding-whip, I was startled to find what I believed to be real diamonds! Beautifully white, transparent stones they were, and, rising to examine them closely in the sunlight, I was more than ever convinced of the richness of my find. Was it possible that I had unwittingly discovered a diamond field? Could it be true that, after years of hardship, I had found a fortune? I was a rich man--oh, the enchanting thought! No need now to toil through scorching suns. I could live at ease. As I sat with the stones glistening in the light before my eyes, my brain grew fevered. Leaving my hat and coat on the ground, I ran towards my horse, and, vaulting on his bare back, wildly galloped to and fro, that the breezes might cool my fevered head. Rich? Oh, how I had worked and striven! Life had hitherto been a hard fight. When I had gathered together a few dollars, I had been prostrated with malarial or some other fever, and they had flown. After two or three months of enforced idleness I had had to start the battle of life afresh with diminished funds. Now the past was dead; I could rest from strife. Rest! How sweet it sounded as I repeated aloud the precious word, and the distant echoes brought back the word, Rest!

I was awakened from my day dreams by being thrown from my horse! Hope for the future had so taken possession of me that the present was forgotten. I had not seen the caves of the prairie dog, but my horse had given a sudden start aside to avoid them, and I found myself licking the dust. Bather a humiliating position for a man to be in who had just found unlimited wealth; Somewhat subdued, I made my way back to my solitary encampment.

Well, how shall I conclude this short but pregnant chapter of my life? Suffice it to say that my idol was shattered! The stones were found to be of little worth.

"The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;

All that we wish to stay
Tempts, and then flies."

A MAN WITH TWO NOSES AND TWO MOUTHS.

I was lost one day, and had been sitting in the grass for an hour or more wondering what I should do, when the sound of galloping hoofs broke the silence. On looking around, to my horror, I saw a _something_ seated on a fiery horse tearing towards me! What could it be? Was it human? Could the strange-looking being who suddenly reined up his horse before me be a man? A man surely, but possessing two noses, two mouths, and two hare-lips. A hideous sight! I shuddered as I looked at him. His left eye was in the temple, and he turned it full upon me, while with the other he seemed to glance toward the knife in his belt. When he rode up I had saluted him, but he did not return the recognition. Feeling sure that the country must be well known to him, I offered to reward him if he would act as my guide. The man kept his gleaming eye fixed upon me, but answered not a word. Beginning to look at the matter in rather a serious light, I mounted my horse, when he grunted at me in an unintelligible way, which showed me plainly that he was without the power of speech. He turned in the direction I had asked him to take, and we started off at a breakneck speed, which his fiery horse kept up. I cannot say he followed his nose, or the reader might ask me which nose, but he led me in a straight line to an eminence, from whence he pointed out the estancia I was seeking. The house was still distant, yet I was not sorry to part with my strange guide, who seemed disinclined to conduct me further. I gave him his fee, and he grunted his thanks and left me to pursue my journey more leisurely. A hut I came to had been struck by lightning, and a woman and her child had been buried in the debris. Inquiring the particulars, I was informed that the woman was herself to blame for the disaster. The saints, they told me, have a particular aversion to the _ombu_ tree, and this daring Eve had built her house near one. The saints had taken _spite_ at this act of bravado, and destroyed both mother and daughter. Moral: Heed the saints.

A FLEET-FOOTED DEER.

One day an old man seriously informed me that in those parts there was a deer which neither he nor any other one had been able to catch. Like the Siamese twins, it was two live specimens in one. When I asked why it was impossible to catch the animal, he informed me that it had eight legs with which to run. Four of the legs came out of the back, and, when tired with using the four lower ones, it just turned over and ran with the upper set. I did not see this freak, so add the salt to your taste, O reader.

I SLEEP WITH THE RATS.

Hospitality is a marked and beautiful feature of the Uruguayan people. At whatever time I arrived at a house, although a stranger and a foreigner, I was most heartily received by the inmates. On only one occasion, which I will here relate, was I grudgingly accommodated, and that was by a Brazilian living on the frontier. The hot sun had ruthlessly shone on me all day as I waded through the long arrow grass that reached up to my saddle. The scorching rays, pitiless in their intensity, seemed to take the energy from everything living. All animate creation was paralyzed. The relentless

ball of fire in the heavens, pouring down like molten brass, appeared to be trying to set the world on fire; and I lay utterly exhausted on my horse's neck, half expecting to see all kindled in one mighty blaze! I had drunk the hot, putrid water of the hollows, which did not seem to quench my thirst any, but perhaps did help to keep me from drying up and blowing away. My tongue was parched and my lips dried together. Fortunately, I had a very quiet horse, and when I could no longer bear the sun's burning rays I got down for a few moments and crept under him.

Shelter there was none. The copious draughts of evil-smelling water I had drunk in my raging thirst brought on nausea, and it was only by force of will that I kept myself from falling, when on an eminence I joyfully sighted the Brazilian estancia. Hope then revived in me. My knowing horse had seen the house before me, and without any guidance made straight towards it at a quicker pace. Well he knew that houses in those desolate wastes were too far apart to be passed unheeded by, and I thoroughly concurred in his wisdom. As I drew up before the lonely place my tongue refused to shout "Ave Maria," but I clapped my perspiring hands, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing footsteps within. Visions of shade and of meat and drink and rest floated before my eyes when I saw the door opened. A coal-black face peeped out, which, in a cracked, broken voice, I addressed, asking the privilege to dismount. Horror of horrors, I had not even been answered ere the door was shut again in my face! Get down without permission I dare not. The house was a large edifice, built of rough, undressed stones, and had a thick, high wall of the same material all around.

Were the inmates fiends that they let me sit there, knowing well that there was no other habitation within miles? As the minutes slowly lengthened out, and the door remained closed, my spirits sank lower and lower. After a silence of thirty-five minutes, the man again made his appearance, and, coming right out this time, stared me through and through. After this close scrutiny, which seemed to satisfy him, but elicited no response to a further appeal from me, he went to an outlying building, and, bringing a strong hide lasso, tied it around my horse's neck. Not until that was securely fastened did he invite me to dismount. Presuming the lasso was lent me to tie out my horse, I led him to the back of the house. When I returned, my strange, unwilling host was again gone, so I lay down on a pile of hides in the shade of the wall, and, utterly tired out, with visions of banquets floating before my eyes, I dropped off to sleep.

Perhaps an hour afterwards, I awoke to find a woman, black as night, bending over me. Not seeing a visitor once in three months, her feminine curiosity had impelled her to come and examine me. Seemingly more amiable than her husband, she spoke to me, but in a strange, unmusical language, which I could not understand; and then she, too, left me. As evening approached, another inmate of the house made his appearance. He was, I could see, of a different race, and, to my joy, I found that he spoke fluently in Spanish. Conducting me to the aforementioned outhouse, a place built of canes and mud, he told me that later on a piece of meat would be given me, and that I could sleep on the sheepskins. I got the meat, and I slept on the skins. Fatigued as I was, I passed a wretched night, for dozens of huge rats ran over my body, bit my hands, and scratched my face, the whole night long. Morning at last dawned, and, with the first streaks of coming day, I saddled my horse, and, shaking the dust of the

Brazilian estancia off my feet, resumed my journey.

THE BURSTING OF A MAN.

A friend of mine came upon an ostrich's nest. The bird was not near, so, dismounting, he picked up an egg and placed it in an inside pocket of his coat. Continuing the journey, the egg was forgotten, and the horse, galloping along, suddenly tripped and fell. The rider was thrown to the ground, where he lay stunned. Three hours afterwards consciousness returned. As his weary eyes wandered, he noticed, with horror, that his chest and side were thickly besmeared. With a cry of despair, he lay back, groaning, "I have burst!" The presence of the egg he had put in his pocket had quite passed from his mind!

I FIND A LONE SCOTSMAN.

One evening after a long day's journey, I reached a house, away near the Brazilian frontier, and was surprised indeed to see that the owner was a real live Scotsman. Great was my astonishment and pleasure at receiving such a warm Scotch welcome. He was eighty miles away from any village--alone in the mountains--and at the sight of me he wept like a child. Never can I forget his anguish as he told me that his beloved wife had died just a few days before, and that he had buried her--"there in the glen." At the sight of a British face he had completely broken down; but, pulling himself together, he conducted me through into the courtyard, and the difficulty of my journey was forgotten as we sat down to the evening meal.

Being anxious to hear the story of her who had presided at his board, I bade him recount to me the sad circumstances.

She was a "bonnie lassie," and he had "lo'ed her muckle." There they had lived for twelve years, shut out from the rest of the world, yet content. Hand in hand they had toiled in joy and sorrow, when no rain fell for eight long months, and their cattle died; or when increase was good, and flocks and herds fat. Side by side they had stood alone in the wild tangle of the wilderness. And now, when riches had been gathered and comfort could be had, his "lassie" had left him, and "Oh! he grudged her sair to the land o' the leal!" Being so far removed from his fellows, he had been compelled to perform the sacred offices of burial himself. Surrounded by kind hearts and loving sympathizers, it is sad indeed to lose our loved ones. But how inexpressibly more sad it is when, away in loneliness, a man digs the cold clay tomb for all that is left of his only joy! When our dear ones sleep in "God's acre" surrounded by others it is sad. But how much more heartbreaking is it to bury the darling wife in the depths of the mountains alone, where a strong stone wall must be built around the grave to keep the wild beasts from tearing out the remains! Only those who have been so situated can picture the solemnity of such a scene.

At his urgent request, I promised I would accompany him to the spot--sanctified by his sorrow and watered by his tears--where he had laid his dear one. Early the following morning a native servant saddled two horses, and we rode in silence towards the hallowed ground. In about thirty minutes we came in view of the quiet tomb. Encircling the grave he had built a high stone wall. When he silently opened the gate, I saw that, although all the pasture outside was dry and withered, that on the mound was beautifully green and fresh. Had he

brought water from his house, for there was none nearer, or was it watered by his tears? His greatest longing was, as he had explained to me the previous night, that she should have a Christian burial, and if I would read some chapter over her grave he would feel more content, he said. As with bared heads we reverently knelt on the mound, I now complied with his request. Then, for the first time in the world's history, the trees that surrounded us listened to the Christian doctrine of a resurrection from the dead. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption." And the leaves whispered to the mountains beyond, which gave back the words: "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Never have I seen a man so broken with grief as was that lone Scotsman. There were no paid mourners or idle sightseers. There was no show of sorrow while the heart remained indifferent and untouched. It was the spectacle of a lone man who had buried his all and was left--

"To linger when the sun of life,
The beam that gilds its path, is gone--
To feel the aching bosom's strife,
When Hope is dead and Love lives on."

As we knelt there, I spoke to the man about salvation from sin, and unfolded God's plan of inheritance and reunions in the future life. The Lord gave His blessing, and I left him next day rejoicing in the Christ who said: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

As the world moves forward, and man pushes his way into the waste places of the earth, that lonely grave will be forgotten. Populous cities will be built; but the doctrine the mountains then heard shall live when the gloomy youth of Uruguay is forgotten.

THE WORD OF GOD CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THE R. C. CHURCH.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."--The Christ.

"Mary must be the first object of our worship, St. Joseph the second."--Roman Catholic Catechism.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

"I most firmly assert that the images of Christ and of the mother of God, ever virgin, and also of the other saints, are to be had and retained, and that due honor and veneration are to be given to them."--Creed of Pope Pius IV.

"My glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images."--Jehovah.

"The saints reigning together with Christ are to be honored and invocated; ... they offer prayers to God for us... their relics are to be venerated."--Creed of Pope Pius IV.

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men--the man Christ Jesus."--Paul.

"Mary is everything in heaven and earth, and we should adore her."--The South American Priest.

"Who changed the truth of God into a lie and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever."--Paul

"All power was given to her."--Peter Damian, Cardinal of Rome.

"Search the Scriptures."--The Christ.

"All who read the Bible should be stoned to death."--Pope Innocent III.

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UNCONSCIOUS, THE, name given to a spiritual supernatural influence operating in and affecting the life and character, but which we are not sensible of ourselves, and still less reveal a conscious sense of to others.

UNDINE, a female spirit of the watery element, naturally without, but capable of receiving, a human soul, particularly after being wedded to a man and after giving birth to a child.

UNDULATORY THEORY, the theory that light is due to vibrations or undulations in the ether as the medium through which it is transmitted from its source in a luminous body.

UNEARNED INCREMENT, increase in the value of land or any property without expenditure of any kind on the part of the proprietor.

UNICORN, a fabulous animal like a horse, with a cubit and a half long horn on the forehead; was adopted by James I. as the symbol of Scotland on the royal arms; is in Christian art a symbol of the incarnation, and an emblem of female chastity.

UNIFORMITY, ACT OF, an Act passed in England in 1662 regulating the form of public prayers and rites to be observed in all churches, and which had the effect of driving hundreds of clergymen from the Established Church.

UNIGENITUS, THE BULL, a bull beginning with this word, issued by Pope Clement XI. in 1713 against JANSENISM (q. v.) in France, and which was in 1730 condemned by the civil authorities in Paris.

UNION, FEDERAL, name given to a union of several States in defence or promotion of the common good, while each State is independent of the rest in local matters.

UNION, THE, a name applied in the English history to (1) the Union of England and Scotland in 1603 under one crown, by the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England on the death of Elizabeth; (2) the Union of England and Scotland in 1707, under one Parliament seated at Westminster, into the United Kingdom of Great Britain; and (3) to the Union of the United Kingdom of Great Britain to Ireland in 1801, when the Irish Parliament was abolished, and was represented, as it still is, in the Imperial.

UNION JACK, originally the flag of Great Britain, on which the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew are blended, with which certain white streaks were blended or fimbriated after the Union with Ireland.

UNIONISTS, name given to the Liberal party opposed to Mr. Gladstone's measure to grant Home Rule to Ireland.

UNITARIANS, a designation applicable to all monotheists in religion, including Jews and Mohammedans, but generally and more specially applied to those who deny the Church doctrine of the Trinity, and in particular the divinity of Christ, and who have at different times and in different countries assumed an attitude, both within the pale of the Church and outside of it, of protestation against the opposite orthodox creed in the interests of rationalistic belief; the name is also employed in philosophy to designate those who resolve the manifold of being into the operation of some single principle.

UNITED BRETHREN, name given to the MORAVIANS (q. v.).

UNITED PRESBYTERIANS, a body of Presbyterians in Scotland who dissent from the Established Church on chiefly ecclesiastical grounds, and had their origin in union in 1847 of the Secession Church of 1733 with the Relief Church of 1752, bodies previously in dissent as well. A further union of the United Presbyterian body with the Free Church is to all appearance about to be consummated.

UNITED PROVINCES. See HOLLAND.

UNITED STATES (62,622), the great Western republic; occupies an area nearly as large as all Europe, bounded on the N. by the Dominion of Canada, on the E. by the Atlantic, on the S. by Mexico and the Gulf, and on the W. by the Pacific, extending 2700 m. from E. to W., and on an average 1600 m. from N. to S.; on the coasts are few capes, inlets, and islands, except on that of New England; there are two great mountain systems, the Appalachians on the E. and the Rockies, the Cascade ranges, &c., on the W., which divide the territory into four regions--an eastern, which slopes from the Appalachians to the Atlantic, a manufacturing region; a central, which slopes S., formed by the Mississippi Valley, an

agricultural and pastoral region; a plateau supported by the Rocky and Cascade ranges, a metalliferous region; and a territory with the valley of the Sacramento, which slopes to the Pacific, of varied resources. The great rivers are in the Mississippi Valley, as also the two largest lakes, the Michigan and Great Salt Lake, though there are important rivers both for navigation and water-power on the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. The climate is of every variety, from sub-arctic to sub-tropic, with extremes both as regards temperature and moisture, in consequence of which the vegetation is varied. The mineral wealth is immense, and includes, besides large beds of coal, all the useful metals. The industries, too, are manifold, and embrace manufactures of all kinds, with agriculture, grazing, mining, and fishing, while commerce is prosecuted with an activity that defies all rivalry, the facilities in railway and waterway being such as no other country can boast of, for there are over 182,000 miles of railway, not to mention street railways and traction lines, with telegraphic and telephonic communication. The population is mostly of British and German descent, with eight million negroes, who are all English-spoken. The Government is a federal republic of 45 States; the legislature consists of two Houses--a Senate representing the States, each one sending two members, and a House of Representatives representing the people, every citizen over 21 having a vote, and every 170,000 voters having a representative--the head of the Government being the President, elected for a term of four years, and commander-in-chief of both army and navy. Religious equality prevails through all the States, though the Protestant section of the Church is in the ascendant, and education is free and general, though backward in some of the former slave-holding States, the cost being met by State or local funds, supplemented by the Federal Government.

UNITED STATES, PRESIDENTS OF, George Washington (1789-1797); John Adams (1797-1801); Thomas Jefferson (1801-1809); James Maddison (1809-1817); James Munroe (1817-1825); John Quincy Adams (1825-1829); Andrew Jackson (1829-1837); Martin Van Buren (1837-1841); John Tyler (1841-1845); John K. Polk (1845-1849); Zachary Taylor (1849-1850); Millard Fillmore (1850-1853); Franklin Pierce (1853-1857); James Buchanan (1857-1861); Abraham Lincoln (1861-1865); Andrew Johnson (1865-1869); Ulysses D. Grant (1869-1877); Rutherford B. Hayes (1877-1881); James A. Garfield (1881); Chester A. Arthur (1881-1885); Grover Cleveland (1885-1889); Benjamin Harrison (1889-1893); Grover Cleveland (1893-1897); William McKinley (1897-1901); Theodore Roosevelt (1901).

UNITIES, THREE, name given to the rule laid down by Aristotle that a tragedy should be limited to one subject, to one place, and a single day.

UNIVERSALISTS, a body of Christians who profess to believe in the final restoration of all the fallen, angels as well as men; a body chiefly of American growth, having an ecclesiastical organisation, and embracing a membership of 40,000; there are many of them Unitarians, and all are more or less Pelagian in their views of sin.

UNKNOWN, THE GREAT, name given to Sir Walter Scott from withholding his name in publishing the Waverley novels.

UNTERWALDEN (27), a canton of Switzerland S. and E. of Lucerne, consisting of two parallel valleys 15 m. long running N. and S.; an

entirely pastoral country, and exports articles of husbandry.

UNYANYEMBE, a district of German East Africa, with a town of the name, with a settlement of Arabs who cultivate the soil, the fruits of which they export.

UNYORO (1,500), a native State of Central Africa, between Lake Albert Nyanza and the territory of Uganda.

UPAN`ISHADS (Instructions), a voluminous heterogeneous collection of treatises connected with the Vedas, and the chief source of our knowledge of the early metaphysical speculations and ethical doctrines of the Hindus; they are to a great extent apocryphal, and are posterior to the rise of Buddhism.

UPAS TREE, a poison-yielding-tree, at one time fabled to exhale such poison that it was destructive to all animal and vegetable life for miles round it.

UPOLU (16), the principal island in the SAMOAN GROUP (q. v.), is 140 m. in circumference, and rises in verdure-clad terraces from a belt of low land on the shore, with Apia, the capital of the group, on the N. border.

UPPINGHAM, market-town in Rutland, with a famous public school.

UPSALA (21), the ancient capital of Sweden, on the Sala, 21 m. NW. of Stockholm, the seat of the Primate, and of a famous university with 1900 students, and a library of 250,000 volumes; its cathedral, built of brick in the Gothic style, is the largest in Sweden, contains the tombs of Linnæus and of Gustavus Vasa.

URAL, a river of Russia, which rises in the E. of the Urals and forms part of the boundary between Europe and Asia, and falls after a course of 870 m. by a number of mouths into the Caspian Sea.

URALS, THE, a range of mountains rich in precious as well as useful metals, extending from the Arctic Sea to the Sea of Aral, and separating European from Asiatic Russia, and is 1330 m. in length, 60 m. in breadth, and 3000 ft. in average height.

URALSK (26), a town, a Cossack centre, on the Ural River, 280 m. from the Caspian Sea, and a place of considerable trade.

URANIA, the muse of astronomy, is represented with a globe in her hand, to which she points with a small rod.

URANUS, a planet, the outermost but one of the solar system, is 1770 millions of miles from the sun, takes 30,686 of our days, or 84 of our years, to revolve round it, has four times the diameter of the earth, and is accompanied by four moons; it was discovered in 1781 by Herschel, and called by him Georgium Sidus in honour of George III.

URANUS (Heaven), in the Greek mythology the son of Gaia (the Earth), and by her the father of the Titans; he hated his children, and at birth thrust them down to Tartarus, to the grief of Gaia, at whose instigation Kronos, the youngest born, unmanned him, and seized the throne of the Universe, to be himself supplanted in turn by his son Zeus.

URBAN, the name of eight popes: URBAN I., Pope from 223 to 230; URBAN II., Pope from 1088 to 1099, warm promoter of the first Crusade; URBAN III., pope from 1185 to 1187; URBAN IV., Pope from 1261 to 1264; URBAN V., Pope from 1362 to 1370, man of an ascetic temper; URBAN VI., Pope from 1378 to 1389, in his reign the schism in the papacy began which lasted 40 years; URBAN VII., Pope in 1590; and URBAN VIII., Pope from 1623 to 1644, founded the College de Propaganda Fide.

URBINO, an ancient town of Central Italy, 20 m. SW. of Pesaro; was once the capital of a duchy; is the seat of an archbishop, and was the birthplace of Raphael.

URI (17), a Swiss canton N. of Unterwalden; is almost entirely pastoral; is overlooked by Mount St. Gothard; Altdorf is the capital.

URIM AND THUMMIM, two ornaments attached to the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest which, when consulted by him, at times gave mysteriously oracular responses.

URQUHART, SIR THOMAS, of Cromarty, a cavalier and supporter of Charles I., and a great enemy of the Covenanters in Scotland; travelled much, and acquired a mass of miscellaneous knowledge, which he was fain to display and did display in a most pedantic style; posed as a philologist and a mathematician, but executed one classical work, a translation of Rabelais; is said to have died in a fit of laughter at the news of the restoration of Charles II. (1605-1660).

URSA MAJOR, the Greater Bear, a well-known constellation in the northern hemisphere, called also the Plough, the Wagon, or Charles's Wain, consists of seven bright stars, among others three of which are known as the "handle" of the Plough, and two as the pointers, so called as pointing to the pole-star.

URSA MINOR, the Lesser Bear, an inconspicuous constellation, the pole-star forming the tip of the tail.

URSULA, ST., virgin saint and martyr, daughter of a British king;

sought in marriage by a heathen prince, whom she accepted on condition that he became a Christian and that he would wait three years till she and her 11,000 maidens accomplished a pilgrimage to Rome; this pilgrimage being accomplished, on their return to Cologne they were set upon and all save her slain by a horde of Huns, who reserved her as a bride to Etzel, their king, on the refusal of whose hand she was transfixed by an arrow, and thereby set free from all earthly bonds; is very often represented in art with arrows in her hands, and sometimes with a mantle and a group of small figures under it, her martyred sisters.

URSULINES, an order of nuns founded in 1537 by St. Angela Merici of Brescia in honour of St. Ursula, devoted to the nursing of the sick and the instruction of the young, and now established in homes in different cities of both Europe and North America.

URUGUAY (730), the smallest State in South America and a republic, formerly called Banda Oriental; lies between the Atlantic and the Uruguay River, and is bounded on the S. by the estuary of the Plata; it covers an area of over 70,000 sq. m., and is little more than one-third the size of France; the mineral wealth is abundant, but little has been done to exploit it; the cultivation of the soil is only begun, and the land is mostly given over to pasture, cattle-rearing and sheep-farming being the chief industries, and the chief products and exports being hides, wool, preserved meats, and similar articles of commerce. The people are mostly natives of mixed race, with some 30 per cent. of Europeans; primary education is compulsory; there are numerous schools, and a university, and though the established religion is Roman Catholic, all others are tolerated. Montevideo is the capital.

URUMIYA (32), a town in Persia, near a lake of the name, SW. of the Caspian Sea, the seat of a Nestorian bishop and the birthplace of Zoroaster.

USEDOM (33), island belonging to Prussia, at the mouth of the Oder, with Schwinemünde on the N.

USHANT, island off the W. coast of France, in department of Finisterre, where Howe gained a signal victory over the French in 1794.

USHER, JAMES, Irish episcopal prelate, born in Dublin of good parentage, educated at Trinity College, Dublin; took orders and devoted years to the study of the Fathers of the Church; was in 1607 appointed professor of Divinity in his Alma Mater, in 1620 bishop of Meath, and in 1621 archbishop of Armagh; in 1640 he went to England, and during the rebellion next year his house was broken into and plundered, after which he settled in London and was eight years preacher at Lincoln's Inn; adhered to the royal cause, but was favoured by Cromwell, and by him honoured with burial in Westminster; he was a most saintly man, evangelical in his teaching, and wrote a number of learned works (1581-1656).

UTAH (207), a territory on the western plateau of the United States,

W. of Colorado, traversed by the Wahsatch range, at the foot of which lies the Great Salt Lake, is in extent nearly three times as large as Scotland, and occupied by a population four-fifths of which are Mormons, a territory rich in mines of the precious and useful metals as well as coal; originally wholly a desert waste, but now transformed where the soil has admitted of it, into a fruit-bearing region. SALT LAKE CITY (q. v.) is the capital.

UTAKAMAND, the summer capital of the Presidency of Madras, India, on the Nilgherries, 7000 ft. above the sea-level, and where the temperature in summer is as low as 60°.

UTGARD (out-yard), in the Norse mythology a place or circle of rocks on the extreme borders of the world, the abode of the giants, the same as Jötunheim.

UTICA, an ancient city of North Africa, founded by the Phoenicians on a site 20 m. NW. of Carthage; was in alliance with Carthage during the first and second Punic Wars, but took part with the Romans in the third, and became afterwards the capital of the Roman province.

UTICA (56), a city in New York State, U.S., 232 m. NW. of New York City; is on the Erie Canal, in the heart of a dairy-farming district; has a noted market for cheese, and has various manufactures.

UTILITARIANISM, the theory which makes happiness the end of life and the test of virtue, and maintains that "actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, and wrong as they tend to produce the reverse," a theory characterised by Carlyle, who is never weary of denouncing it, as "reducing the infinite celestial soul of man to a kind of hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on." The great apostle of this theory was John Stuart Mill, and the great father of it Jeremy Bentham.

UTOPIA (Nowhere), an imaginary island described by Sir Thomas More, and represented as possessing a perfect political organisation, and which has given name to all schemes which aim at the like impossible perfection, though often applied to such as are not so much impossible in themselves as impracticable for want of the due individual virtue and courage to realise them.

UTRAQUISTS (i. e. both kinders), followers of Huss who maintained that the Eucharist should be administered to the people in both kinds, both bread and wine.

UTRECHT (60), an old town, the capital of a province of the name (224), in Holland, on the Old Rhine, 23 m. SE. of Amsterdam; it is fortified by strong forts, and the old walls have been levelled into beautiful promenades; has a number of fine buildings, a Gothic cathedral, St. Martin's, a famous university with 700 students, and a library of 160,000 volumes, besides a town-hall and the "Pope's house" (Pope Adrian

VI., who was born here), &c.; manufactures iron goods, textiles, machinery, &c., and trades in butter and cheese; here in 1713 the treaty was signed which closed the Spanish Succession War. Is the name also of a S. province of the Transvaal.

UTTOXETER, market-town of Staffordshire, 14 m. NE. of Stafford; has sundry manufactures and brewing; here Dr. Johnson did public penance, with head uncovered, as a man, for want of filial duty when, as a boy, he refused to keep his father's bookstall in the market-place when he was ill.

UXBRIDGE, town of Middlesex, 16 m. W. of London; has two fine churches, and a large corn-market.

UZBEGS, a race of Tartar descent and Mohammedan creed, dominant in Turkestan, the governing class in Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand especially; territory now annexed to Russia.

UNCLE VANYA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Uncle Vanya*, by Anton Checkov

SCENES FROM COUNTRY LIFE
IN FOUR ACTS

By Anton Checkov

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CHARACTERS

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ILIA (WAFFLES) TELEGIN, an impoverished landowner ===== ME

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A WORKMAN

SPECIAL NOTE - PRONUNCIATION for Uncle Vanya, Chekhov

Alexander: Al-ek-SAHN-der

Helena: He-LAY-nah

Serebrakoff: Se-re-BRAH-kof

Ivan: Ee-VAHN

Voitski: VOYT-skee

Astroff: AHS-trof

Ilia: EEL-ya

Telegin: Tel-YAY-gin ("g" sound, not "j")

The scene is laid on SEREBRAKOFF'S country place

UNCLE VANYA

ACT I

A country house on a terrace. In front of it a garden. In an avenue of trees, under an old poplar, stands a table set for tea, with a samovar, etc. Some benches and chairs stand near the table. On one of them is lying a guitar. A hammock is swung near the table. It is three o'clock in the afternoon of a cloudy day.

MARINA, a quiet, grey-haired, little old woman, is sitting at the table knitting a stocking.

ASTROFF is walking up and down near her.

MARINA. [Pouring some tea into a glass] Take a little tea, my son.

ASTROFF. [Takes the glass from her unwillingly] Somehow, I don't seem to want any.

MARINA. Then will you have a little vodka instead?

ASTROFF. No, I don't drink vodka every day, and besides, it is too hot now. [A pause] Tell me, nurse, how long have we known each other?

MARINA. [Thoughtfully] Let me see, how long is it? Lord—help me to remember. You first came here, into our parts—let me think—when was it? Sonia's mother was still alive—it was two winters before she died; that was eleven years ago—[thoughtfully]

perhaps more.

ASTROFF. Have I changed much since then?

MARINA. Oh, yes. You were handsome and young then, and now you are an old man and not handsome any more. You drink, too.

ASTROFF. Yes, ten years have made me another man. And why? Because I am overworked. Nurse, I am on my feet from dawn till dusk. I know no rest; at night I tremble under my blankets for fear of being dragged out to visit some one who is sick; I have toiled without repose or a day's freedom since I have known you; could I help growing old? And then, existence is tedious, anyway; it is a senseless, dirty business, this life, and goes heavily. Every one about here is silly, and after living with them for two or three years one grows silly oneself. It is inevitable. [Twisting his moustache] See what a long moustache I have grown. A foolish, long moustache. Yes, I am as silly as the rest, nurse, but not as stupid; no, I have not grown stupid. Thank God, my brain is not addled yet, though my feelings have grown numb. I ask nothing, I need nothing, I love no one, unless it is yourself alone. [He kisses her head] I had a nurse just like you when I was a child.

MARINA. Don't you want a bite of something to eat?

ASTROFF. No. During the third week of Lent I went to the epidemic at Malitskoi. It was eruptive typhoid. The peasants were all lying side by side in their huts, and the calves and pigs were running about the floor among the sick. Such dirt there was, and smoke! Unspeakable! I slaved among those people all day, not a crumb passed my lips, but when I got home there was still no rest for me; a switchman was carried in from the railroad; I laid him on the operating table and he went and died in my arms under chloroform, and then my feelings that should have been deadened awoke again, my conscience tortured me as if I had killed the man. I sat down and closed my eyes—like this—and thought: will our descendants two hundred years from now, for whom we are breaking the road, remember to give us a kind word? No, nurse, they will forget.

MARINA. Man is forgetful, but God remembers.

ASTROFF. Thank you for that. You have spoken the truth.

Enter VOITSKI from the house. He has been asleep after dinner and looks rather dishevelled. He sits down on the bench and straightens his collar.

VOITSKI. H'm. Yes. [A pause] Yes.

ASTROFF. Have you been asleep?

VOITSKI. Yes, very much so. [He yawns] Ever since the Professor and his wife have come, our daily life seems to have jumped the track. I sleep at the wrong time, drink wine, and eat all sorts of messes for luncheon and dinner. It isn't wholesome. Sonia and I used to work together and never had an idle moment, but now Sonia works alone and I only eat and drink and sleep. Something is wrong.

MARINA. [Shaking her head] Such a confusion in the house! The Professor gets up at twelve, the samovar is kept boiling all the morning, and everything has to wait for him. Before they came we used to have dinner at one o'clock, like everybody else, but now we have it at seven. The Professor sits up all night writing and reading, and suddenly, at two o'clock, there goes the bell! Heavens, what is that? The Professor wants some tea! Wake the servants, light the samovar! Lord, what disorder!

ASTROFF. Will they be here long?

VOITSKI. A hundred years! The Professor has decided to make his home here.

MARINA. Look at this now! The samovar has been on the table for two hours, and they are all out walking!

VOITSKI. All right, don't get excited; here they come.

Voices are heard approaching. SEREBRAKOFF, HELENA, SONIA, and TELEGIN come in from the depths of the garden, returning from their walk.

SEREBRAKOFF. Superb! Superb! What beautiful views!

TELEGIN. They are wonderful, your Excellency.

SONIA. To-morrow we shall go into the woods, shall we, papa?

VOITSKI. Ladies and gentlemen, tea is ready.

SEREBRAKOFF. Won't you please be good enough to send my tea into the library? I still have some work to finish.

SONIA. I am sure you will love the woods.

HELENA, SEREBRAKOFF, and SONIA go into the house. TELEGIN sits down at the table beside MARINA.

VOITSKI. There goes our learned scholar on a hot, sultry day like this, in his overcoat and goloshes and carrying an umbrella!

ASTROFF. He is trying to take good care of his health.

VOITSKI. How lovely she is! How lovely! I have never in my life seen a more beautiful woman.

TELEGIN. Do you know, Marina, that as I walk in the fields or in the shady garden, as I look at this table here, my heart swells with unbounded happiness. The weather is enchanting, the birds are singing, we are all living in peace and contentment—what more could the soul desire? [Takes a glass of tea.]

VOITSKI. [Dreaming] Such eyes—a glorious woman!

ASTROFF. Come, Ivan, tell us something.

VOITSKI. [Indolently] What shall I tell you?

ASTROFF. Haven't you any news for us?

VOITSKI. No, it is all stale. I am just the same as usual, or perhaps worse, because I have become lazy. I don't do anything now but croak like an old raven. My mother, the old magpie, is still chattering about the emancipation of woman, with one eye on her grave and the other on her learned books, in which she is always looking for the dawn of a new life.

ASTROFF. And the Professor?

VOITSKI. The Professor sits in his library from morning till night, as usual—

"Straining the mind, wrinkling the brow,
We write, write, write,
Without respite
Or hope of praise in the future or now."

Poor paper! He ought to write his autobiography; he would make a really splendid subject for a book! Imagine it, the life of a retired professor, as stale as a piece of hardtack, tortured by gout, headaches, and rheumatism, his liver bursting with jealousy and envy, living on the estate of his first wife, although he hates it, because he can't afford to live in town. He is everlastingly whining about his hard lot, though, as a matter of fact, he is extraordinarily lucky. He is the son of a common deacon and has attained the professor's chair, become the son-in-law of a senator, is called "your Excellency," and so on. But I'll tell you something; the man has been writing on art for twenty-five years, and he doesn't know the very first thing about it. For twenty-five years he has been chewing on other men's thoughts about realism, naturalism, and all such foolishness; for twenty-five years he has been reading and writing things that clever men have long known and stupid ones are not interested in; for twenty-five years he has been making his imaginary mountains out of molehills. And just think of the man's self-conceit and presumption all this time! For twenty-five years he has been masquerading in false clothes and has now retired absolutely unknown to any living soul; and yet see him! stalking across the earth like a demi-god!

ASTROFF. I believe you envy him.

VOITSKI. Yes, I do. Look at the success he has had with women! Don Juan himself was not more favoured. His first wife, who was my sister, was a beautiful, gentle being, as pure as the blue heaven there above us, noble, great-hearted, with more admirers than he has pupils, and she loved him as only beings of angelic purity can love those who are as pure and beautiful as themselves. His mother-in-law, my mother, adores him to this day, and he still inspires a sort of worshipful awe in her. His second wife is, as you see, a brilliant beauty; she married him in his old age and has surrendered all the glory of her beauty and freedom to him. Why? What for?

ASTROFF. Is she faithful to him?

VOITSKI. Yes, unfortunately she is.

ASTROFF. Why unfortunately?

VOITSKI. Because such fidelity is false and unnatural, root and branch. It sounds well, but there is no logic in it. It is thought immoral for a woman to deceive an old husband whom she hates, but quite moral for her to strangle her poor youth in her breast and banish every vital desire from her heart.

TELEGIN. [In a tearful voice] Vanya, I don't like to hear you talk so. Listen, Vanya; every one who betrays husband or wife is faithless, and could also betray his country.

VOITSKI. [Crossly] Turn off the tap, Waffles.

TELEGIN. No, allow me, Vanya. My wife ran away with a lover on the day after our wedding, because my exterior was unprepossessing. I have never failed in my duty since then. I love her and am true to her to this day. I help her all I can and have given my fortune to educate the daughter of herself and her lover. I have forfeited my happiness, but I have kept my pride. And she? Her youth has fled, her beauty has faded according to the laws of nature, and her lover is dead. What has she kept?

HELENA and SONIA come in; after them comes MME. VOITSKAYA carrying a book. She sits down and begins to read. Some one hands her a glass of tea which she drinks without looking up.

SONIA. [Hurriedly, to the nurse] There are some peasants waiting out there. Go and see what they want. I shall pour the tea. [Pours out some glasses of tea.]

MARINA goes out. HELENA takes a glass and sits drinking in the hammock.

ASTROFF. I have come to see your husband. You wrote me that he had rheumatism and I know not what else, and that he was very ill, but he appears to be as lively as a cricket.

HELENA. He had a fit of the blues yesterday evening and complained of pains in his legs, but he seems all right again to-day.

ASTROFF. And I galloped over here twenty miles at break-neck speed! No matter, though, it is not the first time. Once here, however, I am going to stay until to-morrow, and at any rate sleep quantum satis.

SONIA. Oh, splendid! You so seldom spend the night with us. Have you had dinner yet?

ASTROFF. No.

SONIA. Good. So you will have it with us. We dine at seven now. [Drinks her tea] This tea is cold!

TELEGIN. Yes, the samovar has grown cold.

HELENA. Don't mind, Monsieur Ivan, we will drink cold tea, then.

TELEGIN. I beg your pardon, my name is not Ivan, but Ilia, ma'am—Ilia Telegin, or Waffles, as I am sometimes called on account of my pock-marked face. I am Sonia's godfather, and his Excellency, your husband, knows me very well. I now live with you, ma'am, on this estate, and perhaps you will be so good as to notice that I dine with you every day.

SONIA. He is our great help, our right-hand man. [Tenderly] Dear godfather, let me pour you some tea.

MME. VOITSKAYA. Oh! Oh!

SONIA. What is it, grandmother?

MME. VOITSKAYA. I forgot to tell Alexander—I have lost my memory—I received a letter to-day from Paul Alexevitch in Kharkoff. He has sent me a new pamphlet.

ASTROFF. Is it interesting?

MME. VOITSKAYA. Yes, but strange. He refutes the very theories which he defended seven years ago. It is appalling!

VOITSKI. There is nothing appalling about it. Drink your tea, mamma.

MME. VOITSKAYA. It seems you never want to listen to what I have to say. Pardon me, Jean, but you have changed so in the last year that I hardly know you. You used to be a man of settled convictions and had an illuminating personality—

VOITSKI. Oh, yes. I had an illuminating personality, which illuminated no one. [A pause] I had an illuminating personality! You couldn't say anything more biting. I am forty-seven years old. Until last year I endeavoured, as you do now, to blind my eyes by your pedantry to the truths of life. But now—Oh, if you only knew! If you knew how I lie awake at night, heartsick and angry, to think how stupidly I have wasted my time when I might have been winning from life everything which my old age now forbids.

SONIA. Uncle Vanya, how dreary!

MME. VOITSKAYA. [To her son] You speak as if your former convictions were somehow to blame, but you yourself, not they, were at fault. You have forgotten that a conviction, in itself, is nothing but a dead letter. You should have done something.

VOITSKI. Done something! Not every man is capable of being a writer perpetuum mobile like your Herr Professor.

MME. VOITSKAYA. What do you mean by that?

SONIA. [Imploringly] Mother! Uncle Vanya! I entreat you!

VOITSKI. I am silent. I apologise and am silent. [A pause.]

HELENA. What a fine day! Not too hot. [A pause.]

VOITSKI. A fine day to hang oneself.

TELEGIN tunes the guitar. MARINA appears near the house, calling the chickens.

MARINA. Chick, chick, chick!

SONIA. What did the peasants want, nurse?

MARINA. The same old thing, the same old nonsense. Chick, chick, chick!

SONIA. Why are you calling the chickens?

MARINA. The speckled hen has disappeared with her chicks. I am afraid the crows have got her.

TELEGIN plays a polka. All listen in silence. Enter WORKMAN.

WORKMAN. Is the doctor here? [To ASTROFF] Excuse me, sir, but I have been sent to fetch you.

ASTROFF. Where are you from?

WORKMAN. The factory.

ASTROFF. [Annoyed] Thank you. There is nothing for it, then, but to go. [Looking around him for his cap] Damn it, this is annoying!

SONIA. Yes, it is too bad, really. You must come back to dinner from the factory.

ASTROFF. No, I won't be able to do that. It will be too late. Now where, where—[To the WORKMAN] Look here, my man, get me a glass of vodka, will you? [The WORKMAN goes out] Where—where—[Finds his cap] One of the characters in Ostroff's plays is a

man with a long moustache and short wits, like me. However, let me bid you good-bye, ladies and gentlemen. [To HELENA] I should be really delighted if you would come to see me some day with Miss Sonia. My estate is small, but if you are interested in such things I should like to show you a nursery and seed-bed whose like you will not find within a thousand miles of here. My place is surrounded by government forests. The forester is old and always ailing, so I superintend almost all the work myself.

HELENA. I have always heard that you were very fond of the woods. Of course one can do a great deal of good by helping to preserve them, but does not that work interfere with your real calling?

ASTROFF. God alone knows what a man's real calling is.

HELENA. And do you find it interesting?

ASTROFF. Yes, very.

VOITSKI. [Sarcastically] Oh, extremely!

HELENA. You are still young, not over thirty-six or seven, I should say, and I suspect that the woods do not interest you as much as you say they do. I should think you would find them monotonous.

SONIA. No, the work is thrilling. Dr. Astroff watches over the old woods and sets out new plantations every year, and he has already received a diploma and a bronze medal. If you will listen to what he can tell you, you will agree with him entirely. He says that forests are the ornaments of the earth, that they teach mankind to understand beauty and attune his mind to lofty sentiments. Forests temper a stern climate, and in countries where the climate is milder, less strength is wasted in the battle with nature, and the people are kind and gentle. The inhabitants of such countries are handsome, tractable, sensitive, graceful in speech and gesture. Their philosophy is joyous, art and science blossom among them, their treatment of women is full of exquisite nobility—

VOITSKI. [Laughing] Bravo! Bravo! All that is very pretty, but it is also unconvincing. So, my friend [To ASTROFF] you must let me go on burning firewood in my stoves and building my sheds of planks.

ASTROFF. You can burn peat in your stoves and build your sheds of stone. Oh, I don't object, of course, to cutting wood from necessity, but why destroy the forests? The woods of Russia are trembling under the blows of the axe. Millions of trees have perished. The homes of the wild animals and birds have been desolated; the rivers are shrinking, and many beautiful landscapes are gone forever. And why? Because men are too lazy and stupid to stoop down and pick up their fuel from the ground. [To HELENA] Am I not right, Madame? Who but a stupid barbarian could burn so much beauty in his stove and destroy that which he cannot make? Man is endowed with reason and the power to create, so that he may increase that which has been given him, but until now he has not created, but demolished. The forests are disappearing, the rivers are running dry, the game is exterminated, the climate is spoiled, and the earth becomes poorer and uglier every day. [To VOITSKI] I read irony in your eye; you do not take what I am saying seriously, and—and—after all, it may very well be nonsense. But when I pass peasant-forests that I have preserved from the axe, or hear the rustling of the young plantations set out with my own hands, I feel as if I had had some small share in improving the climate, and that if mankind is happy a thousand years from now I will have been a little bit responsible for their happiness. When I plant a little birch tree and then see it budding into young green and swaying in the wind, my heart swells with pride and I—[Sees the WORKMAN, who is bringing him a glass of vodka on a tray] however—[He

drinks] I must be off. Probably it is all nonsense, anyway. Good-bye.

He goes toward the house. SONIA takes his arm and goes with him.

SONIA. When are you coming to see us again?

ASTROFF. I can't say.

SONIA. In a month?

ASTROFF and SONIA go into the house. HELENA and VOITSKI walk over to the terrace.

HELENA. You have behaved shockingly again. Ivan, what sense was there in teasing your mother and talking about perpetuum mobile? And at breakfast you quarreled with Alexander again. Really, your behaviour is too petty.

VOITSKI. But if I hate him?

HELENA. You hate Alexander without reason; he is like every one else, and no worse than you are.

VOITSKI. If you could only see your face, your gestures! Oh, how tedious your life must be.

HELENA. It is tedious, yes, and dreary! You all abuse my husband and look on me with compassion; you think, "Poor woman, she is married to an old man." How well I understand your compassion! As Astroff said just now, see how you thoughtlessly destroy the forests, so that there will soon be none left. So you also destroy mankind, and soon fidelity and purity and self-sacrifice will have vanished with the woods. Why cannot you look calmly at a woman unless she is yours? Because, the doctor was right, you are all possessed by a devil of destruction; you have no mercy on the woods or the birds or on women or on one another.

VOITSKI. I don't like your philosophy.

HELENA. That doctor has a sensitive, weary face—an interesting face. Sonia evidently likes him, and she is in love with him, and I can understand it. This is the third time he has been here since I have come, and I have not had a real talk with him yet or made much of him. He thinks I am disagreeable. Do you know, Ivan, the reason you and I are such friends? I think it is because we are both lonely and unfortunate. Yes, unfortunate. Don't look at me in that way, I don't like it.

VOITSKI. How can I look at you otherwise when I love you? You are my joy, my life, and my youth. I know that my chances of being loved in return are infinitely small, do not exist, but I ask nothing of you. Only let me look at you, listen to your voice—

HELENA. Hush, some one will overhear you.

[They go toward the house.]

VOITSKI. [Following her] Let me speak to you of my love, do not drive me away, and this alone will be my greatest happiness!

HELENA. Ah! This is agony!

TELEGIN strikes the strings of his guitar and plays a polka. MME. VOITSKAYA writes something on the leaves of her pamphlet.

The curtain falls.

ACT II

The dining-room of SEREBRAKOFF'S house. It is night. The tapping of the WATCHMAN'S rattle is heard in the garden. SEREBRAKOFF is dozing in an arm-chair by an open window and HELENA is sitting beside him, also half asleep.

SEREBRAKOFF. [Rousing himself] Who is here? Is it you, Sonia?

HELENA. It is I.

SEREBRAKOFF. Oh, it is you, Nelly. This pain is intolerable.

HELENA. Your shawl has slipped down. [She wraps up his legs in the shawl] Let me shut the window.

SEREBRAKOFF. No, leave it open; I am suffocating. I dreamt just now that my left leg belonged to some one else, and it hurt so that I woke. I don't believe this is gout, it is more like rheumatism. What time is it?

HELENA. Half past twelve. [A pause.]

SEREBRAKOFF. I want you to look for Batushka's works in the library to-morrow. I think we have him.

HELENA. What is that?

SEREBRAKOFF. Look for Batushka to-morrow morning; we used to have him, I remember. Why do I find it so hard to breathe?

HELENA. You are tired; this is the second night you have had no sleep.

SEREBRAKOFF. They say that Turgenieff got angina of the heart from gout. I am afraid I am getting angina too. Oh, damn this horrible, accursed old age! Ever since I have been old I have been hateful to myself, and I am sure, hateful to you all as well.

HELENA. You speak as if we were to blame for your being old.

SEREBRAKOFF. I am more hateful to you than to any one.

HELENA gets up and walks away from him, sitting down at a distance.

SEREBRAKOFF. You are quite right, of course. I am not an idiot; I can understand you. You are young and healthy and beautiful, and longing for life, and I am an old dotard, almost a dead man already. Don't I know it? Of course I see that it is foolish for me to live so long, but wait! I shall soon set you all free. My life cannot drag on much longer.

HELENA. You are overtaking my powers of endurance. Be quiet, for God's sake!

SEREBRAKOFF. It appears that, thanks to me, everybody's power of endurance is being overtaxed; everybody is miserable, only I am blissfully triumphant. Oh, yes, of course!

HELENA. Be quiet! You are torturing me.

SEREBRAKOFF. I torture everybody. Of course.

HELENA. [Weeping] This is unbearable! Tell me, what is it you want me to do?

SEREBRAKOFF. Nothing.

HELENA. Then be quiet, please.

SEREBRAKOFF. It is funny that everybody listens to Ivan and his old idiot of a mother, but the moment I open my lips you all begin to feel ill-treated. You can't even stand the sound of my voice. Even if I am hateful, even if I am a selfish tyrant, haven't I the right to be one at my age? Haven't I deserved it? Haven't I, I ask you, the right to be respected, now that I am old?

HELENA. No one is disputing your rights. [The window slams in the wind] The wind is rising, I must shut the window. [She shuts it] We shall have rain in a moment. Your rights have never been questioned by anybody.

The WATCHMAN in the garden sounds his rattle.

SEREBRAKOFF. I have spent my life working in the interests of learning. I am used to my library and the lecture hall and to the esteem and admiration of my colleagues. Now I suddenly find myself plunged in this wilderness, condemned to see the same stupid people from morning till night and listen to their futile conversation. I want to live; I long for success and fame and the stir of the world, and here I am in exile! Oh, it is dreadful to spend every moment grieving for the lost past, to see the success of others and sit here with nothing to do but to fear death. I cannot stand it! It is more than I can bear. And you will not even forgive me for being old!

HELENA. Wait, have patience; I shall be old myself in four or five years.

SONIA comes in.

SONIA. Father, you sent for Dr. Astroff, and now when he comes you refuse to see him. It is not nice to give a man so much trouble for nothing.

SEREBRAKOFF. What do I care about your Astroff? He understands medicine about as well as I understand astronomy.

SONIA. We can't send for the whole medical faculty, can we, to treat your gout?

SEREBRAKOFF. I won't talk to that madman!

SONIA. Do as you please. It's all the same to me. [She sits down.]

SEREBRAKOFF. What time is it?

HELENA. One o'clock.

SEREBRAKOFF. It is stifling in here. Sonia, hand me that bottle on the table.

SONIA. Here it is. [She hands him a bottle of medicine.]

SEREBRAKOFF. [Crossly] No, not that one! Can't you understand me? Can't I ask you to do a thing?

SONIA. Please don't be captious with me. Some people may like it, but you must spare me, if you please, because I don't. Besides, I haven't the time; we are cutting the hay to-morrow and I must get up early.

VOITSKI comes in dressed in a long gown and carrying a candle.

VOITSKI. A thunderstorm is coming up. [The lightning flashes] There it is! Go to bed, Helena and Sonia. I have come to take your place.

SEREBRAKOFF. [Frightened] No, n-o, no! Don't leave me alone with him! Oh, don't. He will begin to lecture me.

VOITSKI. But you must give them a little rest. They have not slept for two nights.

SEREBRAKOFF. Then let them go to bed, but you go away too! Thank you. I implore you to go. For the sake of our former friendship do not protest against going. We will talk some other time—

VOITSKI. Our former friendship! Our former—

SONIA. Hush, Uncle Vanya!

SEREBRAKOFF. [To his wife] My darling, don't leave me alone with him. He will begin to lecture me.

VOITSKI. This is ridiculous.

MARINA comes in carrying a candle.

SONIA. You must go to bed, nurse, it is late.

MARINA. I haven't cleared away the tea things. Can't go to bed yet.

SEREBRAKOFF. No one can go to bed. They are all worn out, only I enjoy perfect happiness.

MARINA. [Goes up to SEREBRAKOFF and speaks tenderly] What's the matter, master? Does it hurt? My own legs are aching too, oh, so badly. [Arranges his shawl about his legs] You have had this illness such a long time. Sonia's dead mother used to stay awake with you too, and wear herself out for you. She loved you dearly. [A pause] Old people want to be pitied as much as young ones, but nobody cares about them somehow. [She kisses SEREBRAKOFF'S shoulder] Come, master, let me give you some linden-tea and warm your poor feet for you. I shall pray to God for you.

SEREBRAKOFF. [Touched] Let us go, Marina.

MARINA. My own feet are aching so badly, oh, so badly! [She and SONIA lead SEREBRAKOFF out] Sonia's mother used to wear herself out with sorrow and weeping. You were still little and foolish then, Sonia. Come, come, master.

SEREBRAKOFF, SONIA and MARINA go out.

HELENA. I am absolutely exhausted by him, and can hardly stand.

VOITSKI. You are exhausted by him, and I am exhausted by my own self. I have not slept for three nights.

HELENA. Something is wrong in this house. Your mother hates everything but her pamphlets and the professor; the professor is vexed, he won't trust me, and fears

you; Sonia is angry with her father, and with me, and hasn't spoken to me for two weeks; I am at the end of my strength, and have come near bursting into tears at least twenty times to-day. Something is wrong in this house.

VOITSKI. Leave speculating alone.

HELENA. You are cultured and intelligent, Ivan, and you surely understand that the world is not destroyed by villains and conflagrations, but by hate and malice and all this spiteful tattling. It is your duty to make peace, and not to growl at everything.

VOITSKI. Help me first to make peace with myself. My darling! [Seizes her hand.]

HELENA. Let go! [She drags her hand away] Go away!

VOITSKI. Soon the rain will be over, and all nature will sigh and awake refreshed. Only I am not refreshed by the storm. Day and night the thought haunts me like a fiend, that my life is lost for ever. My past does not count, because I frittered it away on trifles, and the present has so terribly miscarried! What shall I do with my life and my love? What is to become of them? This wonderful feeling of mine will be wasted and lost as a ray of sunlight is lost that falls into a dark chasm, and my life will go with it.

HELENA. I am as it were benumbed when you speak to me of your love, and I don't know how to answer you. Forgive me, I have nothing to say to you. [She tries to go out] Good-night!

VOITSKI. [Barring the way] If you only knew how I am tortured by the thought that beside me in this house is another life that is being lost forever—it is yours! What are you waiting for? What accursed philosophy stands in your way? Oh, understand, understand—

HELENA. [Looking at him intently] Ivan, you are drunk!

VOITSKI. Perhaps. Perhaps.

HELENA. Where is the doctor?

VOITSKI. In there, spending the night with me. Perhaps I am drunk, perhaps I am; nothing is impossible.

HELENA. Have you just been drinking together? Why do you do that?

VOITSKI. Because in that way I get a taste of life. Let me do it, Helena!

HELENA. You never used to drink, and you never used to talk so much. Go to bed, I am tired of you.

VOITSKI. [Falling on his knees before her] My sweetheart, my beautiful one—

HELENA. [Angrily] Leave me alone! Really, this has become too disagreeable.

HELENA goes out. A pause.

VOITSKI [Alone] She is gone! I met her first ten years ago, at her sister's house, when she was seventeen and I was thirty-seven. Why did I not fall in love with her then and propose to her? It would have been so easy! And now she would have been my wife. Yes, we would both have been waked to-night by the thunderstorm, and she would have been frightened, but I would have held her in my arms and whispered:

"Don't be afraid! I am here." Oh, enchanting dream, so sweet that I laugh to think of it. [He laughs] But my God! My head reels! Why am I so old? Why won't she understand me? I hate all that rhetoric of hers, that morality of indolence, that absurd talk about the destruction of the world—[A pause] Oh, how I have been deceived! For years I have worshipped that miserable gout-ridden professor. Sonia and I have squeezed this estate dry for his sake. We have bartered our butter and curds and peas like misers, and have never kept a morsel for ourselves, so that we could scrape enough pennies together to send to him. I was proud of him and of his learning; I received all his words and writings as inspired, and now? Now he has retired, and what is the total of his life? A blank! He is absolutely unknown, and his fame has burst like a soap-bubble. I have been deceived; I see that now, basely deceived.

ASTROFF comes in. He has his coat on, but is without his waistcoat or collar, and is slightly drunk. TELEGIN follows him, carrying a guitar.

ASTROFF. Play!

TELEGIN. But every one is asleep.

ASTROFF. Play!

TELEGIN begins to play softly.

ASTROFF. Are you alone here? No women about? [Sings with his arms akimbo.]

"The hut is cold, the fire is dead;
Where shall the master lay his head?"

The thunderstorm woke me. It was a heavy shower. What time is it?

VOITSKI. The devil only knows.

ASTROFF. I thought I heard Helena's voice.

VOITSKI. She was here a moment ago.

ASTROFF. What a beautiful woman! [Looking at the medicine bottles on the table] Medicine, is it? What a variety we have; prescriptions from Moscow, from Kharkoff, from Tula! Why, he has been pestering all the towns of Russia with his gout! Is he ill, or simply shamming?

VOITSKI. He is really ill.

ASTROFF. What is the matter with you to-night? You seem sad. Is it because you are sorry for the professor?

VOITSKI. Leave me alone.

ASTROFF. Or in love with the professor's wife?

VOITSKI. She is my friend.

ASTROFF. Already?

VOITSKI. What do you mean by "already"?

ASTROFF. A woman can only become a man's friend after having first been his acquaintance and then his beloved—then she becomes his friend.

VOITSKI. What vulgar philosophy!

ASTROFF. What do you mean? Yes, I must confess I am getting vulgar, but then, you see, I am drunk. I usually only drink like this once a month. At such times my audacity and temerity know no bounds. I feel capable of anything. I attempt the most difficult operations and do them magnificently. The most brilliant plans for the future take shape in my head. I am no longer a poor fool of a doctor, but mankind's greatest benefactor. I evolve my own system of philosophy and all of you seem to crawl at my feet like so many insects or microbes. [To TELEGIN] Play, Waffles!

TELEGIN. My dear boy, I would with all my heart, but do listen to reason; everybody in the house is asleep.

ASTROFF. Play!

TELEGIN plays softly.

ASTROFF. I want a drink. Come, we still have some brandy left. And then, as soon as it is day, you will come home with me. [He sees SONIA, who comes in at that moment.]

ASTROFF. I beg your pardon, I have no collar on.

[He goes out quickly, followed by TELEGIN.]

SONIA. Uncle Vanya, you and the doctor have been drinking! The good fellows have been getting together! It is all very well for him, he has always done it, but why do you follow his example? It looks dreadfully at your age.

VOITSKI. Age has nothing to do with it. When real life is wanting one must create an illusion. It is better than nothing.

SONIA. Our hay is all cut and rotting in these daily rains, and here you are busy creating illusions! You have given up the farm altogether. I have done all the work alone until I am at the end of my strength—[Frightened] Uncle! Your eyes are full of tears!

VOITSKI. Tears? Nonsense, there are no tears in my eyes. You looked at me then just as your dead mother used to, my darling—[He eagerly kisses her face and hands] My sister, my dearest sister, where are you now? Ah, if you only knew, if you only knew!

SONIA. If she only knew what, Uncle?

VOITSKI. My heart is bursting. It is awful. No matter, though. I must go. [He goes out.]

SONIA. [Knocks at the door] Dr. Astroff! Are you awake? Please come here for a minute.

ASTROFF. [Behind the door] In a moment.

He appears in a few seconds. He has put on his collar and waistcoat.

ASTROFF. What do you want?

SONIA. Drink as much as you please yourself if you don't find it revolting, but I

implore you not to let my uncle do it. It is bad for him.

ASTROFF. Very well; we won't drink any more. I am going home at once. That is settled. It will be dawn by the time the horses are harnessed.

SONIA. It is still raining; wait till morning.

ASTROFF. The storm is blowing over. This is only the edge of it. I must go. And please don't ask me to come and see your father any more. I tell him he has gout, and he says it is rheumatism. I tell him to lie down, and he sits up. To-day he refused to see me at all.

SONIA. He has been spoilt. [She looks in the sideboard] Won't you have a bite to eat?

ASTROFF. Yes, please. I believe I will.

SONIA. I love to eat at night. I am sure we shall find something in here. They say that he has made a great many conquests in his life, and that the women have spoiled him. Here is some cheese for you.

[They stand eating by the sideboard.]

ASTROFF. I haven't eaten anything to-day. Your father has a very difficult nature. [He takes a bottle out of the sideboard] May I? [He pours himself a glass of vodka] We are alone here, and I can speak frankly. Do you know, I could not stand living in this house for even a month? This atmosphere would stifle me. There is your father, entirely absorbed in his books, and his gout; there is your Uncle Vanya with his hypochondria, your grandmother, and finally, your step-mother—

SONIA. What about her?

ASTROFF. A human being should be entirely beautiful: the face, the clothes, the mind, the thoughts. Your step-mother is, of course, beautiful to look at, but don't you see? She does nothing but sleep and eat and walk and bewitch us, and that is all. She has no responsibilities, everything is done for her—am I not right? And an idle life can never be a pure one. [A pause] However, I may be judging her too severely. Like your Uncle Vanya, I am discontented, and so we are both grumblers.

SONIA. Aren't you satisfied with life?

ASTROFF. I like life as life, but I hate and despise it in a little Russian country village, and as far as my own personal life goes, by heaven! there is absolutely no redeeming feature about it. Haven't you noticed if you are riding through a dark wood at night and see a little light shining ahead, how you forget your fatigue and the darkness and the sharp twigs that whip your face? I work, that you know—as no one else in the country works. Fate beats me on without rest; at times I suffer unendurably and I see no light ahead. I have no hope; I do not like people. It is long since I have loved any one.

SONIA. You love no one?

ASTROFF. Not a soul. I only feel a sort of tenderness for your old nurse for old-times' sake. The peasants are all alike; they are stupid and live in dirt, and the educated people are hard to get along with. One gets tired of them. All our good friends are petty and shallow and see no farther than their own noses; in one word, they are dull. Those that have brains are hysterical, devoured with a mania for self-analysis. They whine, they hate, they pick faults everywhere with unhealthy sharpness. They sneak up to me sideways, look at me out of a corner of the eye, and

say: "That man is a lunatic," "That man is a wind-bag." Or, if they don't know what else to label me with, they say I am strange. I like the woods; that is strange. I don't eat meat; that is strange, too. Simple, natural relations between man and man or man and nature do not exist. [He tries to go out; SONIA prevents him.]

SONIA. I beg you, I implore you, not to drink any more!

ASTROFF. Why not?

SONIA. It is so unworthy of you. You are well-bred, your voice is sweet, you are even-more than any one I know-handsome. Why do you want to resemble the common people that drink and play cards? Oh, don't, I beg you! You always say that people do not create anything, but only destroy what heaven has given them. Why, oh, why, do you destroy yourself? Oh, don't, I implore you not to! I entreat you!

ASTROFF. [Gives her his hand] I won't drink any more.

SONIA. Promise me.

ASTROFF. I give you my word of honour.

SONIA. [Squeezing his hand] Thank you.

ASTROFF. I have done with it. You see, I am perfectly sober again, and so I shall stay till the end of my life. [He looks his watch] But, as I was saying, life holds nothing for me; my race is run. I am old, I am tired, I am trivial; my sensibilities are dead. I could never attach myself to any one again. I love no one, and never shall! Beauty alone has the power to touch me still. I am deeply moved by it. Helena could turn my head in a day if she wanted to, but that is not love, that is not affection—

[He shudders and covers his face with his hands.]

SONIA. What is it?

ASTROFF. Nothing. During Lent one of my patients died under chloroform.

SONIA. It is time to forget that. [A pause] Tell me, doctor, if I had a friend or a younger sister, and if you knew that she, well-loved you, what would you do?

ASTROFF. [Shrugging his shoulders] I don't know. I don't think I should do anything. I should make her understand that I could not return her love—however, my mind is not bothered about those things now. I must start at once if I am ever to get off. Good-bye, my dear girl. At this rate we shall stand here talking till morning. [He shakes hands with her] I shall go out through the sitting-room, because I am afraid your uncle might detain me. [He goes out.]

SONIA. [Alone] Not a word! His heart and soul are still locked from me, and yet for some reason I am strangely happy. I wonder why? [She laughs with pleasure] I told him that he was well-bred and handsome and that his voice was sweet. Was that a mistake? I can still feel his voice vibrating in the air; it caresses me. [Wringing her hands] Oh! how terrible it is to be plain! I am plain, I know it. As I came out of church last Sunday I overheard a woman say, "She is a dear, noble girl, but what a pity she is so ugly!" So ugly!

HELENA comes in and throws open the window.

HELENA. The storm is over. What delicious air! [A pause] Where is the doctor?

SONIA. He has gone. [A pause.]

HELENA. Sonia!

SONIA. Yes?

HELENA. How much longer are you going to sulk at me? We have not hurt each other. Why not be friends? We have had enough of this.

SONIA. I myself—[She embraces HELENA] Let us make peace.

HELENA. With all my heart. [They are both moved.]

SONIA. Has papa gone to bed?

HELENA. No, he is sitting up in the drawing-room. Heaven knows what reason you and I had for not speaking to each other for weeks. [Sees the open sideboard] Who left the sideboard open?

SONIA. Dr. Astroff has just had supper.

HELENA. There is some wine. Let us seal our friendship.

SONIA. Yes, let us.

HELENA. Out of one glass. [She fills a wine-glass] So, we are friends, are we?

SONIA. Yes. [They drink and kiss each other] I have long wanted to make friends, but somehow, I was ashamed to. [She weeps.]

HELENA. Why are you crying?

SONIA. I don't know. It is nothing.

HELENA. There, there, don't cry. [She weeps] Silly! Now I am crying too. [A pause] You are angry with me because I seem to have married your father for his money, but don't believe the gossip you hear. I swear to you I married him for love. I was fascinated by his fame and learning. I know now that it was not real love, but it seemed real at the time. I am innocent, and yet your clever, suspicious eyes have been punishing me for an imaginary crime ever since my marriage.

SONIA. Peace, peace! Let us forget the past.

HELENA. You must not look so at people. It is not becoming to you. You must trust people, or life becomes impossible.

SONIA. Tell me truly, as a friend, are you happy?

HELENA. Truly, no.

SONIA. I knew it. One more question: do you wish your husband were young?

HELENA. What a child you are! Of course I do. Go on, ask something else.

SONIA. Do you like the doctor?

HELENA. Yes, very much indeed.

SONIA. [Laughing] I have a stupid face, haven't I? He has just gone out, and his

voice is still in my ears; I hear his step; I see his face in the dark window. Let me say all I have in my heart! But no, I cannot speak of it so loudly. I am ashamed. Come to my room and let me tell you there. I seem foolish to you, don't I? Talk to me of him.

HELENA. What can I say?

SONIA. He is clever. He can do everything. He can cure the sick, and plant woods.

HELENA. It is not a question of medicine and woods, my dear, he is a man of genius. Do you know what that means? It means he is brave, profound, and of clear insight. He plants a tree and his mind travels a thousand years into the future, and he sees visions of the happiness of the human race. People like him are rare and should be loved. What if he does drink and act roughly at times? A man of genius cannot be a saint in Russia. There he lives, cut off from the world by cold and storm and endless roads of bottomless mud, surrounded by a rough people who are crushed by poverty and disease, his life one continuous struggle, with never a day's respite; how can a man live like that for forty years and keep himself sober and unspotted? [Kissing SONIA] I wish you happiness with all my heart; you deserve it. [She gets up] As for me, I am a worthless, futile woman. I have always been futile; in music, in love, in my husband's house—in a word, in everything. When you come to think of it, Sonia, I am really very, very unhappy. [Walks excitedly up and down] Happiness can never exist for me in this world. Never. Why do you laugh?

SONIA. [Laughing and covering her face with her hands] I am so happy, so happy!

HELENA. I want to hear music. I might play a little.

SONIA. Oh, do, do! [She embraces her] I could not possibly go to sleep now. Do play!

HELENA. Yes, I will. Your father is still awake. Music irritates him when he is ill, but if he says I may, then I shall play a little. Go, Sonia, and ask him.

SONIA. Very well.

[She goes out. The WATCHMAN'S rattle is heard in the garden.]

HELENA. It is long since I have heard music. And now, I shall sit and play, and weep like a fool. [Speaking out of the window] Is that you rattling out there, Ephim?

VOICE OF THE WATCHMAN. It is I.

HELENA. Don't make such a noise. Your master is ill.

VOICE OF THE WATCHMAN. I am going away this minute. [Whistles a tune.]

SONIA. [Comes back] He says, no.

The curtain falls.

ACT III

The drawing-room of SEREBRAKOFF'S house. There are three doors: one to the right, one to the left, and one in the centre of the room. VOITSKI and SONIA are sitting

down. HELENA is walking up and down, absorbed in thought.

VOITSKI. We were asked by the professor to be here at one o'clock. [Looks at his watch] It is now a quarter to one. It seems he has some communication to make to the world.

HELENA. Probably a matter of business.

VOITSKI. He never had any business. He writes twaddle, grumbles, and eats his heart out with jealousy; that's all he does.

SONIA. [Reproachfully] Uncle!

VOITSKI. All right. I beg your pardon. [He points to HELENA] Look at her. Wandering up and down from sheer idleness. A sweet picture, really.

HELENA. I wonder you are not bored, droning on in the same key from morning till night. [Despairingly] I am dying of this tedium. What shall I do?

SONIA. [Shrugging her shoulders] There is plenty to do if you would.

HELENA. For instance?

SONIA. You could help run this place, teach the children, care for the sick--isn't that enough? Before you and papa came, Uncle Vanya and I used to go to market ourselves to deal in flour.

HELENA. I don't know anything about such things, and besides, they don't interest me. It is only in novels that women go out and teach and heal the peasants; how can I suddenly begin to do it?

SONIA. How can you live here and not do it? Wait awhile, you will get used to it all. [Embraces her] Don't be sad, dearest. [Laughing] You feel miserable and restless, and can't seem to fit into this life, and your restlessness is catching. Look at Uncle Vanya, he does nothing now but haunt you like a shadow, and I have left my work to-day to come here and talk with you. I am getting lazy, and don't want to go on with it. Dr. Astroff hardly ever used to come here; it was all we could do to persuade him to visit us once a month, and now he has abandoned his forestry and his practice, and comes every day. You must be a witch.

VOITSKI. Why should you languish here? Come, my dearest, my beauty, be sensible! The blood of a Nixey runs in your veins. Oh, won't you let yourself be one? Give your nature the reins for once in your life; fall head over ears in love with some other water sprite and plunge down head first into a deep pool, so that the Herr Professor and all of us may have our hands free again.

HELENA. [Angrily] Leave me alone! How cruel you are! [She tries to go out.]

VOITSKI. [Preventing her] There, there, my beauty, I apologise. [He kisses her hand] Forgive me.

HELENA. Confess that you would try the patience of an angel.

VOITSKI. As a peace offering I am going to fetch some flowers which I picked for you this morning: some autumn roses, beautiful, sorrowful roses. [He goes out.]

SONIA. Autumn roses, beautiful, sorrowful roses!

[She and HELENA stand looking out of the window.]

HELENA. September already! How shall we live through the long winter here? [A pause] Where is the doctor?

SONIA. He is writing in Uncle Vanya's room. I am glad Uncle Vanya has gone out, I want to talk to you about something.

HELENA. About what?

SONIA. About what?

[She lays her head on HELENA'S breast.]

HELENA. [Stroking her hair] There, there, that will do. Don't, Sonia.

SONIA. I am ugly!

HELENA. You have lovely hair.

SONIA. Don't say that! [She turns to look at herself in the glass] No, when a woman is ugly they always say she has beautiful hair or eyes. I have loved him now for six years, I have loved him more than one loves one's mother. I seem to hear him beside me every moment of the day. I feel the pressure of his hand on mine. If I look up, I seem to see him coming, and as you see, I run to you to talk of him. He is here every day now, but he never looks at me, he does not notice my presence. It is agony. I have absolutely no hope, no, no hope. Oh, my God! Give me strength to endure. I prayed all last night. I often go up to him and speak to him and look into his eyes. My pride is gone. I am not mistress of myself. Yesterday I told Uncle Vanya I couldn't control myself, and all the servants know it. Every one knows that I love him.

HELENA. Does he?

SONIA. No, he never notices me.

HELENA. [Thoughtfully] He is a strange man. Listen, Sonia, will you allow me to speak to him? I shall be careful, only hint. [A pause] Really, to be in uncertainty all these years! Let me do it!

SONIA nods an affirmative.

HELENA. Splendid! It will be easy to find out whether he loves you or not. Don't be ashamed, sweetheart, don't worry. I shall be careful; he will not notice a thing. We only want to find out whether it is yes or no, don't we? [A pause] And if it is no, then he must keep away from here, is that so?

SONIA nods.

HELENA. It will be easier not to see him any more. We won't put off the examination an instant. He said he had a sketch to show me. Go and tell him at once that I want to see him.

SONIA. [In great excitement] Will you tell me the whole truth?

HELENA. Of course I will. I am sure that no matter what it is, it will be easier for you to bear than this uncertainty. Trust to me, dearest.

SONIA. Yes, yes. I shall say that you want to see his sketch. [She starts out, but stops near the door and looks back] No, it is better not to know—and yet—there may

be hope.

HELENA. What do you say?

SONIA. Nothing. [She goes out.]

HELENA. [Alone] There is no greater sorrow than to know another's secret when you cannot help them. [In deep thought] He is obviously not in love with her, but why shouldn't he marry her? She is not pretty, but she is so clever and pure and good, she would make a splendid wife for a country doctor of his years. [A pause] I can understand how the poor child feels. She lives here in this desperate loneliness with no one around her except these colourless shadows that go mooning about talking nonsense and knowing nothing except that they eat, drink, and sleep. Among them appears from time to time this Dr. Astroff, so different, so handsome, so interesting, so charming. It is like seeing the moon rise on a dark night. Oh, to surrender oneself to his embrace! To lose oneself in his arms! I am a little in love with him myself! Yes, I am lonely without him, and when I think of him I smile. That Uncle Vanya says I have the blood of a Nixey in my veins: "Give rein to your nature for once in your life!" Perhaps it is right that I should. Oh, to be free as a bird, to fly away from all your sleepy faces and your talk and forget that you have existed at all! But I am a coward, I am afraid; my conscience torments me. He comes here every day now. I can guess why, and feel guilty already; I should like to fall on my knees at Sonia's feet and beg her forgiveness, and weep.

ASTROFF comes in carrying a portfolio.

ASTROFF. How do you do? [Shakes hands with her] Do you want to see my sketch?

HELENA. Yes, you promised to show me what you had been doing. Have you time now?

ASTROFF. Of course I have!

He lays the portfolio on the table, takes out the sketch and fastens it to the table with thumb-tacks.

ASTROFF. Where were you born?

HELENA. [Helping him] In St. Petersburg.

ASTROFF. And educated?

HELENA. At the Conservatory there.

ASTROFF. You don't find this life very interesting, I dare say?

HELENA. Oh, why not? It is true I don't know the country very well, but I have read a great deal about it.

ASTROFF. I have my own desk there in Ivan's room. When I am absolutely too exhausted to go on I drop everything and rush over here to forget myself in this work for an hour or two. Ivan and Miss Sonia sit rattling at their counting-boards, the cricket chirps, and I sit beside them and paint, feeling warm and peaceful. But I don't permit myself this luxury very often, only once a month. [Pointing to the picture] Look there! That is a map of our country as it was fifty years ago. The green tints, both dark and light, represent forests. Half the map, as you see, is covered with it. Where the green is striped with red the forests were inhabited by elk and wild goats. Here on this lake, lived great flocks of swans and geese and ducks; as the old men say, there was a power of birds of every kind. Now they have

vanished like a cloud. Beside the hamlets and villages, you see, I have dotted down here and there the various settlements, farms, hermit's caves, and water-mills. This country carried a great many cattle and horses, as you can see by the quantity of blue paint. For instance, see how thickly it lies in this part; there were great herds of them here, an average of three horses to every house. [A pause] Now, look lower down. This is the country as it was twenty-five years ago. Only a third of the map is green now with forests. There are no goats left and no elk. The blue paint is lighter, and so on, and so on. Now we come to the third part; our country as it appears to-day. We still see spots of green, but not much. The elk, the swans, the black-cock have disappeared. It is, on the whole, the picture of a regular and slow decline which it will evidently only take about ten or fifteen more years to complete. You may perhaps object that it is the march of progress, that the old order must give place to the new, and you might be right if roads had been run through these ruined woods, or if factories and schools had taken their place. The people then would have become better educated and healthier and richer, but as it is, we have nothing of the sort. We have the same swamps and mosquitoes; the same disease and want; the typhoid, the diphtheria, the burning villages. We are confronted by the degradation of our country, brought on by the fierce struggle for existence of the human race. It is the consequence of the ignorance and unconsciousness of starving, shivering, sick humanity that, to save its children, instinctively snatches at everything that can warm it and still its hunger. So it destroys everything it can lay its hands on, without a thought for the morrow. And almost everything has gone, and nothing has been created to take its place. [Coldly] But I see by your face that I am not interesting you.

HELENA. I know so little about such things!

ASTROFF. There is nothing to know. It simply isn't interesting, that's all.

HELENA. Frankly, my thoughts were elsewhere. Forgive me! I want to submit you to a little examination, but I am embarrassed and don't know how to begin.

ASTROFF. An examination?

HELENA. Yes, but quite an innocent one. Sit down. [They sit down] It is about a certain young girl I know. Let us discuss it like honest people, like friends, and then forget what has passed between us, shall we?

ASTROFF. Very well.

HELENA. It is about my step-daughter, Sonia. Do you like her?

ASTROFF. Yes, I respect her.

HELENA. Do you like her—as a woman?

ASTROFF. [Slowly] No.

HELENA. One more word, and that will be the last. You have not noticed anything?

ASTROFF. No, nothing.

HELENA. [Taking his hand] You do not love her. I see that in your eyes. She is suffering. You must realise that, and not come here any more.

ASTROFF. My sun has set, yes, and then I haven't the time. [Shrugging his shoulders] Where shall I find time for such things? [He is embarrassed.]

HELENA. Bah! What an unpleasant conversation! I am as out of breath as if I had

been running three miles uphill. Thank heaven, that is over! Now let us forget everything as if nothing had been said. You are sensible. You understand. [A pause] I am actually blushing.

ASTROFF. If you had spoken a month ago I might perhaps have considered it, but now— [He shrugs his shoulders] Of course, if she is suffering—but I cannot understand why you had to put me through this examination. [He searches her face with his eyes, and shakes his finger at her] Oho, you are wily!

HELENA. What does this mean?

ASTROFF. [Laughing] You are a wily one! I admit that Sonia is suffering, but what does this examination of yours mean? [He prevents her from retorting, and goes on quickly] Please don't put on such a look of surprise; you know perfectly well why I come here every day. Yes, you know perfectly why and for whose sake I come! Oh, my sweet tigress! don't look at me in that way; I am an old bird!

HELENA. [Perplexed] A tigress? I don't understand you.

ASTROFF. Beautiful, sleek tigress, you must have your victims! For a whole month I have done nothing but seek you eagerly. I have thrown over everything for you, and you love to see it. Now then, I am sure you knew all this without putting me through your examination. [Crossing his arms and bowing his head] I surrender. Here you have me—now, eat me.

HELENA. You have gone mad!

ASTROFF. You are afraid!

HELENA. I am a better and stronger woman than you think me. Good-bye. [She tries to leave the room.]

ASTROFF. Why good-bye? Don't say good-bye, don't waste words. Oh, how lovely you are—what hands! [He kisses her hands.]

HELENA. Enough of this! [She frees her hands] Leave the room! You have forgotten yourself.

ASTROFF. Tell me, tell me, where can we meet to-morrow? [He puts his arm around her] Don't you see that we must meet, that it is inevitable?

He kisses her. VOITSKI comes in carrying a bunch of roses, and stops in the doorway.

HELENA. [Without seeing VOITSKI] Have pity! Leave me, [lays her head on ASTROFF'S shoulder] Don't! [She tries to break away from him.]

ASTROFF. [Holding her by the waist] Be in the forest tomorrow at two o'clock. Will you? Will you?

HELENA. [Sees VOITSKI] Let me go! [Goes to the window deeply embarrassed] This is appalling!

VOITSKI. [Throws the flowers on a chair, and speaks in great excitement, wiping his face with his handkerchief] Nothing—yes, yes, nothing.

ASTROFF. The weather is fine to-day, my dear Ivan; the morning was overcast and looked like rain, but now the sun is shining again. Honestly, we have had a very fine autumn, and the wheat is looking fairly well. [Puts his map back into the

portfolio] But the days are growing short.

HELENA. [Goes quickly up to VOITSKI] You must do your best; you must use all your power to get my husband and myself away from here to-day! Do you hear? I say, this very day!

VOITSKI. [Wiping his face] Oh! Ah! Oh! All right! I—Helena, I saw everything!

HELENA. [In great agitation] Do you hear me? I must leave here this very day!

SEREBRAKOFF, SONIA, MARINA, and TELEGIN come in.

TELEGIN. I am not very well myself, your Excellency. I have been limping for two days, and my head—

SEREBRAKOFF. Where are the others? I hate this house. It is a regular labyrinth. Every one is always scattered through the twenty-six enormous rooms; one never can find a soul. [Rings] Ask my wife and Madame Voitskaya to come here!

HELENA. I am here already.

SEREBRAKOFF. Please, all of you, sit down.

SONIA. [Goes up to HELENA and asks anxiously] What did he say?

HELENA. I'll tell you later.

SONIA. You are moved. [looking quickly and inquiringly into her face] I understand; he said he would not come here any more. [A pause] Tell me, did he?

HELENA nods.

SEREBRAKOFF. [To TELEGIN] One can, after all, become reconciled to being an invalid, but not to this country life. The ways of it stick in my throat and I feel exactly as if I had been whirled off the earth and landed on a strange planet. Please be seated, ladies and gentlemen. Sonia! [SONIA does not hear. She is standing with her head bowed sadly forward on her breast] Sonia! [A pause] She does not hear me. [To MARINA] Sit down too, nurse. [MARINA sits down and begins to knit her stocking] I crave your indulgence, ladies and gentlemen; hang your ears, if I may say so, on the peg of attention. [He laughs.]

VOITSKI. [Agitated] Perhaps you do not need me—may I be excused?

SEREBRAKOFF. No, you are needed now more than any one.

VOITSKI. What is it you want of me?

SEREBRAKOFF. You—but what are you angry about? If it is anything I have done, I ask you to forgive me.

VOITSKI. Oh, drop that and come to business; what do you want?

MME. VOITSKAYA comes in.

SEREBRAKOFF. Here is mother. Ladies and gentlemen, I shall begin. I have asked you to assemble here, my friends, in order to discuss a very important matter. I want to ask you for your assistance and advice, and knowing your unfailing amiability I think I can count on both. I am a book-worm and a scholar, and am unfamiliar with practical affairs. I cannot, I find, dispense with the help of well-informed people

such as you, Ivan, and you, Telegin, and you, mother. The truth is, manet omnes una nox, that is to say, our lives are in the hands of God, and as I am old and ill, I realise that the time has come for me to dispose of my property in regard to the interests of my family. My life is nearly over, and I am not thinking of myself, but I have a young wife and daughter. [A pause] I cannot continue to live in the country; we were not made for country life, and yet we cannot afford to live in town on the income derived from this estate. We might sell the woods, but that would be an expedient we could not resort to every year. We must find some means of guaranteeing to ourselves a certain more or less fixed yearly income. With this object in view, a plan has occurred to me which I now have the honour of presenting to you for your consideration. I shall only give you a rough outline, avoiding all details. Our estate does not pay on an average more than two per cent on the money invested in it. I propose to sell it. If we then invest our capital in bonds, it will earn us four to five per cent, and we should probably have a surplus over of several thousand roubles, with which we could buy a summer cottage in Finland—

VOITSKI. Hold on! Repeat what you just said; I don't think I heard you quite right.

SEREBRAKOFF. I said we would invest the money in bonds and buy a cottage in Finland with the surplus.

VOITSKI. No, not Finland—you said something else.

SEREBRAKOFF. I propose to sell this place.

VOITSKI. Aha! That was it! So you are going to sell the place? Splendid. The idea is a rich one. And what do you propose to do with my old mother and me and with Sonia here?

SEREBRAKOFF. That will be decided in due time. We can't do everything at once.

VOITSKI. Wait! It is clear that until this moment I have never had a grain of sense in my head. I have always been stupid enough to think that the estate belonged to Sonia. My father bought it as a wedding present for my sister, and I foolishly imagined that as our laws were made for Russians and not Turks, my sister's estate would come down to her child.

SEREBRAKOFF. Of course it is Sonia's. Has any one denied it? I don't want to sell it without Sonia's consent; on the contrary, what I am doing is for Sonia's good.

VOITSKI. This is absolutely incomprehensible. Either I have gone mad or—or—

MME. VOITSKAYA. Jean, don't contradict Alexander. Trust to him; he knows better than we do what is right and what is wrong.

VOITSKI. I shan't. Give me some water. [He drinks] Go ahead! Say anything you please—anything!

SEREBRAKOFF. I can't imagine why you are so upset. I don't pretend that my scheme is an ideal one, and if you all object to it I shall not insist. [A pause.]

TELEGIN. [With embarrassment] I not only nourish feelings of respect toward learning, your Excellency, but I am also drawn to it by family ties. My brother Gregory's wife's brother, whom you may know; his name is Constantine Lakedemonoff, and he used to be a magistrate—

VOITSKI. Stop, Waffles. This is business; wait a bit, we will talk of that later. [To SEREBRAKOFF] There now, ask him what he thinks; this estate was bought from his uncle.

SEREBRAKOFF. Ah! Why should I ask questions? What good would it do?

VOITSKI. The price was ninety-five thousand roubles. My father paid seventy and left a debt of twenty-five. Now listen! This place could never have been bought had I not renounced my inheritance in favour of my sister, whom I deeply loved—and what is more, I worked for ten years like an ox, and paid off the debt.

SEREBRAKOFF. I regret ever having started this conversation.

VOITSKI. Thanks entirely to my own personal efforts, the place is entirely clear of debts, and now, when I have grown old, you want to throw me out, neck and crop!

SEREBRAKOFF. I can't imagine what you are driving at.

VOITSKI. For twenty-five years I have managed this place, and have sent you the returns from it like the most honest of servants, and you have never given me one single word of thanks for my work, not one—neither in my youth nor now. You allowed me a meagre salary of five hundred roubles a year, a beggar's pittance, and have never even thought of adding a rouble to it.

SEREBRAKOFF. What did I know about such things, Ivan? I am not a practical man and don't understand them. You might have helped yourself to all you wanted.

VOITSKI. Yes, why did I not steal? Don't you all despise me for not stealing, when it would have been only justice? And I should not now have been a beggar!

MME. VOITSKAYA. [Sternly] Jean!

TELEGIN. [Agitated] Vanya, old man, don't talk in that way. Why spoil such pleasant relations? [He embraces him] Do stop!

VOITSKI. For twenty-five years I have been sitting here with my mother like a mole in a burrow. Our every thought and hope was yours and yours only. By day we talked with pride of you and your work, and spoke your name with veneration; our nights we wasted reading the books and papers which my soul now loathes.

TELEGIN. Don't, Vanya, don't. I can't stand it.

SEREBRAKOFF. [Wrathfully] What under heaven do you want, anyway?

VOITSKI. We used to think of you as almost superhuman, but now the scales have fallen from my eyes and I see you as you are! You write on art without knowing anything about it. Those books of yours which I used to admire are not worth one copper kopeck. You are a hoax!

SEREBRAKOFF. Can't any one make him stop? I am going!

HELENA. Ivan, I command you to stop this instant! Do you hear me?

VOITSKI. I refuse! [SEREBRAKOFF tries to get out of the room, but VOITSKI bars the door] Wait! I have not done yet! You have wrecked my life. I have never lived. My best years have gone for nothing, have been ruined, thanks to you. You are my most bitter enemy!

TELEGIN. I can't stand it; I can't stand it. I am going. [He goes out in great excitement.]

SEREBRAKOFF. But what do you want? What earthly right have you to use such language

to me? Ruination! If this estate is yours, then take it, and let me be ruined!

HELENA. I am going away out of this hell this minute. [Shrieks] This is too much!

VOITSKI. My life has been a failure. I am clever and brave and strong. If I had lived a normal life I might have become another Schopenhauer or Dostoieffski. I am losing my head! I am going crazy! Mother, I am in despair! Oh, mother!

MME. VOITSKAYA. [Sternly] Listen, Alexander!

SONIA falls on her knees beside the nurse and nestles against her.

SONIA. Oh, nurse, nurse!

VOITSKI. Mother! What shall I do? But no, don't speak! I know what to do. [To SEREBRAKOFF] And you will understand me!

He goes out through the door in the centre of the room and MME. VOITSKAYA follows him.

SEREBRAKOFF. Tell me, what on earth is the matter? Take this lunatic out of my sight! I cannot possibly live under the same roof with him. His room [He points to the centre door] is almost next door to mine. Let him take himself off into the village or into the wing of the house, or I shall leave here at once. I cannot stay in the same house with him.

HELENA. [To her husband] We are leaving to-day; we must get ready at once for our departure.

SEREBRAKOFF. What a perfectly dreadful man!

SONIA. [On her knees beside the nurse and turning to her father. She speaks with emotion] You must be kind to us, papa. Uncle Vanya and I are so unhappy! [Controlling her despair] Have pity on us. Remember how Uncle Vanya and Granny used to copy and translate your books for you every night—every, every night. Uncle Vanya has toiled without rest; he would never spend a penny on us, we sent it all to you. We have not eaten the bread of idleness. I am not saying this as I should like to, but you must understand us, papa, you must be merciful to us.

HELENA. [Very excited, to her husband] For heaven's sake, Alexander, go and have a talk with him—explain!

SEREBRAKOFF. Very well, I shall have a talk with him, but I won't apologise for a thing. I am not angry with him, but you must confess that his behaviour has been strange, to say the least. Excuse me, I shall go to him.

[He goes out through the centre door.]

HELENA. Be gentle with him; try to quiet him. [She follows him out.]

SONIA. [Nestling nearer to MARINA] Nurse, oh, nurse!

MARINA. It's all right, my baby. When the geese have cackled they will be still again. First they cackle and then they stop.

SONIA. Nurse!

MARINA. You are trembling all over, as if you were freezing. There, there, little orphan baby, God is merciful. A little linden-tea, and it will all pass away. Don't

cry, my sweetest. [Looking angrily at the door in the centre of the room] See, the geese have all gone now. The devil take them!

A shot is heard. HELENA screams behind the scenes. SONIA shudders.

MARINA. Bang! What's that?

SEREBRAKOFF. [Comes in reeling with terror] Hold him! hold him! He has gone mad!

HELENA and VOITSKI are seen struggling in the doorway.

HELENA. [Trying to wrest the revolver from him] Give it to me; give it to me, I tell you!

VOITSKI. Let me go, Helena, let me go! [He frees himself and rushes in, looking everywhere for SEREBRAKOFF] Where is he? Ah, there he is! [He shoots at him. A pause] I didn't get him? I missed again? [Furiously] Damnation! Damnation! To hell with him!

He flings the revolver on the floor, and drops helpless into a chair. SEREBRAKOFF stands as if stupefied. HELENA leans against the wall, almost fainting.

HELENA. Take me away! Take me away! I can't stay here—I can't!

VOITSKI. [In despair] Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?

SONIA. [Softly] Oh, nurse, nurse!

The curtain falls.

ACT IV

VOITSKI'S bedroom, which is also his office. A table stands near the window; on it are ledgers, letter scales, and papers of every description. Near by stands a smaller table belonging to ASTROFF, with his paints and drawing materials. On the wall hangs a cage containing a starling. There is also a map of Africa on the wall, obviously of no use to anybody. There is a large sofa covered with buckram. A door to the left leads into an inner room; one to the right leads into the front hall, and before this door lies a mat for the peasants with their muddy boots to stand on. It is an autumn evening. The silence is profound. TELEGIN and MARINA are sitting facing one another, winding wool.

TELEGIN. Be quick, Marina, or we shall be called away to say good-bye before you have finished. The carriage has already been ordered.

MARINA. [Trying to wind more quickly] I am a little tired.

TELEGIN. They are going to Kharkoff to live.

MARINA. They do well to go.

TELEGIN. They have been frightened. The professor's wife won't stay here an hour longer. "If we are going at all, let's be off," says she, "we shall go to Kharkoff and look about us, and then we can send for our things." They are travelling light. It seems, Marina, that fate has decreed for them not to live here.

MARINA. And quite rightly. What a storm they have just raised! It was shameful!

TELEGIN. It was indeed. The scene was worthy of the brush of Aibazofski.

MARINA. I wish I'd never laid eyes on them. [A pause] Now we shall have things as they were again: tea at eight, dinner at one, and supper in the evening; everything in order as decent folks, as Christians like to have it. [Sighs] It is a long time since I have eaten noodles.

TELEGIN. Yes, we haven't had noodles for ages. [A pause] Not for ages. As I was going through the village this morning, Marina, one of the shop-keepers called after me, "Hi! you hanger-on!" I felt it bitterly.

MARINA. Don't pay the least attention to them, master; we are all dependents on God. You and Sonia and all of us. Every one must work, no one can sit idle. Where is Sonia?

TELEGIN. In the garden with the doctor, looking for Ivan. They fear he may lay violent hands on himself.

MARINA. Where is his pistol?

TELEGIN. [Whispers] I hid it in the cellar.

VOITSKI and ASTROFF come in.

VOITSKI. Leave me alone! [To MARINA and TELEGIN] Go away! Go away and leave me to myself, if but for an hour. I won't have you watching me like this!

TELEGIN. Yes, yes, Vanya. [He goes out on tiptoe.]

MARINA. The gander cackles; ho! ho! ho!

[She gathers up her wool and goes out.]

VOITSKI. Leave me by myself!

ASTROFF. I would, with the greatest pleasure. I ought to have gone long ago, but I shan't leave you until you have returned what you took from me.

VOITSKI. I took nothing from you.

ASTROFF. I am not jesting, don't detain me, I really must go.

VOITSKI. I took nothing of yours.

ASTROFF. You didn't? Very well, I shall have to wait a little longer, and then you will have to forgive me if I resort to force. We shall have to bind you and search you. I mean what I say.

VOITSKI. Do as you please. [A pause] Oh, to make such a fool of myself! To shoot twice and miss him both times! I shall never forgive myself.

ASTROFF. When the impulse came to shoot, it would have been as well had you put a bullet through your own head.

VOITSKI. [Shrugging his shoulders] Strange! I attempted murder, and am not going to be arrested or brought to trial. That means they think me mad. [With a bitter laugh] Me! I am mad, and those who hide their worthlessness, their dullness, their

crying heartlessness behind a professor's mask, are sane! Those who marry old men and then deceive them under the noses of all, are sane! I saw you kiss her; I saw you in each other's arms!

ASTROFF. Yes, sir, I did kiss her; so there. [He puts his thumb to his nose.]

VOITSKI. [His eyes on the door] No, it is the earth that is mad, because she still bears us on her breast.

ASTROFF. That is nonsense.

VOITSKI. Well? Am I not a madman, and therefore irresponsible? Haven't I the right to talk nonsense?

ASTROFF. This is a farce! You are not mad; you are simply a ridiculous fool. I used to think every fool was out of his senses, but now I see that lack of sense is a man's normal state, and you are perfectly normal.

VOITSKI. [Covers his face with his hands] Oh! If you knew how ashamed I am! These piercing pangs of shame are like nothing on earth. [In an agonised voice] I can't endure them! [He leans against the table] What can I do? What can I do?

ASTROFF. Nothing.

VOITSKI. You must tell me something! Oh, my God! I am forty-seven years old. I may live to sixty; I still have thirteen years before me; an eternity! How shall I be able to endure life for thirteen years? What shall I do? How can I fill them? Oh, don't you see? [He presses ASTROFF'S hand convulsively] Don't you see, if only I could live the rest of my life in some new way! If I could only wake some still, bright morning and feel that life had begun again; that the past was forgotten and had vanished like smoke. [He weeps] Oh, to begin life anew! Tell me, tell me how to begin.

ASTROFF. [Crossly] What nonsense! What sort of a new life can you and I look forward to? We can have no hope.

VOITSKI. None?

ASTROFF. None. Of that I am convinced.

VOITSKI. Tell me what to do. [He puts his hand to his heart] I feel such a burning pain here.

ASTROFF. [Shouts angrily] Stop! [Then, more gently] It may be that posterity, which will despise us for our blind and stupid lives, will find some road to happiness; but we—you and I—have but one hope, the hope that we may be visited by visions, perhaps by pleasant ones, as we lie resting in our graves. [Sighing] Yes, brother, there were only two respectable, intelligent men in this county, you and I. Ten years or so of this life of ours, this miserable life, have sucked us under, and we have become as contemptible and petty as the rest. But don't try to talk me out of my purpose! Give me what you took from me, will you?

VOITSKI. I took nothing from you.

ASTROFF. You took a little bottle of morphine out of my medicine-case. [A pause] Listen! If you are positively determined to make an end to yourself, go into the woods and shoot yourself there. Give up the morphine, or there will be a lot of talk and guesswork; people will think I gave it to you. I don't fancy having to perform a post-mortem on you. Do you think I should find it interesting?

SONIA comes in.

VOITSKI. Leave me alone.

ASTROFF. [To SONIA] Sonia, your uncle has stolen a bottle of morphine out of my medicine-case and won't give it up. Tell him that his behaviour is—well, unwise. I haven't time, I must be going.

SONIA. Uncle Vanya, did you take the morphine?

ASTROFF. Yes, he took it. [A pause] I am absolutely sure.

SONIA. Give it up! Why do you want to frighten us? [Tenderly] Give it up, Uncle Vanya! My misfortune is perhaps even greater than yours, but I am not plunged in despair. I endure my sorrow, and shall endure it until my life comes to a natural end. You must endure yours, too. [A pause] Give it up! Dear, darling Uncle Vanya. Give it up! [She weeps] You are so good, I am sure you will have pity on us and give it up. You must endure your sorrow, Uncle Vanya; you must endure it.

VOITSKI takes a bottle from the drawer of the table and hands it to ASTROFF.

VOITSKI. There it is! [To SONIA] And now, we must get to work at once; we must do something, or else I shall not be able to endure it.

SONIA. Yes, yes, to work! As soon as we have seen them off we shall go to work. [She nervously straightens out the papers on the table] Everything is in a muddle!

ASTROFF. [Putting the bottle in his case, which he straps together] Now I can be off.

HELENA comes in.

HELENA. Are you here, Ivan? We are starting in a moment. Go to Alexander, he wants to speak to you.

SONIA. Go, Uncle Vanya. [She takes VOITSKI 'S arm] Come, you and papa must make peace; that is absolutely necessary.

SONIA and VOITSKI go out.

HELENA. I am going away. [She gives ASTROFF her hand] Good-bye.

ASTROFF. So soon?

HELENA. The carriage is waiting.

ASTROFF. Good-bye.

HELENA. You promised me you would go away yourself to-day.

ASTROFF. I have not forgotten. I am going at once. [A pause] Were you frightened? Was it so terrible?

HELENA. Yes.

ASTROFF. Couldn't you stay? Couldn't you? To-morrow—in the forest—

HELENA. No. It is all settled, and that is why I can look you so bravely in the

face. Our departure is fixed. One thing I must ask of you: don't think too badly of me; I should like you to respect me.

ASTROFF. Ah! [With an impatient gesture] Stay, I implore you! Confess that there is nothing for you to do in this world. You have no object in life; there is nothing to occupy your attention, and sooner or later your feelings must master you. It is inevitable. It would be better if it happened not in Kharkoff or in Kursk, but here, in nature's lap. It would then at least be poetical, even beautiful. Here you have the forests, the houses half in ruins that Turgenieff writes of.

HELENA. How comical you are! I am angry with you and yet I shall always remember you with pleasure. You are interesting and original. You and I will never meet again, and so I shall tell you--why should I conceal it?--that I am just a little in love with you. Come, one more last pressure of our hands, and then let us part good friends. Let us not bear each other any ill will.

ASTROFF. [Pressing her hand] Yes, go. [Thoughtfully] You seem to be sincere and good, and yet there is something strangely disquieting about all your personality. No sooner did you arrive here with your husband than every one whom you found busy and actively creating something was forced to drop his work and give himself up for the whole summer to your husband's gout and yourself. You and he have infected us with your idleness. I have been swept off my feet; I have not put my hand to a thing for weeks, during which sickness has been running its course unchecked among the people, and the peasants have been pasturing their cattle in my woods and young plantations. Go where you will, you and your husband will always carry destruction in your train. I am joking of course, and yet I am strangely sure that had you stayed here we should have been overtaken by the most immense desolation. I would have gone to my ruin, and you--you would not have prospered. So go! E finita la comedia!

HELENA. [Snatching a pencil off ASTROFF'S table, and hiding it with a quick movement] I shall take this pencil for memory!

ASTROFF. How strange it is. We meet, and then suddenly it seems that we must part forever. That is the way in this world. As long as we are alone, before Uncle Vanya comes in with a bouquet--allow me--to kiss you good-bye--may I? [He kisses her on the cheek] So! Splendid!

HELENA. I wish you every happiness. [She glances about her] For once in my life, I shall! and scorn the consequences! [She kisses him impetuously, and they quickly part] I must go.

ASTROFF. Yes, go. If the carriage is there, then start at once. [They stand listening.]

ASTROFF. E finita!

VOITSKI, SEREBRAKOFF, MME. VOITSKAYA with her book, TELEGIN, and SONIA come in.

SEREBRAKOFF. [To VOITSKI] Shame on him who bears malice for the past. I have gone through so much in the last few hours that I feel capable of writing a whole treatise on the conduct of life for the instruction of posterity. I gladly accept your apology, and myself ask your forgiveness. [He kisses VOITSKI three times.]

HELENA embraces SONIA.

SEREBRAKOFF. [Kissing MME. VOITSKAYA'S hand] Mother!

MME. VOITSKAYA. [Kissing him] Have your picture taken, Alexander, and send me one.

You know how dear you are to me.

TELEGIN. Good-bye, your Excellency. Don't forget us.

SEREBRAKOFF. [Kissing his daughter] Good-bye, good-bye all. [Shaking hands with ASTROFF] Many thanks for your pleasant company. I have a deep regard for your opinions and your enthusiasm, but let me, as an old man, give one word of advice at parting: do something, my friend! Work! Do something! [They all bow] Good luck to you all. [He goes out followed by MME. VOITSKAYA and SONIA.]

VOITSKI [Kissing HELENA'S hand fervently] Good-bye—forgive me. I shall never see you again!

HELENA. [Touched] Good-bye, dear boy.

She lightly kisses his head as he bends over her hand, and goes out.

ASTROFF. Tell them to bring my carriage around too, Waffles.

TELEGIN. All right, old man.

ASTROFF and VOITSKI are left behind alone. ASTROFF collects his paints and drawing materials on the table and packs them away in a box.

ASTROFF. Why don't you go to see them off?

VOITSKI. Let them go! I—I can't go out there. I feel too sad. I must go to work on something at once. To work! To work!

He rummages through his papers on the table. A pause. The tinkling of bells is heard as the horses trot away.

ASTROFF. They have gone! The professor, I suppose, is glad to go. He couldn't be tempted back now by a fortune.

MARINA comes in.

MARINA. They have gone. [She sits down in an arm-chair and knits her stocking.]

SONIA comes in wiping her eyes.

SONIA. They have gone. God be with them. [To her uncle] And now, Uncle Vanya, let us do something!

VOITSKI. To work! To work!

SONIA. It is long, long, since you and I have sat together at this table. [She lights a lamp on the table] No ink! [She takes the inkstand to the cupboard and fills it from an ink-bottle] How sad it is to see them go!

MME. VOITSKAYA comes slowly in.

MME. VOITSKAYA. They have gone.

She sits down and at once becomes absorbed in her book. SONIA sits down at the table and looks through an account book.

SONIA. First, Uncle Vanya, let us write up the accounts. They are in a dreadful state. Come, begin. You take one and I will take the other.

VOITSKI. In account with [They sit silently writing.]

MARINA. [Yawning] The sand-man has come.

ASTROFF. How still it is. Their pens scratch, the cricket sings; it is so warm and comfortable. I hate to go. [The tinkling of bells is heard.]

ASTROFF. My carriage has come. There now remains but to say good-bye to you, my friends, and to my table here, and then-away! [He puts the map into the portfolio.]

MARINA. Don't hurry away; sit a little longer with us.

ASTROFF. Impossible.

VOITSKI. [Writing] And carry forward from the old debt two seventy-five-

WORKMAN comes in.

WORKMAN. Your carriage is waiting, sir.

ASTROFF. All right. [He hands the WORKMAN his medicine-case, portfolio, and box] Look out, don't crush the portfolio!

WORKMAN. Very well, sir.

SONIA. When shall we see you again?

ASTROFF. Hardly before next summer. Probably not this winter, though, of course, if anything should happen you will let me know. [He shakes hands with them] Thank you for your kindness, for your hospitality, for everything! [He goes up to MARINA and kisses her head] Good-bye, old nurse!

MARINA. Are you going without your tea?

ASTROFF. I don't want any, nurse.

MARINA. Won't you have a drop of vodka?

ASTROFF. [Hesitatingly] Yes, I might.

MARINA goes out.

ASTROFF. [After a pause] My off-wheeler has gone lame for some reason. I noticed it yesterday when Peter was taking him to water.

VOITSKI. You should have him re-shod.

ASTROFF. I shall have to go around by the blacksmith's on my way home. It can't be avoided. [He stands looking up at the map of Africa hanging on the wall] I suppose it is roasting hot in Africa now.

VOITSKI. Yes, I suppose it is.

MARINA comes back carrying a tray on which are a glass of vodka and a piece of bread.

MARINA. Help yourself.

ASTROFF drinks

MARINA. To your good health! [She bows deeply] Eat your bread with it.

ASTROFF. No, I like it so. And now, good-bye. [To MARINA] You needn't come out to see me off, nurse.

He goes out. SONIA follows him with a candle to light him to the carriage. MARINA sits down in her armchair.

VOITSKI. [Writing] On the 2d of February, twenty pounds of butter; on the 16th, twenty pounds of butter again. Buckwheat flour—[A pause. Bells are heard tinkling.]

MARINA. He has gone. [A pause.]

SONIA comes in and sets the candle stick on the table.

SONIA. He has gone.

VOITSKI. [Adding and writing] Total, fifteen—twenty-five—

SONIA sits down and begins to write.

[Yawning] Oh, ho! The Lord have mercy.

TELEGIN comes in on tiptoe, sits down near the door, and begins to tune his guitar.

VOITSKI. [To SONIA, stroking her hair] Oh, my child, I am miserable; if you only knew how miserable I am!

SONIA. What can we do? We must live our lives. [A pause] Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live through the long procession of days before us, and through the long evenings; we shall patiently bear the trials that fate imposes on us; we shall work for others without rest, both now and when we are old; and when our last hour comes we shall meet it humbly, and there, beyond the grave, we shall say that we have suffered and wept, that our life was bitter, and God will have pity on us. Ah, then dear, dear Uncle, we shall see that bright and beautiful life; we shall rejoice and look back upon our sorrow here; a tender smile—and we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. [SONIA kneels down before her uncle and lays her head on his hands. She speaks in a weary voice] We shall rest. [TELEGIN plays softly on the guitar] We shall rest. We shall hear the angels. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see all evil and all our pain sink away in the great compassion that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and tender and sweet as a caress. I have faith; I have faith. [She wipes away her tears] My poor, poor Uncle Vanya, you are crying! [Weeping] You have never known what happiness was, but wait, Uncle Vanya, wait! We shall rest. [She embraces him] We shall rest. [The WATCHMAN'S rattle is heard in the garden; TELEGIN plays softly; MME. VOITSKAYA writes something on the margin of her pamphlet; MARINA knits her stocking] We shall rest.

The curtain slowly falls.

Poetry from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Golden Numbers*, by Various

Be Useful

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
 ----Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "As You Like It."

Lord Ullin's Daughter

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride--
Should they our steps discover,

Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover!"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:--

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,--
When, O! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,--
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:--
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!--O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

U in The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Slang Dictionary*, by John Camden Hotten
1913

~Ugly~, wicked, malicious, resentful.—_American._

~Ullages~, the wine of all sorts left in the bottoms of glasses at a public dinner. This is emptied into a measure, and drunk behind the screen or in any convenient place by the waiters, which accounts for their stony glare and fishy appearance late in the evening. Maybe from _Lat._ ULLUS, any.

~Unbleached American~, Yankee term, since the war, for coloured natives of the United States.

~Uncle~, the pawnbroker. _See_ MY UNCLE.

~Under a cloud~, in difficulties. An evident reference to shady circumstances.

~Under the rose.~ _See_ ROSE.

~Understandings~, the feet or boots. Men who wear exceptionally large or thick boots, are said to possess good UNDERSTANDINGS.

~Understudy~, to STUDY a part for the stage, not with the view of playing it at once, but so as to be ready in the event of anything happening to its present representative. Some actors of position, who suffer from delicate health, or mental weakness, have always other and inferior, but more robust, artists UNDERSTUDYING their parts.

~Unfortunate~, a modern euphuism for a prostitute, derived from Thomas Hood's beautiful poem of _The Bridge of Sighs_:—

“One more UNFORTUNATE,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.”

It is almost needless to remark that the poet had no intention of using the word in any but its widest and most general sense.

~Unicorn~, a style of driving with two wheelers abreast and one leader—termed in the United States a “spike team.” “Tandem” is one wheeler and one leader. “Random,” three horses in line. “Manchester” means three horses abreast. _See_ HARUM-SCARUM.

~Unlicked~, ill-trained, uncouth, rude, and rough; an “UNLICKED cub” is a loutish youth who has never been taught manners; from the tradition that a bear's cub, when brought into the world, has no shape or symmetry until its dam licks it into form with her tongue. Possibly said of a boy who has been petted, _i.e._, who has been insufficiently thrashed or licked. Case of spared rod and spoilt child.

~Unparliamentary~, or UNSCRIPTURAL, language, words unfit for use in ordinary conversation.

~Unutterables~, or UNWHISPERABLES, trousers. _See_ INEXPRESSIBLES.

~Up~, "to be UP to a thing or two," to be knowing, or understanding; "to put a man UP to a move," to teach him a trick; "it's all UP with him," i.e., it is all over with him; when pronounced U.P., naming the two letters separately, means settled, or done UP. "UP a tree," see TREE. "UP to snuff," wide awake, acquainted with the last new move; "UP to one's gossip," to be a match for one who is trying to take you in; "UP to slum," proficient in roguery, capable of committing a theft successfully; "what's UP?" what is the matter? what is the news?

~U.P.~, United Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

~Upper Benjamin~, or BENJY, a great coat; originally "Joseph," but, because of the preponderance of tailors named BENJAMIN, altered in deference to them.

~Upper storey~, or UPPER LOFT, a person's head; "his UPPER STOREY is unfurnished," i.e., he does not know very much. "Wrong in his UPPER STOREY," crazy. See CHUMP.

~Uppish~, proud, arrogant.

~Used up~, broken-hearted, bankrupt, fatigued, vanquished.

UP FOR RENEWAL

By LUCIUS DANIEL

*[Transcriber's Note: This Project Gutenberg etext was produced from
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"I'd give a year off my life to...." Idle
talk now, but it was ghastly reality to Kent!

Howard Kent looked at his young and beautiful wife and felt the weight of the years rest on his shoulders. In her eyes he saw his heavily lined face and sagging, stooped shoulders.

They stood just inside the long, narrow reception room of the Human Rejuvenation Plant. Potted palms and formal chairs reminded one of a Human Disposal unit.

"I have a confession to make, darling," he said.

"Oh, no, Howard. Not now. I take for granted you've done the usual things in your youth."

"But...."

"And we needn't have hurried so, as you can see. Now we'll probably

have to wait hours in this perfectly dismal place."

She looked as young and fresh as he looked old and dusty, he thought, so out of place in this kind of establishment.

He had always loved small women. Leah was small and vivacious and dressed a year ahead of styles. No matter what happened, he'd never regret having married her.

"But this is something I should have told you before," he said.

She put her hand on his arm. "I've been perfectly happy these past six months. Whatever it was, I forgive you."

"It's not that. I'm talking about my age. I didn't think you'd marry me if you knew how old I really was. I put off telling you and figured you'd see my birth certificate at the wedding ceremony."

"I never even looked at the silly old thing."

"Well, darling, I looked at yours and felt a little guilty in marrying a young girl of twenty-three. But the fact is I'm sixty-five. I've been rejuvenated before."

"I rather suspected it when you started aging so suddenly last week," she said. "Before that you didn't look a day over thirty. But it doesn't matter."

"It's worse than that, Leah." His face worked convulsively. "I've been here twice before. This is my third trip."

"I'm too modern to act shocked, Howard. If you didn't want to tell me before, dear, it's perfectly all right."

"Look, darling!" Perspiration stood on his forehead. "You don't seem to understand. But then you never could add or subtract. Now listen carefully. Each trip clips five years off your life span."

"Everyone knows that, of course. But it's better to be young...."

"It's better to be alive than dead," he said harshly.

"But your doctors have given you a longevity span to the age of ninety."

"Suppose it was eighty, instead of ninety?"

"Oh, dear, you worry too much," she said. "Doctors don't make such mistakes."

"They can't give me a guarantee. You see, three of my ancestors died from accidents. The prediction of ninety years is based on the assumption that they would have lived a normal life-time."

"They make few guarantees. You know, all of you men are such babies at a time like this."

"Yes, but if it is eighty--then, I'll come out not a rejuvenated man, but just a handful of dust."

"Oh, that can't happen."

* * * *

"Look at it this way." He paused a moment while taking in her youthful appearance. "From now on I wouldn't look much older. Just a little grayer and perhaps more stooped. Then, I'll have what's left of my longevity plus the five years this rejuvenation would clip off."

"Why, Howard, dear." Leah sounded shocked. "You don't know what you're talking about. An aunt of mine elected that choice and it was perfectly horrible. She drooled the last few years of her life and was helpless as a baby."

"Why didn't they use Euthanasia?" he asked.

"The courts decided she wasn't capable of making a rational decision."

He wiped his forehead. "That would be a long time off, darling. We'd have so much time together in the next fifteen years."

"But what would it be like if you were crippled with arthritis or some other disease?"

"You could divorce me if that happens."

"I can also divorce you if you don't go through with rejuvenation. You know it's the law."

"You wouldn't do that." His face was more lined than ever.

"Don't be silly, dear. Nobody gets old these days. Who would remain our friends? Why, everywhere we'd go, people would point us out. Oh, no, life wouldn't be livable."

"That sounds like a cruel and calculating decision to me," Howard said. "Either I take a chance on dying or you'll divorce me."

"You have no right to make such an accusation. I married a young man who said he was thirty years old. Six months later I discover he's sixty-five. Now who's cruel and calculating?"

"Please, darling, I didn't mean it. Look," he pleaded, "I'll even sign permission for you to have a lover. There's that young fellow that's always around. Maybe it's happened already."

She stood back from him. "Howard, you're being perfectly nasty. Just like an aged person you read about."

"Five million dollars, and all of it yours when I die a natural death." He put his hands in his pockets.

* * * *

The street door opened just then and a young man came toward them with a light springy step.

He offered his hand to Howard who took it slowly. "How are you,

skipper? And you, Leah? I came as soon as I got your message."

"He's worried, Mike." Leah's face had brightened. "And now he's insisting on growing old."

"I've been through the wringer twice before, you see," Howard said in a low voice.

"I don't think you have much to worry about," Mike said. "Those medics know their business."

"Aging is a nasty process." Leah wrinkled her nose as if she smelled something offensive. "Maybe you can convince him, Mike."

"Leah is right, you know," Mike said. "A few years ago I visited the old age home. There's only one left. You'd be surprised at the amount of suffering old people go through before they die; cancer, angina, broken bones, strokes, arthritis. Rejuvenation won't work on extremely old bodies. Longevity has run out."

"Why does it have to clip off five years?" worried Howard.

"It's the old-age governor they found in the pituitary gland. They can turn it back, but the shock takes off about five years."

"Oh, I know what's in the medical articles," Howard growled. "Remember, I've been through here twice before. But the Sun was so warm this morning. It was like seeing everything for the last time. I felt like sitting down and letting everything drift."

"That's a sure sign that you really need rejuvenating," said Leah. "After it's over you'll be making me a golf widow again. Won't he, Mike?"

"Of course. He'll come out raring to go."

Howard looked from Mike to Leah and back at Mike. Age was no match for youth. If love hadn't started between them already, it would soon.

* * * * *

At the end of the long room, a door opened and two nurses entered, starched and antiseptic.

"Your room is ready, Mr. Kent," one nurse said.

Howard shuddered. "Everything is so horribly familiar. The pill to erase the worry, which doesn't work. The cart you ride on which makes you feel like a carcass. The little bump as you enter the regeneration room. Then you get a hypodermic and crawl into a long boiler tank."

"You're just nervous, dear," said Leah.

"A dismal, miasmatic cloud settles on your mind and you decide you wouldn't go through it again for anything in the world."

Mike put his arm around Leah as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "He'll be all right, my darling."

Howard looked at them and then turned wearily to the nurse. "I'm ready."

The nurse walked down the long room with the stooped man and disappeared beyond the door.

"Did you tell him about us?" asked Mike.

"Of course not. What a man doesn't know won't hurt him."

"Are you Mrs. Kent?" asked the other nurse who had remained behind.

"Yes."

"The doctor said to remind you that the fourth time is very dangerous," the nurse said. "You'll have five years and six months without it. But possibly only six months if it should be successful."

"Better take the first offer, Leah," said Mike.

Leah smiled. "I found a gray hair and a wrinkle this morning, love. Better six months of youth than a thousand years of old age."

She went into his arms. "Don't worry about what happens, love. You'll have a lot of fun in the next seventy years."

He kissed her and held her closely.

"I've got to go now," she said. "I'm so grateful you were able to get the forged birth certificate."

Her high heels tapped rapidly on the tile floor as she walked down the long room with the other nurse.

"Good luck, Mother," he called after her.

UNSUITABLE.

Project Gutenberg's *A Country Idyl and Other Stories*, by Sarah Knowles Bolton

"IT NEVER will happen," said Jane Holcomb to her sister Nancy, as they sat together before an open fire. "Justus is too bright a young man to fall in love with a woman nearly twice his own age. Think of our educating our only nephew at a most expensive college, having all our hopes centred in his future prominence, and then have him make an unsuitable marriage!"

"But we have never seen this woman he seems to love," said Nancy quietly. "Perhaps we should like her. I think she must have some admirable qualities, or Justus would never be fond of her. Besides, he is a favorite with ladies, and could marry surely a pretty girl of his own age."

Jane and Nancy Holcomb were sisters, well-to-do in the world, very necessary to each other, but not especially necessary to the rest of the community. Nancy was half an invalid, who repaid the care of her

sister with a nearly perfect affection. She would have made a lovely wife had she been married some years before.

It was fortunate that Jane had never married. Her continual worry lest a particle of dust adhere to table or chair, her constant picking up of book, or shawl, or gloves, if anything were left for a moment out of place, would have made her an annoyance to any man who wished to enjoy his home. If a picture had been painted of Jane Holcomb, it would not have been complete without a broom in her hand. There was one good servant in the house who kept things reasonably neat, but Jane was forever cleaning. If she had married, and had been the mother of children, probably she would have been less fussy, and a pleasanter woman to live with.

Both women idolized the bright nephew, Justus, who loved his aunts in the abstract, but usually kept as far away from Aunt Jane's broom as possible.

He was a handsome young fellow, cheery, cordial, earnest, sympathetic, and withal possessed of excellent common-sense. He had just graduated from a medical school, and was coming home for a visit to the aunts. Jane swept and dusted more than ever, till the carpets and furniture would have protested, if that were possible. Nancy grew fresher and better in health from the expected arrival.

Finally the young man came, and was kissed and petted as young men are apt to be by women older than themselves. Aunt Jane looked him over from head to foot. Yes, he was clean and attractive, even to her practised eye.

"Now, Justus," she said, as they were sitting by the open fire after supper, "tell your aunts about the love matter which we hear of. I think this lady is a little older than you." Jane controlled herself and became diplomatic, because a young man cannot usually be driven, but must be gently led.

"If you mean Miss Watterson—yes, she is a charming woman. She is thirty-five, just ten years older than I. I confess she attracts me more than any of the girls of my own age. She is not handsome, but very intelligent, has read widely, and is a noble woman."

"But you surely would be the subject of much remark in society if you married her. And we are so proud of you, Justus, we naturally wish you could marry rich, and some one who could help you in your profession. You know a woman can help to make her husband popular or unpopular."

"I know it, aunt; but, after all, I need the right kind of companionship when I marry. I have not decided the matter yet, and perhaps I shall grow wiser."

"You must not forget also, Justus, that as a rule a woman grows old faster than a man, or she used to. I cannot say that she does exactly in this new age, when American men are killing themselves in business, and the women are living in luxury. But when you are forty-five and in your prime, your wife will be fifty-five; and the disparity will be more apparent then than now. Besides, you will see so many attractive faces in your profession."

"That would not influence me, Aunt Jane. If I loved her once, I should

hope to be man enough to love her always. But I will wait awhile before I"—

"That is right," said Nancy; "you know we shall make you our heir, that is, sister Jane will, and we want you to be a leader socially and in your profession. You know men have such a wide sphere of influence. All our lives centre in you."

"Don't build too much upon my future, Aunt Nancy, though I will do my best."

"Do you correspond with Miss Watterson?" said Jane half hesitatingly.

"We have done so, but we have discontinued it, as I am sure she thinks the difference in our ages a possible obstacle to our future happiness."

"Well, she is a wise woman not to let a boy be captured even in accord with his own wishes. Why it is that young men so often like older women I'm sure I can't tell."

"Because they are natural and not simpering, feel an interest and dare to show it, are vivacious without flippancy, and usually well-enough read to be companionable to an educated man. You know, Aunt Jane, a man doesn't want simply a pretty face to look on forever. He must have something besides a vine nowadays."

"Well, tell us about Miss Watterson?"

"She has travelled abroad, plays delightfully, loves to do charitable work, has tact enough to know when to talk and when to be silent, likes to look well, but does not spend all her time in dress as do some whom I know, whether their fathers can afford it or not, and doesn't seem to make any especial effort to win my affections, but is thoroughly appreciative."

"Why hasn't she married before this? Been in love and been disappointed, I warrant."

"That I don't know. She has never told me. I suppose, like yourself, Aunt Jane, she hasn't found a man good enough."

Jane Holcomb smiled in a pleased kind of way at this delicate allusion to her superior judgment.

"Well, Justus, I wish you would promise me that you won't write to Miss Watterson for one year, and by that time you will probably have found some one more suitable to your age."

"I promise, but I shall be so busy with my profession that I fear no other lady will command my time."

When Justus departed Jane kissed him with not only maternal fondness, but with that woman's pride that feels she has for once circumvented an attractive woman, doubtless in love with a bright and handsome nephew.

"One year will fix matters," she said to Nancy, after Justus had gone. "Few loves can bear such a silence as that."

"I fear Justus will be lonesome," said Nancy, who still had a little

longing in her heart that the youth might have the woman of his choice, even though "unsuitable," as Jane had said. There was a touch of romance in Nancy that would have made her an interesting woman if circumstances had been permitted to develop her.

Long letters came from Justus. He was busy and successful. Jane was happy, but Nancy thought she detected a depressed feeling in the letters. He was lonely, of course. Who can enjoy the companionship of a cultivated and womanly woman and not miss it? Who that has had one sincere affection, especially if it have something of reverence in it, can readily supply its place with another?

One morning, after a year had passed, a square envelope came, and a full, kind, but decided letter. It contained cards announcing the marriage of Justus Holcomb and Miss Watterson. What society would say, what even his good aunts would say, had been weighed in the balance and been found wanting.

Jane was sadly disappointed. "Another instance of a woman's power," she said. "I never knew a woman that couldn't do what she set out to do, if a man's heart were at stake. I feared it all the while. Men will do such foolish things. I fear Justus will regret, but he is so manly he will never say so."

"But she may be better for him than a fly-away-girl," Nancy suggested. "I hope it will turn out well. We must be kind to them and write them to come to see us."

Jane set the house in order, and swept and dusted, and made herself ready for the inevitable. When the visit was made and Justus was found to be happy with a wife ten years his senior, Jane was in a measure reconciled. "It could have been worse," she said to Nancy. "She seems a very clever person."

"I like her," said Nancy; "she has a very sweet smile, and this makes even a plain face attractive. I don't believe she tried to get him, for he seems more in love than she does."

"Ah! that's a woman's skill in covering," said Jane. "But men will be foolish, I suppose, till the end of the world."

THE UNPASTURABLE FIELDS

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Thus spake the mountains: "Behold us, even us; the old ones, the grey ones, that wear the feet of Time. Time on our rocks shall break his staff and stumble: and still we shall sit majestic, even as now, hearing the sound of the sea, our old coeval sister, who nurses the bones of her children and weeps for the things she has done.

"Far, far, we stand above all things; befriending the little cities until they grow old and leave us to go among the myths.

"We are the most imperishable mountains."

And softly the clouds foregathered from far places, and crag on crag and mountain upon mountain in the likeness of Caucasus upon Himalaya came riding past the sunlight upon the backs of storms and looked down idly from their golden heights upon the crests of the mountains.

"Ye pass away," said the mountains.

And the clouds answered, as I dreamed or fancied,

"We pass away, indeed we pass away, but upon our unpasturable fields Pegasus prances. Here Pegasus gallops and browses upon song which the larks bring to him every morning from far terrestrial fields. His hoof-beats ring upon our slopes at sunrise as though our fields were of silver. And breathing the dawn-wind in dilated nostrils, with head tossed upwards and with quivering wings, he stands and stares from our tremendous heights, and snorts and sees far-future wonderful wars rage in the creases and the folds of the togas that cover the knees of the gods."

UNCLE JIM AND UNCLE BILLY

By BRET HARTE

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They were partners. The avuncular title was bestowed on them by Cedar Camp, possibly in recognition of a certain matured good humor, quite distinct from the spasmodic exuberant spirits of its other members, and possibly from what, to its youthful sense, seemed their advanced ages--which must have been at least forty! They had also set habits even in their improvidence, lost incalculable and unpayable sums to each other over euchre regularly every evening, and inspected their sluice-boxes punctually every Saturday for repairs--which they never made. They even got to resemble each other, after the fashion of old married couples, or, rather, as in matrimonial partnerships, were subject to the domination of the stronger character; although in their case it is to be feared that it was the feminine Uncle Billy--enthusiastic, imaginative, and loquacious--who swayed the masculine, steady-going, and practical Uncle Jim. They had lived in the camp since its foundation in 1849; there seemed to be no reason why they should not remain there until its inevitable evolution into a mining-town. The younger members might leave through restless ambition or a desire for change or novelty; they were subject to no such trifling mutation. Yet Cedar Camp was surprised one day to hear that Uncle Billy was going away.

The rain was softly falling on the bark thatch of the cabin with a muffled murmur, like a sound heard through sleep. The southwest trades were warm even at that altitude, as the open door testified, although a fire of pine bark was flickering on the adobe hearth and striking out answering fires from the freshly scoured culinary utensils on the rude

sideboard, which Uncle Jim had cleaned that morning with his usual serious persistency. Their best clothes, which were interchangeable and worn alternately by each other on festal occasions, hung on the walls, which were covered with a coarse sailcloth canvas instead of lath-and-plaster, and were diversified by pictures from illustrated papers and stains from the exterior weather. Two "bunks," like ships' berths,--an upper and lower one,--occupied the gable-end of this single apartment, and on beds of coarse sacking, filled with dry moss, were carefully rolled their respective blankets and pillows. They were the only articles not used in common, and whose individuality was respected.

Uncle Jim, who had been sitting before the fire, rose as the square bulk of his partner appeared at the doorway with an armful of wood for the evening stove. By that sign he knew it was nine o'clock: for the last six years Uncle Billy had regularly brought in the wood at that hour, and Uncle Jim had as regularly closed the door after him, and set out their single table, containing a greasy pack of cards taken from its drawer, a bottle of whiskey, and two tin drinking-cups. To this was added a ragged memorandum-book and a stick of pencil. The two men drew their stools to the table.

"Hol' on a minit," said Uncle Billy.

His partner laid down the cards as Uncle Billy extracted from his pocket a pill-box, and, opening it, gravely took a pill. This was clearly an innovation on their regular proceedings, for Uncle Billy was always in perfect health.

"What's this for?" asked Uncle Jim half scornfully.

"Agin ager."

"You ain't got no ager," said Uncle Jim, with the assurance of intimate cognizance of his partner's physical condition.

"But it's a pow'ful preventive! Quinine! Saw this box at Riley's store, and laid out a quarter on it. We kin keep it here, comfortable, for evenings. It's mighty soothin' arter a man's done a hard day's work on the river-bar. Take one."

Uncle Jim gravely took a pill and swallowed it, and handed the box back to his partner.

"We'll leave it on the table, sociable like, in case any of the boys come in," said Uncle Billy, taking up the cards. "Well. How de we stand?"

Uncle Jim consulted the memorandum-book. "You were owin' me sixty-two thousand dollars on the last game, and the limit's seventy-five thousand!"

"Je whillikins!" ejaculated Uncle Billy. "Let me see."

He examined the book, feebly attempted to challenge the additions, but with no effect on the total. "We oughter hev made the limit a hundred thousand," he said seriously; "seventy-five thousand is only triflin' in a game like ours. And you've set down my claim at Angel's?" he continued.

"I allowed you ten thousand dollars for that," said Uncle Jim, with equal gravity, "and it's a fancy price too."

The claim in question being an unprospected hillside ten miles distant, which Uncle Jim had never seen, and Uncle Billy had not visited for years, the statement was probably true; nevertheless, Uncle Billy retorted:--

"Ye kin never tell how these things will pan out. Why, only this mornin' I was taking a turn round Shot Up Hill, that ye know is just rotten with quartz and gold, and I couldn't help thinkin' how much it was like my ole claim at Angel's. I must take a day off to go on there and strike a pick in it, if only for luck."

Suddenly he paused and said, "Strange, ain't it, you should speak of it to-night? Now I call that queer!"

He laid down his cards and gazed mysteriously at his companion. Uncle Jim knew perfectly that Uncle Billy had regularly once a week for many years declared his final determination to go over to Angel's and prospect his claim, yet nevertheless he half responded to his partner's suggestion of mystery, and a look of fatuous wonder crept into his eyes. But he contented himself by saying cautiously, "You spoke of it first."

"That's the more sing'lar," said Uncle Billy confidently. "And I've been thinking about it, and kinder seeing myself thar all day. It's mighty queer!" He got up and began to rummage among some torn and coverless books in the corner.

"Where's that 'Dream Book' gone to?"

"The Carson boys borrowed it," replied Uncle Jim.

"Anyhow, yours wasn't no dream--only a kind o' vision, and the book don't take no stock in visions." Nevertheless, he watched his partner with some sympathy, and added, "That reminds me that I had a dream the other night of being in 'Frisco at a small hotel, with heaps o' money, and all the time being sort o' scared and bewildered over it."

"No?" queried his partner eagerly yet reproachfully. "You never let on anything about it to me! It's mighty queer you havin' these strange feelin's, for I've had 'em myself. And only to-night, comin' up from the spring, I saw two crows hopping in the trail, and I says, 'If I see another, it's luck, sure!' And you'll think I'm lyin', but when I went to the wood-pile just now there was the third one sittin' up on a log as plain as I see you. Tell 'e what folks ken laugh--but that's just what Jim Filgee saw the night before he made the big strike!"

They were both smiling, yet with an underlying credulity and seriousness as singularly pathetic as it seemed incongruous to their years and intelligence. Small wonder, however, that in their occupation and environment--living daily in an atmosphere of hope, expectation, and chance, looking forward each morning to the blind stroke of a pick that might bring fortune--they should see signs in nature and hear mystic voices in the trackless woods that surrounded them. Still less strange that they were peculiarly susceptible to the more recognized diversions of chance, and were gamblers on the turning of a card who trusted to the revelation of a shovelful of upturned

earth.

It was quite natural, therefore, that they should return from their abstract form of divination to the table and their cards. But they were scarcely seated before they heard a crackling step in the brush outside, and the free latch of their door was lifted. A younger member of the camp entered. He uttered a peevish "Halloo!" which might have passed for a greeting, or might have been a slight protest at finding the door closed, drew the stool from which Uncle Jim had just risen before the fire, shook his wet clothes like a Newfoundland dog, and sat down. Yet he was by no means churlish nor coarse-looking, and this act was rather one of easy-going, selfish, youthful familiarity than of rudeness. The cabin of Uncles Billy and Jim was considered a public right or "common" of the camp. Conferences between individual miners were appointed there. "I'll meet you at Uncle Billy's" was a common tryst. Added to this was a tacit claim upon the partners' arbitratative powers, or the equal right to request them to step outside if the interviews were of a private nature. Yet there was never any objection on the part of the partners, and to-night there was not a shadow of resentment of this intrusion in the patient, good-humored, tolerant eyes of Uncles Jim and Billy as they gazed at their guest. Perhaps there was a slight gleam of relief in Uncle Jim's when he found that the guest was unaccompanied by any one, and that it was not a tryst. It would have been unpleasant for the two partners to have stayed out in the rain while their guests were exchanging private confidences in their cabin. While there might have been no limit to their good will, there might have been some to their capacity for exposure.

Uncle Jim drew a huge log from beside the hearth and sat on the driest end of it, while their guest occupied the stool. The young man, without turning away from his discontented, peevish brooding over the fire, vaguely reached backward for the whiskey-bottle and Uncle Billy's tin cup, to which he was assisted by the latter's hospitable hand. But on setting down the cup his eye caught sight of the pill-box.

"Wot's that?" he said, with gloomy scorn. "Rat poison?"

"Quinine pills--agin ager," said Uncle Jim. "The newest thing out. Keeps out damp like Injin-rubber! Take one to follow yer whiskey. Me and Uncle Billy wouldn't think o' settin' down, quiet like, in the evening arter work, without 'em. Take one--ye'r welcome! We keep 'em out here for the boys."

Accustomed as the partners were to adopt and wear each other's opinions before folks, as they did each other's clothing, Uncle Billy was, nevertheless, astonished and delighted at Uncle Jim's enthusiasm over his pills. The guest took one and swallowed it.

"Mighty bitter!" he said, glancing at his hosts with the quick Californian suspicion of some practical joke. But the honest faces of the partners reassured him.

"That bitterness ye taste," said Uncle Jim quickly, "is whar the thing's gittin' in its work. Sorter sickenin' the malaria--and kinder water-prooffin' the insides all to onct and at the same lick! Don't yer see? Put another in yer vest pocket; you'll be cryin' for 'em like a child afore ye get home. Thar! Well, how's things agoin' on your claim, Dick? Boomin', eh?"

The guest raised his head and turned it sufficiently to fling his answer back over his shoulder at his hosts. "I don't know what you'd call 'boomin','" he said gloomily; "I suppose you two men sitting here comfortably by the fire, without caring whether school keeps or not, would call two feet of backwater over one's claim 'boomin';" I reckon you'd consider a hundred and fifty feet of sluicing carried away, and drifting to thunder down the South Fork, something in the way of advertising to your old camp! I suppose you'd think it was an inducement to investors! I shouldn't wonder," he added still more gloomily, as a sudden dash of rain down the wide-throated chimney dropped in his tin cup--"and it would be just like you two chaps, sittin' there gormandizing over your quinine--if yer said this rain that's lasted three weeks was something to be proud of!"

It was the cheerful and the satisfying custom of the rest of the camp, for no reason whatever, to hold Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy responsible for its present location, its vicissitudes, the weather, or any convulsion of nature; and it was equally the partners' habit, for no reason whatever, to accept these animadversions and apologize.

"It's a rain that's soft and mellowin'," said Uncle Billy gently, "and supplin' to the sinews and muscles. Did ye ever notice, Jim"--ostentatiously to his partner--"did ye ever notice that you get inter a kind o' sweaty lather workin' in it? Sorter openin' to the pores!"

"Fetches 'em every time," said Uncle Billy. "Better nor fancy soap."

Their guest laughed bitterly. "Well, I'm going to leave it to you. I reckon to cut the whole concern to-morrow, and 'lite' out for something new. It can't be worse than this."

The two partners looked grieved, albeit they were accustomed to these outbursts. Everybody who thought of going away from Cedar Camp used it first as a threat to these patient men, after the fashion of runaway nephews, or made an exemplary scene of their going.

"Better think twice afore ye go," said Uncle Billy.

"I've seen worse weather afore ye came," said Uncle Jim slowly. "Water all over the Bar; the mud so deep ye couldn't get to Angel's for a sack o' flour, and we had to grub on pine nuts and jackass-rabbits. And yet--we stuck by the camp, and here we are!"

The mild answer apparently goaded their guest to fury. He rose from his seat, threw back his long dripping hair from his handsome but querulous face, and scattered a few drops on the partners. "Yes, that's just it. That's what gets me! Here you stick, and here you are! And here you'll stick and rust until you starve or drown! Here you are,--two men who ought to be out in the world, playing your part as grown men,---stuck here like children 'playing house' in the woods; playing work in your wretched mud-pie ditches, and content. Two men not so old that you mightn't be taking your part in the fun of the world, going to balls or theatres, or paying attention to girls, and yet old enough to have married and have your families around you, content to stay in this God-forsaken place; old bachelors, pigging together like poor-house paupers. That's what gets me! Say you like it? Say you expect by hanging on to make a strike--and what does that amount to? What are your chances? How many of us have made, or

are making, more than grub wages? Say you're willing to share and share alike as you do--have you got enough for two? Aren't you actually living off each other? Aren't you grinding each other down, choking each other's struggles, as you sink together deeper and deeper in the mud of this cussed camp? And while you're doing this, aren't you, by your age and position here, holding out hopes to others that you know cannot be fulfilled?"

Accustomed as they were to the half-querulous, half-humorous, but always extravagant, criticism of the others, there was something so new in this arraignment of themselves that the partners for a moment sat silent. There was a slight flush on Uncle Billy's cheek, there was a slight paleness on Uncle Jim's. He was the first to reply. But he did so with a certain dignity which neither his partner nor their guest had ever seen on his face before.

"As it's our fire that's warmed ye up like this, Dick Bullen," he said, slowly rising, with his hand resting on Uncle Billy's shoulder, "and as it's our whiskey that's loosened your tongue, I reckon we must put up with what ye'r' saying, just as we've managed to put up with our own way o' living, and not quo'll with ye under our own roof."

The young fellow saw the change in Uncle Jim's face and quickly extended his hand, with an apologetic backward shake of his long hair. "Hang it all, old man," he said, with a laugh of mingled contrition and amusement, "you mustn't mind what I said just now. I've been so worried thinking of things about myself and, maybe, a little about you, that I quite forgot I hadn't a call to preach to anybody--least of all to you. So we part friends, Uncle Jim, and you too, Uncle Billy, and you'll forget what I said. In fact, I don't know why I spoke at all--only I was passing your claim just now, and wondering how much longer your old sluice-boxes would hold out, and where in thunder you'd get others when they caved in! I reckon that sent me off. That's all, old chap!"

Uncle Billy's face broke into a beaming smile of relief, and it was his hand that first grasped his guest's; Uncle Jim quickly followed with as honest a pressure, but with eyes that did not seem to be looking at Bullen, though all trace of resentment had died out of them. He walked to the door with him, again shook hands, but remained looking out in the darkness some time after Dick Bullen's tangled hair and broad shoulders had disappeared.

Meantime, Uncle Billy had resumed his seat and was chuckling and reminiscent as he cleaned out his pipe.

"Kinder reminds me of Jo Sharp, when he was cleaned out at poker by his own partners in his own cabin, comin' up here and bedevilin' us about it! What was it you lint him?"

But Uncle Jim did not reply; and Uncle Billy, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them, smiling vaguely, yet at the same time somewhat painfully. "Arter all, Dick was mighty cut up about what he said, and I felt kinder sorry for him. And, you know, I rather cotton to a man that speaks his mind. Sorter clears him out, you know, of all the slumgullion that's in him. It's just like washin' out a pan o' prospecting: you pour in the water, and keep slushing it round and round, and out comes first the mud and dirt, and then the gravel, and then the black sand, and then--it's all out, and there's a speck o'

gold glistenin' at the bottom!"

"Then you think there _was_ suthin' in what he said?" said Uncle Jim, facing about slowly.

An odd tone in his voice made Uncle Billy look up. "No," he said quickly, shying with the instinct of an easy pleasure-loving nature from a possible grave situation. "No, I don't think he ever got the color! But wot are ye moonin' about for? Ain't ye goin' to play? It's mor' 'n half past nine now."

Thus adjured, Uncle Jim moved up to the table and sat down, while Uncle Billy dealt the cards, turning up the Jack or right bower--but _without_ that exclamation of delight which always accompanied his good fortune, nor did Uncle Jim respond with the usual corresponding simulation of deep disgust. Such a circumstance had not occurred before in the history of their partnership. They both played in silence--a silence only interrupted by a larger splash of raindrops down the chimney.

"We orter put a couple of stones on the chimney-top, edgewise, like Jack Curtis does. It keeps out the rain without interferin' with the draft," said Uncle Billy musingly.

"What's the use if"--

"If what?" said Uncle Billy quietly.

"If we don't make it broader," said Uncle Jim half wearily.

They both stared at the chimney, but Uncle Jim's eye followed the wall around to the bunks. There were many discolorations on the canvas, and a picture of the Goddess of Liberty from an illustrated paper had broken out in a kind of damp, measly eruption. "I'll stick that funny handbill of the 'Washin' Soda' I got at the grocery store the other day right over the Liberty gal. It's a mighty perty woman washin' with short sleeves," said Uncle Billy. "That's the comfort of them picters, you kin always get somethin' new, and it adds thickness to the wall."

Uncle Jim went back to the cards in silence. After a moment he rose again, and hung his overcoat against the door.

"Wind's comin' in," he said briefly.

"Yes," said Uncle Billy cheerfully, "but it wouldn't seem nat'ral if there wasn't that crack in the door to let the sunlight in o' mornin's. Makes a kind o' sundial, you know. When the streak o' light's in that corner, I says 'six o'clock!' when it's across the chimney I say 'seven!' and so 'tis!"

It certainly had grown chilly, and the wind was rising. The candle guttered and flickered; the embers on the hearth brightened occasionally, as if trying to dispel the gathering shadows, but always ineffectually. The game was frequently interrupted by the necessity of stirring the fire. After an interval of gloom, in which each partner successively drew the candle to his side to examine his cards, Uncle Jim said:--

"Say?"

"Well!" responded Uncle Billy.

"Are you sure you saw that third crow on the wood-pile?"

"Sure as I see you now--and a darned sight plainer. Why?"

"Nothin', I was just thinkin'. Look here! How do we stand now?"

Uncle Billy was still losing. "Nevertheless," he said cheerfully, "I'm owin' you a matter of sixty thousand dollars."

Uncle Jim examined the book abstractedly. "Suppose," he said slowly, but without looking at his partner, "suppose, as it's gettin' late now, we play for my half share of the claim agin the limit--seventy thousand--to square up."

"Your half share!" repeated Uncle Billy, with amused incredulity.

"My half share of the claim,--of this yer house, you know,--one-half of all that Dick Bullen calls our rotten starvation property," reiterated Uncle Jim, with a half smile.

Uncle Billy laughed. It was a novel idea; it was, of course, "all in the air," like the rest of their game, yet even then he had an odd feeling that he would have liked Dick Bullen to have known it. "Wade in, old pard," he said. "I'm on it."

Uncle Jim lit another candle to reinforce the fading light, and the deal fell to Uncle Billy. He turned up Jack of clubs. He also turned a little redder as he took up his cards, looked at them, and glanced hastily at his partner. "It's no use playing," he said. "Look here!" He laid down his cards on the table. They were the ace, king and queen of clubs, and Jack of spades,--or left bower,--which, with the turned-up Jack of clubs,--or right bower,--comprised all the winning cards!

"By jingo! If we'd been playin' fourhanded, say you an' me agin some other ducks, we'd have made 'four' in that deal, and h'isted some money--eh?" and his eyes sparkled. Uncle Jim, also, had a slight tremulous light in his own.

"Oh no! I didn't see no three crows this afternoon," added Uncle Billy gleefully, as his partner, in turn, began to shuffle the cards with laborious and conscientious exactitude. Then dealing, he turned up a heart for trumps. Uncle Billy took up his cards one by one, but when he had finished his face had become as pale as it had been red before. "What's the matter?" said Uncle Jim quickly, his own face growing white.

Uncle Billy slowly and with breathless awe laid down his cards, face up on the table. It was exactly the same sequence in hearts, with the knave of diamonds added. He could again take every trick.

They stared at each other with vacant faces and a half-drawn smile of fear. They could hear the wind moaning in the trees beyond; there was a sudden rattling at the door. Uncle Billy started to his feet, but Uncle Jim caught his arm. "Don't leave the cards! It's only the wind; sit down," he said in a low awe-hushed voice, "it's your deal; you were two before, and two now, that makes you four; you've only one

point to make to win the game. Go on."

They both poured out a cup of whiskey, smiling vaguely, yet with a certain terror in their eyes. Their hands were cold; the cards slipped from Uncle Billy's benumbed fingers; when he had shuffled them he passed them to his partner to shuffle them also, but did not speak. When Uncle Jim had shuffled them methodically he handed them back fatefully to his partner. Uncle Billy dealt them with a trembling hand. He turned up a club. "If you are sure of these tricks you know you've won," said Uncle Jim in a voice that was scarcely audible. Uncle Billy did not reply, but tremulously laid down the ace and right and left bowers.

He had won!

A feeling of relief came over each, and they laughed hysterically and discordantly. Ridiculous and childish as their contest might have seemed to a looker-on, to each the tension had been as great as that of the greatest gambler, without the gambler's trained restraint, coolness, and composure. Uncle Billy nervously took up the cards again.

"Don't," said Uncle Jim gravely; "it's no use--the luck's gone now."

"Just one more deal," pleaded his partner.

Uncle Jim looked at the fire, Uncle Billy hastily dealt, and threw the two hands face up on the table. They were the ordinary average cards. He dealt again, with the same result. "I told you so," said Uncle Jim, without looking up.

It certainly seemed a tame performance after their wonderful hands, and after another trial Uncle Billy threw the cards aside and drew his stool before the fire. "Mighty queer, warn't it?" he said, with reminiscent awe. "Three times running. Do you know, I felt a kind o' creepy feelin' down my back all the time. Criky! what luck! None of the boys would believe it if we told 'em--least of all that Dick Bullen, who don't believe in luck, anyway. Wonder what he'd have said! and, Lord! how he'd have looked! Wall! what are you starin' so for?"

Uncle Jim had faced around, and was gazing at Uncle Billy's good-humored, simple face. "Nothin'!" he said briefly, and his eyes again sought the fire.

"Then don't look as if you was seein' suthin'--you give me the creeps," returned Uncle Billy a little petulantly. "Let's turn in, afore the fire goes out!"

The fateful cards were put back into the drawer, the table shoved against the wall. The operation of undressing was quickly got over, the clothes they wore being put on top of their blankets. Uncle Billy yawned, "I wonder what kind of a dream I'll have to-night--it oughter be suthin' to explain that luck." This was his "good-night" to his partner. In a few moments he was sound asleep.

Not so Uncle Jim. He heard the wind gradually go down, and in the oppressive silence that followed could detect the deep breathing of his companion and the far-off yelp of a coyote. His eyesight becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness, broken only by the scintillation of the dying embers of their fire, he could take in every detail of their

sordid cabin and the rude environment in which they had lived so long. The dismal patches on the bark roof, the wretched makeshifts of each day, the dreary prolongation of discomfort, were all plain to him now, without the sanguine hope that had made them bearable. And when he shut his eyes upon them, it was only to travel in fancy down the steep mountain side that he had trodden so often to the dreary claim on the overflowed river, to the heaps of "tailings" that encumbered it, like empty shells of the hollow, profitless days spent there, which they were always waiting for the stroke of good fortune to clear away. He saw again the rotten "sluicing," through whose hopeless rifts and holes even their scant daily earnings had become scantier. At last he arose, and with infinite gentleness let himself down from his berth without disturbing his sleeping partner, and wrapping himself in his blanket, went to the door, which he noiselessly opened. From the position of a few stars that were glittering in the northern sky he knew that it was yet scarcely midnight; there were still long, restless hours before the day! In the feverish state into which he had gradually worked himself it seemed to him impossible to wait the coming of the dawn.

But he was mistaken. For even as he stood there all nature seemed to invade his humble cabin with its free and fragrant breath, and invest him with its great companionship. He felt again, in that breath, that strange sense of freedom, that mystic touch of partnership with the birds and beasts, the shrubs and trees, in this greater home before him. It was this vague communion that had kept him there, that still held these world-sick, weary workers in their rude cabins on the slopes around him; and he felt upon his brow that balm that had nightly lulled him and them to sleep and forgetfulness. He closed the door, turned away, crept as noiselessly as before into his bunk again, and presently fell into a profound slumber.

But when Uncle Billy awoke the next morning he saw it was late; for the sun, piercing the crack of the closed door, was sending a pencil of light across the cold hearth, like a match to rekindle its dead embers. His first thought was of his strange luck the night before, and of disappointment that he had not had the dream of divination that he had looked for. He sprang to the floor, but as he stood upright his glance fell on Uncle Jim's bunk. It was empty. Not only that, but his _blankets_--Uncle Jim's own particular blankets--_were gone_!

A sudden revelation of his partner's manner the night before struck him now with the cruelty of a blow; a sudden intelligence, perhaps the very divination he had sought, flashed upon him like lightning! He glanced wildly around the cabin. The table was drawn out from the wall a little ostentatiously, as if to catch his eye. On it was lying the stained chamois-skin purse in which they had kept the few grains of gold remaining from their last week's "clean up." The grains had been carefully divided, and half had been taken! But near it lay the little memorandum-book, open, with the stick of pencil lying across it. A deep line was drawn across the page on which was recorded their imaginary extravagant gains and losses, even to the entry of Uncle Jim's half share of the claim which he had risked and lost! Underneath were hurriedly scrawled the words:--

"Settled by _your_ luck, last night, old pard.--James Foster."

It was nearly a month before Cedar Camp was convinced that Uncle Billy and Uncle Jim had dissolved partnership. Pride had prevented Uncle

Billy from revealing his suspicions of the truth, or of relating the events that preceded Uncle Jim's clandestine flight, and Dick Bullen had gone to Sacramento by stage-coach the same morning. He briefly gave out that his partner had been called to San Francisco on important business of their own, that indeed might necessitate his own removal there later. In this he was singularly assisted by a letter from the absent Jim, dated at San Francisco, begging him not to be anxious about his success, as he had hopes of presently entering a profitable business, but with no further allusions to his precipitate departure, nor any suggestion of a reason for it. For two or three days Uncle Billy was staggered and bewildered; in his profound simplicity he wondered if his extraordinary good fortune that night had made him deaf to some explanation of his partner's, or, more terrible, if he had shown some "low" and incredible intimation of taking his partner's extravagant bet as real and binding. In this distress he wrote to Uncle Jim an appealing and apologetic letter, albeit somewhat incoherent and inaccurate, and bristling with misspelling, camp slang, and old partnership jibes. But to this elaborate epistle he received only Uncle Jim's repeated assurances of his own bright prospects, and his hopes that his old partner would be more fortunate, single-handed, on the old claim. For a whole week or two Uncle Billy sulked, but his invincible optimism and good humor got the better of him, and he thought only of his old partner's good fortune. He wrote him regularly, but always to one address--a box at the San Francisco post-office, which to the simple-minded Uncle Billy suggested a certain official importance. To these letters Uncle Jim responded regularly but briefly.

From a certain intuitive pride in his partner and his affection, Uncle Billy did not show these letters openly to the camp, although he spoke freely of his former partner's promising future, and even read them short extracts. It is needless to say that the camp did not accept Uncle Billy's story with unsuspecting confidence. On the contrary, a hundred surmises, humorous or serious, but always extravagant, were afloat in Cedar Camp. The partners had quarreled over their clothes--Uncle Jim, who was taller than Uncle Billy, had refused to wear his partner's trousers. They had quarreled over cards--Uncle Jim had discovered that Uncle Billy was in possession of a "cold deck," or marked pack. They had quarreled over Uncle Billy's carelessness in grinding up half a box of "bilious pills" in the morning's coffee. A gloomily imaginative mule-driver had darkly suggested that, as no one had really seen Uncle Jim leave the camp, he was still there, and his bones would yet be found in one of the ditches; while a still more credulous miner averred that what he had thought was the cry of a screech-owl the night previous to Uncle Jim's disappearance, might have been the agonized utterance of that murdered man. It was highly characteristic of that camp--and, indeed, of others in California--that nobody, not even the ingenious theorists themselves, believed their story, and that no one took the slightest pains to verify or disprove it. Happily, Uncle Billy never knew it, and moved all unconsciously in this atmosphere of burlesque suspicion. And then a singular change took place in the attitude of the camp towards him and the disrupted partnership. Hitherto, for no reason whatever, all had agreed to put the blame upon Billy--possibly because he was present to receive it. As days passed that slight reticence and dejection in his manner, which they had at first attributed to remorse and a guilty conscience, now began to tell as absurdly in his favor. Here was poor Uncle Billy toiling through the ditches, while his selfish partner was lolling in the lap of luxury in San Francisco! Uncle Billy's glowing accounts of

Uncle Jim's success only contributed to the sympathy now fully given in his behalf and their execration of the absconding partner. It was proposed at Bigg's store that a letter expressing the indignation of the camp over his heartless conduct to his late partner, William Fall, should be forwarded to him. Condolences were offered to Uncle Billy, and uncouth attempts were made to cheer his loneliness. A procession of half a dozen men twice a week to his cabin, carrying their own whiskey and winding up with a "stag dance" before the premises, was sufficient to lighten his eclipsed gayety and remind him of a happier past. "Surprise" working parties visited his claim with spasmodic essays towards helping him, and great good humor and hilarity prevailed. It was not an unusual thing for an honest miner to arise from an idle gathering in some cabin and excuse himself with the remark that he "reckoned he'd put in an hour's work in Uncle Billy's tailings!" And yet, as before, it was very improbable if any of these reckless benefactors really believed in their own earnestness or in the gravity of the situation. Indeed, a kind of hopeful cynicism ran through their performances. "Like as not, Uncle Billy is still in 'cahoots' (i.e., shares) with his old pard, and is just laughin' at us as he's sendin' him accounts of our tomfoolin'."

And so the winter passed and the rains, and the days of cloudless skies and chill starlit nights began. There were still freshets from the snow reservoirs piled high in the Sierran passes, and the Bar was flooded, but that passed too, and only the sunshine remained.

Monotonous as the seasons were, there was a faint movement in the camp with the stirring of the sap in the pines and cedars. And then, one day, there was a strange excitement on the Bar. Men were seen running hither and thither, but mainly gathering in a crowd on Uncle Billy's claim, that still retained the old partners' names in "The Fall and Foster." To add to the excitement; there was the quickly repeated report of a revolver, to all appearance aimlessly exploded in the air by some one on the outskirts of the assemblage. As the crowd opened, Uncle Billy appeared, pale, hysterical, breathless, and staggering a little under the back-slapping and hand-shaking of the whole camp. For Uncle Billy had "struck it rich"--had just discovered a "pocket," roughly estimated to be worth fifteen thousand dollars!

Although in that supreme moment he missed the face of his old partner, he could not help seeing the unaffected delight and happiness shining in the eyes of all who surrounded him. It was characteristic of that sanguine but uncertain life that success and good fortune brought no jealousy nor envy to the unfortunate, but was rather a promise and prophecy of the fulfillment of their own hopes. The gold was there--Nature but yielded up her secret. There was no prescribed limit to her bounty. So strong was this conviction that a long-suffering but still hopeful miner, in the enthusiasm of the moment, stooped down and patted a large boulder with the apostrophic "Good old gal!"

Then followed a night of jubilee, a next morning of hurried consultation with a mining expert and speculator lured to the camp by the good tidings; and then the very next night--to the utter astonishment of Cedar Camp--Uncle Billy, with a draft for twenty thousand dollars in his pocket, started for San Francisco, and took leave of his claim and the camp forever!

* * * * *

When Uncle Billy landed at the wharves of San Francisco he was a little

bewildered. The Golden Gate beyond was obliterated by the incoming sea-fog, which had also roofed in the whole city, and lights already glittered along the gray streets that climbed the grayer sand-hills. As a Western man, brought up by inland rivers, he was fascinated and thrilled by the tall-masted sea-going ships, and he felt a strange sense of the remoter mysterious ocean, which he had never seen. But he was impressed and startled by smartly dressed men and women, the passing of carriages, and a sudden conviction that he was strange and foreign to what he saw. It had been his cherished intention to call upon his old partner in his working clothes, and then clap down on the table before him a draft for ten thousand dollars as his share of their old claim. But in the face of these brilliant strangers a sudden and unexpected timidity came upon him. He had heard of a cheap popular hotel, much frequented by the returning gold-miner, who entered its hospitable doors--which held an easy access to shops--and emerged in a few hours a gorgeous butterfly of fashion, leaving his old chrysalis behind him. Thence he inquired his way; hence he afterwards issued in garments glaringly new and ill fitting. But he had not sacrificed his beard, and there was still something fine and original in his handsome weak face that overcame the cheap convention of his clothes. Making his way to the post-office, he was again discomfited by the great size of the building, and bewildered by the array of little square letter-boxes behind glass which occupied one whole wall, and an equal number of opaque and locked wooden ones legibly numbered. His heart leaped; he remembered the number, and before him was a window with a clerk behind it. Uncle Billy leaned forward.

"Kin you tell me if the man that box 690 b'longs to is in?"

The clerk stared, made him repeat the question, and then turned away. But he returned almost instantly, with two or three grinning heads besides his own, apparently set behind his shoulders. Uncle Billy was again asked to repeat his question. He did so.

"Why don't you go and see if 690 is in the box?" said the first clerk, turning with affected asperity to one of the others.

The clerk went away, returned, and said with singular gravity, "He was there a moment ago, but he's gone out to stretch his legs. It's rather crampin' at first; and he can't stand it more than ten hours at a time, you know."

But simplicity has its limits. Uncle Billy had already guessed his real error in believing his partner was officially connected with the building; his cheek had flushed and then paled again. The pupils of his blue eyes had contracted into suggestive black points. "Ef you'll let me in at that winder, young fellers," he said, with equal gravity, "I'll show yer how I kin make you small enough to go in a box without crampin'! But I only wanted to know where Jim Foster lived."

At which the first clerk became perfunctory again, but civil. "A letter left in his box would get you that information," he said, "and here's paper and pencil to write it now."

Uncle Billy took the paper and began to write, "Just got here. Come and see me at"-- He paused. A brilliant idea had struck him; he could impress both his old partner and the upstarts at the window; he would put in the name of the latest "swell" hotel in San Francisco, said to be a fairy dream of opulence. He added "The Oriental," and without

folding the paper shoved it in the window.

"Don't you want an envelope?" asked the clerk.

"Put a stamp on the corner of it," responded Uncle Billy, laying down a coin, "and she'll go through." The clerk smiled, but affixed the stamp, and Uncle Billy turned away.

But it was a short-lived triumph. The disappointment at finding Uncle Jim's address conveyed no idea of his habitation seemed to remove him farther away, and lose his identity in the great city. Besides, he must now make good his own address, and seek rooms at the Oriental. He went thither. The furniture and decorations, even in these early days of hotel-building in San Francisco, were extravagant and overstrained, and Uncle Billy felt lost and lonely in his strange surroundings. But he took a handsome suite of rooms, paid for them in advance on the spot, and then, half frightened, walked out of them to ramble vaguely through the city in the feverish hope of meeting his old partner. At night his inquietude increased; he could not face the long row of tables in the pillared dining-room, filled with smartly dressed men and women; he evaded his bedroom, with its brocaded satin chairs and its gilt bedstead, and fled to his modest lodgings at the Good Cheer House, and appeased his hunger at its cheap restaurant, in the company of retired miners and freshly arrived Eastern emigrants. Two or three days passed thus in this quaint double existence. Three or four times a day he would enter the gorgeous Oriental with affected ease and carelessness, demand his key from the hotel-clerk, ask for the letter that did not come, go to his room, gaze vaguely from his window on the passing crowd below for the partner he could not find, and then return to the Good Cheer House for rest and sustenance. On the fourth day he received a short note from Uncle Jim; it was couched in his usual sanguine but brief and business-like style. He was very sorry, but important and profitable business took him out of town, but he trusted to return soon and welcome his old partner. He was also, for the first time, jocose, and hoped that Uncle Billy would not "see all the sights" before he, Uncle Jim, returned. Disappointing as this procrastination was to Uncle Billy, a gleam of hope irradiated it: the letter had bridged over that gulf which seemed to yawn between them at the post-office. His old partner had accepted his visit to San Francisco without question, and had alluded to a renewal of their old intimacy. For Uncle Billy, with all his trustful simplicity, had been tortured by two harrowing doubts: one, whether Uncle Jim in his new-fledged smartness as a "city" man--such as he saw in the streets--would care for his rough companionship; the other, whether he, Uncle Billy, ought not to tell him at once of his changed fortune. But, like all weak, unreasoning men, he clung desperately to a detail--he could not forego his old idea of astounding Uncle Jim by giving him his share of the "strike" as his first intimation of it, and he doubted, with more reason perhaps, if Jim would see him after he had heard of his good fortune. For Uncle Billy had still a frightened recollection of Uncle Jim's sudden stroke for independence, and that rigid punctiliousness which had made him doggedly accept the responsibility of his extravagant stake at euchre.

With a view of educating himself for Uncle Jim's company, he "saw the sights" of San Francisco--as an over-grown and somewhat stupid child might have seen them--with great curiosity, but little contamination or corruption. But I think he was chiefly pleased with watching the arrival of the Sacramento and Stockton steamers at the wharves, in the

hope of discovering his old partner among the passengers on the gang-plank. Here, with his old superstitious tendency and gambler's instinct, he would augur great success in his search that day if any one of the passengers bore the least resemblance to Uncle Jim, if a man or woman stepped off first, or if he met a single person's questioning eye. Indeed, this got to be the real occupation of the day, which he would on no account have omitted, and to a certain extent revived each day in his mind the morning's work of their old partnership. He would say to himself, "It's time to go and look up Jim," and put off what he was pleased to think were his pleasures until this act of duty was accomplished.

In this singleness of purpose he made very few and no entangling acquaintances, nor did he impart to any one the secret of his fortune, loyally reserving it for his partner's first knowledge. To a man of his natural frankness and simplicity this was a great trial, and was, perhaps, a crucial test of his devotion. When he gave up his rooms at the Oriental--as not necessary after his partner's absence--he sent a letter, with his humble address, to the mysterious lock-box of his partner without fear or false shame. He would explain it all when they met. But he sometimes treated unlucky and returning miners to a dinner and a visit to the gallery of some theatre. Yet while he had an active sympathy with and understanding of the humblest, Uncle Billy, who for many years had done his own and his partner's washing, scrubbing, mending, and cooking, and saw no degradation in it, was somewhat inconsistently irritated by menial functions in men, and although he gave extravagantly to waiters, and threw a dollar to the crossing-sweeper, there was always a certain shy avoidance of them in his manner. Coming from the theatre one night Uncle Billy was, however, seriously concerned by one of these crossing-sweepers turning hastily before them and being knocked down by a passing carriage. The man rose and limped hurriedly away; but Uncle Billy was amazed and still more irritated to hear from his companion that this kind of menial occupation was often profitable, and that at some of the principal crossings the sweepers were already rich men.

But a few days later brought a more notable event to Uncle Billy. One afternoon in Montgomery Street he recognized in one of its smartly dressed frequenters a man who had a few years before been a member of Cedar Camp. Uncle Billy's childish delight at this meeting, which seemed to bridge over his old partner's absence, was, however, only half responded to by the ex-miner, and then somewhat satirically. In the fulness of his emotion, Uncle Billy confided to him that he was seeking his old partner, Jim Foster, and, reticent of his own good fortune, spoke glowingly of his partner's brilliant expectations, but deplored his inability to find him. And just now he was away on important business. "I reckon he's got back," said the man dryly. "I didn't know he had a lock-box at the post-office, but I can give you his other address. He lives at the Presidio, at Washerwoman's Bay." He stopped and looked with a satirical smile at Uncle Billy. But the latter, familiar with Californian mining-camp nomenclature, saw nothing strange in it, and merely repeated his companion's words.

"You'll find him there! Good-by! So long! Sorry I'm in a hurry," said the ex-miner, and hurried away.

Uncle Billy was too delighted with the prospect of a speedy meeting with Uncle Jim to resent his former associate's supercilious haste, or even to wonder why Uncle Jim had not informed him that he had returned.

It was not the first time that he had felt how wide was the gulf between himself and these others, and the thought drew him closer to his old partner, as well as his old idea, as it was now possible to surprise him with the draft. But as he was going to surprise him in his own boarding-house--probably a handsome one--Uncle Billy reflected that he would do so in a certain style.

He accordingly went to a livery stable and ordered a landau and pair, with a negro coachman. Seated in it, in his best and most ill-fitting clothes, he asked the coachman to take him to the Presidio, and leaned back in the cushions as they drove through the streets with such an expression of beaming gratification on his good-humored face that the passers-by smiled at the equipage and its extravagant occupant. To them it seemed the not unusual sight of the successful miner "on a spree." To the unsophisticated Uncle Billy their smiling seemed only a natural and kindly recognition of his happiness, and he nodded and smiled back to them with unsuspecting candor and innocent playfulness. "These yer 'Frisco fellers ain't _all_ slouches, you bet," he added to himself half aloud, at the back of the grinning coachman.

Their way led through well-built streets to the outskirts, or rather to that portion of the city which seemed to have been overwhelmed by shifting sand-dunes, from which half-submerged fences and even low houses barely marked the foe of highway. The resistless trade-winds which had marked this change blew keenly in his face and slightly chilled his ardor. At a turn in the road the sea came in sight, and sloping towards it the great Cemetery of Lone Mountain, with white shafts and marbles that glittered in the sunlight like the sails of ships waiting to be launched down that slope into the Eternal Ocean. Uncle Billy shuddered. What if it had been his fate to seek Uncle Jim there!

"Dar's yar Presidio!" said the negro coachman a few moments later, pointing with his whip, "and dar's yar Wash'woman's Bay!"

Uncle Billy stared. A huge quadrangular fort of stone with a flag flying above its battlements stood at a little distance, pressed against the rocks, as if beating back the encroaching surges; between him and the fort but farther inland was a lagoon with a number of dilapidated, rudely patched cabins or cottages, like stranded driftwood around its shore. But there was no mansion, no block of houses, no street, not another habitation or dwelling to be seen!

Uncle Billy's first shock of astonishment was succeeded by a feeling of relief. He had secretly dreaded a meeting with his old partner in the "haunts of fashion"; whatever was the cause that made Uncle Jim seek this obscure retirement affected him but slightly; he even was thrilled with a vague memory of the old shiftless camp they had both abandoned. A certain instinct---he knew not why, or less still that it might be one of delicacy--made him alight before they reached the first house. Bidding the carriage wait; Uncle Billy entered, and was informed by a blowzy Irish laundress at a tub that Jim Foster, or "Arkansaw Jim," lived at the fourth shanty "beyant." He was at home, for "he'd shprained his fut." Uncle Billy hurried on, stopped before the door of a shanty scarcely less rude than their old cabin, and half timidly pushed it open. A growling voice from within, a figure that rose hurriedly, leaning on a stick, with an attempt to fly, but in the same moment sank back in a chair with an hysterical laugh--and Uncle Billy stood in the presence of his old partner! But as Uncle Billy darted

forward, Uncle Jim rose again, and this time with outstretched hands. Uncle Billy caught them, and in one supreme pressure seemed to pour out and transfuse his whole simple soul into his partner's. There they swayed each other backwards and forwards and sideways by their still clasped hands, until Uncle Billy, with a glance at Uncle Jim's bandaged ankle, shoved him by sheer force down into his chair.

Uncle Jim was first to speak. "Caught, b'gosh! I mighter known you'd be as big a fool as me! Look you, Billy Fall, do you know what you've done? You've druv me out er the streets whar I was makin' an honest livin', by day, on three crossin's! Yes," he laughed forgivingly, "you druv me out er it, by day, jest because I reckoned that some time I might run into your darned fool face,"--another laugh and a grasp of the hand,--"and then, b'gosh! not content with ruinin' my business _by day_, when I took to it at night; _you_ took to goin' out at nights too, and so put a stopper on me there! Shall I tell you what else you did? Well, by the holy poker! I owe this sprained foot to your darned foolishness and my own, for it was getting away from _you_ one night after the theatre that I got run into and run over!

"Ye see," he went on, unconscious of Uncle Billy's paling face, and with a _naïvete_, though perhaps not a delicacy, equal to Uncle Billy's own, "I had to play roots on you with that lock-box business and these letters, because I did not want you to know what I was up to, for you mightn't like it, and might think it was lowerin' to the old firm, don't yer see? I wouldn't hev gone into it, but I was played out, and I don't mind tellin' you _now_, old man, that when I wrote you that first chipper letter from the lock-box I hedn't eat anythin' for two days. But it's all right _now_, " with a laugh. "Then I got into this business--thinkin' it nothin'--jest the very last thing--and do you know, old pard, I couldn't tell anybody but you--and, in fact, I kept it jest to tell you--I've made nine hundred and fifty-six dollars! Yes, sir, _nine hundred and fifty-six dollars_! solid money, in Adams and Co.'s Bank, just out er my trade."

"Wot trade?" asked Uncle Billy.

Uncle Jim pointed to the corner, where stood a large, heavy crossing-sweeper's broom. "That trade."

"Certingly," said Uncle Billy, with a quick laugh.

"It's an outdoor trade," said Uncle Jim gravely, but with no suggestion of awkwardness or apology in his manner; "and thar ain't much difference between sweepin' a crossin' with a broom and raking over tailing with a rake, _only--wot ye get_ with a broom _you_ have handed to ye_, and ye don't have to _pick_ it up and fish it out er_ the wet rocks and sluice-gushin'; and it's a heap less tiring to the back."

"Certingly, you bet!" said Uncle Billy enthusiastically, yet with a certain nervous abstraction.

"I'm glad ye say so; for yer see I didn't know at first how you'd tumble to my doing it, until I'd made my pile. And ef I hadn't made it, I wouldn't hev set eyes on ye agin, old pard--never!"

"Do you mind my runnin' out a minit?" said Uncle Billy, rising. "You see, I've got a friend waitin' for me outside--and I reckon"--he stammered--"I'll jest run out and send him off, so I kin talk comf'ble

to ye."

"Ye ain't got anybody you're owin' money to," said Uncle Jim earnestly, "anybody follerin' you to get paid, eh? For I kin jest set down right here and write ye off a check on the bank!"

"No," said Uncle Billy. He slipped out of the door, and ran like a deer to the waiting carriage. Thrusting a twenty-dollar gold-piece into the coachman's hand, he said hoarsely, "I ain't wantin' that kerridge just now; ye ken drive around and hev a private jamboree all by yourself the rest of the afternoon, and then come and wait for me at the top o' the hill yonder."

Thus quit of his gorgeous equipage, he hurried back to Uncle Jim, grasping his ten thousand dollar draft in his pocket. He was nervous, he was frightened, but he must get rid of the draft and his story, and have it over. But before he could speak he was unexpectedly stopped by Uncle Jim.

"Now, look yer, Billy boy!" said Uncle Jim; "I got suthin' to say to ye--and I might as well clear it off my mind at once, and then we can start fair agin. Now," he went on, with a half laugh, "wasn't it enough for me to go on pretendin' I was rich and doing a big business, and gettin' up that lock-box dodge so as ye couldn't find out whar I hung out and what I was doin'--wasn't it enough for me to go on with all this play-actin', but you, you long-legged or'nary cuss! must get up and go to lyin' and play-acting too!"

"Me play-actin'? Me lyin'?" gasped Uncle Billy.

Uncle Jim leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Do you think you could fool me? Do you think I didn't see through your little game o' going to that swell Oriental, jest as if ye'd made a big strike--and all the while ye wasn't sleepin' 'or eatin' there, but jest wrastlin' yer hash and having a roll down at the Good Cheer! Do you think I didn't spy on ye and find that out? Oh, you long-eared jackass-rabbit!"

He laughed until the tears came into his eyes, and Uncle Billy laughed too, albeit until the laugh on his face became quite fixed, and he was fain to bury his head in his handkerchief.

"And yet," said Uncle Jim, with a deep breath, "gosh! I was frightened--jest for a minit! I thought, mebbe, you had made a big strike--when I got your first letter--and I made up my mind what I'd do! And then I remembered you was jest that kind of an open sluice that couldn't keep anythin' to yourself, and you'd have been sure to have yelled it out to me the first thing. So I waited. And I found you out, you old sinner!" He reached forward and dug Uncle Billy in the ribs.

"What would you hev done?" said Uncle Billy, after an hysterical collapse.

Uncle Jim's face grew grave again. "I'd hev--I'd--hev cl'ared out! Out er 'Frisco! out er Californy! out er Ameriky! I couldn't have stud it! Don't think I would hev begrudged ye yer luck! No man would have been gladder than me." He leaned forward again, and laid his hand caressingly upon his partner's arm--"Don't think I'd hev wanted to take a penny of it--but I--thar! I couldn't hev stood up under it! To

hev had _you_, you, you that I left behind, comin' down here rollin' in wealth and new partners and friends, and arrive upon me--and this shonty--and"--he threw towards the corner of the room a terrible gesture, none the less terrible that it was illogical and inconsequent, to all that had gone before--"and--and--_that broom_!"

There was a dead silence in the room. With it Uncle Billy seemed to feel himself again transported to the homely cabin at Cedar Camp and that fateful night, with his partner's strange, determined face before him as then. He even fancied that he heard the roaring of the pines without, and did not know that it was the distant sea.

But after a minute Uncle Jim resumed:--

"Of course you've made a little raise somehow, or you wouldn't be here?"

"Yes," said Uncle Billy eagerly. "Yes! I've got"-- He stopped and stammered. "I've got--a--few hundreds."

"Oh, oh!" said Uncle Jim cheerfully. He paused, and then added earnestly, "I say! You ain't got left, over and above your d--d foolishness at the Oriental, as much as five hundred dollars?"

"I've got," said Uncle Billy, blushing a little over his first deliberate and affected lie, "I've got at least five hundred and seventy-two dollars. Yes," he added tentatively, gazing anxiously at his partner, "I've got at least that."

"Jee whillikins!" said Uncle Jim, with a laugh. Then eagerly, "Look here, pard! Then we're on velvet! I've got _nine_ hundred; put your _five_ with that, and I know a little ranch that we can get for twelve hundred. That's what I've been savin' up for--that's my little game! No more minin' for _me_. It's got a shanty twice as big as our old cabin, nigh on a hundred acres, and two mustangs. We can run it with two Chinamen and jest make it howl! Wot yer say--eh?" He extended his hand.

"I'm in," said Uncle Billy, radiantly grasping Uncle Jim's. But his smile faded, and his clear simple brow wrinkled in two lines.

Happily Uncle Jim did not notice it. "Now, then, old pard," he said brightly, "we'll have a gay old time to-night--one of our jamborees! I've got some whisky here and a deck o' cards, and we'll have a little game, you understand, but not for 'keeps' now! No, siree; we'll play for beans."

A sudden light illuminated Uncle Billy's face again, but he said, with a grim desperation, "Not to-night! I've got to go into town. That fren' o' mine expects me to go to the theayter, don't ye see? But I'll be out to-morrow at sun-up, and we'll fix up this thing o' the ranch."

"Seems to me you're kinder stuck on this fren'," grunted Uncle Jim.

Uncle Billy's heart bounded at his partner's jealousy. "No--but I _must_, you know," he returned, with a faint laugh.

"I say--it ain't a _her_, is it?" said Uncle Jim.

Uncle Billy achieved a diabolical wink and a creditable blush at his

lie.

"Billy!"

"Jim!"

And under cover of this festive gallantry Uncle Billy escaped. He ran through the gathering darkness, and toiled up the shifting sands to the top of the hill, where he found the carriage waiting.

"Wot," said Uncle Billy in a low confidential tone to the coachman, "wot do you 'Frisco fellers allow to be the best, biggest, and riskiest gamblin'-saloon here? Suthin' high-toned, you know?"

The negro grinned. It was the usual case of the extravagant spendthrift miner, though perhaps he had expected a different question and order.

"Dey is de 'Polka,' de 'El Dorado,' and de 'Arcade' saloon, boss," he said, flicking his whip meditatively. "Most gents from de mines prefer de 'Polka,' for dey is dancing wid de gals frown in. But de real prima facie place for gents who go for buckin' agin de tiger and straight-out gamblin' is de Arcade."

"Drive there like thunder!" said Uncle Billy, leaping into the carriage.

* * * * *

True to his word, Uncle Billy was at his partner's shanty early the next morning. He looked a little tired, but happy, and had brought a draft with him for five hundred and seventy-five dollars, which he explained was the total of his capital. Uncle Jim was overjoyed. They would start for Napa that very day, and conclude the purchase of the ranch; Uncle Jim's sprained foot was a sufficient reason for his giving up his present vocation, which he could also sell at a small profit. His domestic arrangements were very simple; there was nothing to take with him--there was everything to leave behind. And that afternoon, at sunset, the two reunited partners were seated on the deck of the Napa boat as she swung into the stream.

Uncle Billy was gazing over the railing with a look of abstracted relief towards the Golden Gate, where the sinking sun seemed to be drawing towards him in the ocean a golden stream that was forever pouring from the Bay and the three-hilled city beside it. What Uncle Billy was thinking of, or what the picture suggested to him, did not transpire; for Uncle Jim, who, emboldened by his holiday, was luxuriating in an evening paper, suddenly uttered a long-drawn whistle, and moved closer to his abstracted partner. "Look yer," he said, pointing to a paragraph he had evidently just read, "just you listen to this, and see if we ain't lucky, you and me, to be jest wot we air--trustin' to our own hard work--and not thinkin' o' 'strikes' and 'fortins.' Jest unbutton yer ears, Billy, while I reel off this yer thing I've jest struck in the paper, and see what d--d fools some men kin make o' themselves. And that theer reporter wot wrote it--must hev seed it reely!"

Uncle Jim cleared his throat, and holding the paper close to his eyes read aloud slowly:--

"A scene of excitement that recalled the palmy days of '49 was witnessed last night at the Arcade Saloon. A stranger, who might have belonged to that reckless epoch, and who bore every evidence of being a successful Pike County miner out on a "spree," appeared at one of the tables with a negro coachman bearing two heavy bags of gold. Selecting a faro-bank as his base of operations, he began to bet heavily and with apparent recklessness, until his play excited the breathless attention of every one. In a few moments he had won a sum variously estimated at from eighty to a hundred thousand dollars. A rumor went round the room that it was a concerted attempt to "break the bank" rather than the drunken freak of a Western miner, dazzled by some successful strike. To this theory the man's careless and indifferent bearing towards his extraordinary gains lent great credence. The attempt, if such it was, however, was unsuccessful. After winning ten times in succession the luck turned, and the unfortunate "bucket" was cleared out not only of his gains, but of his original investment, which may be placed roughly at twenty thousand dollars. This extraordinary play was witnessed by a crowd of excited players, who were less impressed by even the magnitude of the stakes than the perfect _sang froid_ and recklessness of the player, who, it is said, at the close of the game tossed a twenty-dollar gold-piece to the banker and smilingly withdrew. The man was not recognized by any of the habitués of the place.'

"There!" said Uncle Jim, as he hurriedly slurred over the French substantive at the close, "did ye ever see such God-forsaken foolishness?"

Uncle Billy lifted his abstracted eyes from the current, still pouring its unreturning gold into the sulking sun, and said, with a deprecatory smile, "Never!"

Nor even in the days of prosperity that visited the Great Wheat Ranch of "Fall and Foster" did he ever tell his secret to his partner.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

By Emily Bennett

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *My Short Story Book*, by Various

EFFIE was quite in distress about the spare room in her doll's-house, because she had no "visitor doll."

All the other rooms were occupied, for there were two smart maids in the kitchen who were beginning to cook the dinner; then in the dining-room there was a "mamma" sitting on the blue sofa, gazing at the bowl of gold-fish. In the nursery, the three children were already put to bed, and the poor, tired nurse rested by the bright coal-scuttle on the floor. In the drawing-room, two gay dolls in ball-dresses sat by the piano; but there was no one for the spare room!

"It seems a great pity," said Mamma, "because you put all the nicest things in this room, Effie—the wax candles, the pretty box of chocolates, the lace curtains to the bed, and the dumb-bells; we must try and think of someone to come and stay here."

"Mamma, do you think Rosie would lend me one of her dolls?" suggested Effie.

"Supposing you write and ask her," said Mamma.

Effie seemed to think this a good idea, but then she would have to wait a few days, because her friend was away, staying at a farmhouse.

"Shall we put the china baby in," said Mamma, "or is he quite one of the family?"

"Oh, Mummy, he's the youngest child of all!" replied Effie, shaking her head.

"I am afraid he is too much of a baby," said Mamma, looking into the spare room, "and he might get into the shower-bath or open the door of the bird-cage—perhaps it would be unsafe."

Effie nodded.

"We will write to Rosie, then," said Mamma encouragingly.

That night, when Effie was fast asleep, a little grey mouse peeped through a crack in the nursery floor, and seeing that the room was empty, she hurried into every corner to find some chance crumb of cake or bread, but alas for her! the room had been too carefully swept, so the hungry little mouse could find nothing for her supper.

Suddenly, she saw the dolls'-house, so she squeezed through the glass door, which Effie had not quite shut, and very soon found her way into the spare room.

"_The very thing!_" cried she to herself, whisking her tail with joy. "Here is a nice little bed to sleep in, and a wax candle on the dressing-table for supper! How lucky I am! this is indeed a nice house to visit!"

The next morning, Effie ran to her dolls'-house and gave a little scream. "Mummy, _look!_ there's been a mouse in the spare room! It's eaten two of the candles—look!"

"That is not quite the guest you hoped for, is it, Effie?" said Mamma.

"No, but do you think it will come again to-night? Oh! I should like to see it in the morning!" said Effie.

U in The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sign Talk*, by Ernest Thompson Seaton

=Ugly.= Sign _Face_; i.e., swing the right 5 hand in a circle near the face, and add _Bad_.

Fr. _laid_; Ger. _hässlich_.

=Undecided.= Bow the head forward, resting the right G on the lips. See also _Thinking_ and _If_.

Fr. _en doute_; Ger. _unschlüssig_.

=United States of America.= There is no well-established sign, but the Indian of a hundred years ago referred to the United States as the "Thirteen Fires," i.e., Council Fires. So that _Thirteen_ and _Fires_ would answer. The Blackfeet indicate the Boundary Line running east and west, then all south of it.

So, also, for the individual States, in the absence of established signs, we may use their nicknames. These, however, are mere suggestions.

Fr. _les États-Unis d'Amérique_; Ger. _die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika_.

=Alabama= (Cotton State). _Country_ and _Cotton_. The latter by pointing to something by cotton.

=Arizona= (Cactus State). _Country_, _Trees_, and _Sharp_, as in _Porcupine_.

=Arkansas= (Bear State). _Country_ and _Bear Black_, to distinguish from _Russia_.

=California= (Golden State). _Country_ and _Gold_; for gold pinch the lobe of the ear, or point to any gold or yellow thing in sight; if it is near, take an imaginary pinch of it, to exclude the object that is made of it.

=Colorado= (Centennial State). _Country_ and _100 Years_ or _Snows_.

=Connecticut= (Nutmeg State). _Country_, _Fruit_, and _Hard_.

=Dakota, North= (Flickertail State). _Country_ and holding G hand, palm up, wag the index to express the tail of the Flickertail gopher.

=Dakota, South= (Coyote State). _Country_ and _Small Wolf_.

=Delaware= (Diamond State). _Country_ and, for _Diamond_, place the right thumb and index on an imaginary stone on ring finger of left; then add _Twinkle_.

=Florida= (Peninsular State). _Country_ and _Water_. The half into the left C hand, held level and facing the right, lay the right N fingers, backs up.

=Georgia= (Cracker State). _Country_, _Corn_, and _Grind_, as in _Coffee_. The Crackers were so called because of their cracked corn diet.

=Idaho= (Land of the Shoshoni). _Country_ and _Snake_.

=Illinois= (Prairie State). _Country_ and _Prairie_.

=Indiana= (Hoosier State). _Country_ and _Who is here?_

=Iowa= (Hawkeye State). _Country_, _Hawk_, and _Eye_.

=Kansas= (Sunflower State). _Country_, _Flower_, and _Sun_.

=Kentucky= (Blue Grass State). _Country_, _Grass_, and _Blue_.

=Louisiana= (Pelican State). _Country_, _Bird_, _Long bill_; and with index show outline of the pouch.

=Maine= (Pine Tree State). _Country_ and _Tree_.

=Maryland= (Terrapin State). _Country_ and _Turtle_.

=Massachusetts= (Bay State). _Country_ and _Bay_.

=Michigan= (Wolverine State). _Country_ and _Wolverine_ or _Bushy-tailed Bear_. Indicate _Bear_, then _Tail_ and _Bushy_.

=Minnesota= (Gopher State). _Country_ and _Small Striped Animal_. With compressed right hand, back up, indicate a small animal; then draw the fingers of left 4 hand along it for stripes.

=Mississippi= (Bayou State). _Country_, _Bay_, and _Trees_.

=Missouri= (Banner State). _Country_ and _Flag_. Or else, "_Show me State_," thus, with flat right hand shade right eye, knit brows, look here and there.

=Montana= (Land of the Blackfeet.) _Country_ and _Blackfeet_.

=Nebraska= (Shallow River). _Country_, _River_, _Broad_, and _Low_. Or _Pawneeland_, _Country_, and _Wolf_, which is the Pawnee sign.

=Nevada= (Silver State). Sign _Country_, _Metal_, and _White_; bring right hand hollow under left and shake as though jingling coins.

=New Hampshire= (Granite State). _Country_ and signs for _Hard_ and _Very_.

=New Jersey= (Blue State). _Country_, _Color_, and _Blue_.

=New Mexico= (Sunshine State). Make sign for _Country_ and _Sun_.

=New York= (Empire State). _Country_ and _Crowned_, which is indicated by placing both 5 hands on the sides of the head like the feathers in a war-bonnet.

=North Carolina= (Tar Heel State). _Country_, _Heel_, and _Black_.

=Ohio= (Buckeye State). _Country_, _Deer_, and _Eye_.

=Oklahoma= (Sooners State). _Country_ and _Soon_, or else _Country_ and _Kiowa_.

=Oregon= (Beaver State). _Country_ and _Beaver_.

=Pennsylvania= (Keystone State). _Country_ and _Keystone_, thus: Hold up right hand, fingers out, pointing up, a space between the ring and

middle fingers only; hold all fingers of left hand extended and join at tips to form a wedge; put this wedge in the opening between the fingers of the right hand.

=Rhode Island= (Little State). _Country_ and _Very Small_.

=South Carolina= (Palmetto State). _Country_ and _Leaf_; then indicate the shape of leaf with flat hand and fingers spread to their utmost.

=Tennessee= (Long Rifles). _Country_, _Rifle_, and _Long_.

=Texas= (Lone Star State). _Country_, and _Star_, _Alone_.

=Utah= (_Mormon_ or _Many Wives State_). _Country_, _Mates_, _Many_.

=Vermont= (Green Mountain State). _Country_, _Mountain_, _Color_, and _Grass_.

=Virginia= (Tobacco State). _Country_ and _Tobacco_.

=Washington= (Evergreen State). _Country_, _Green_, and _Always_.

=West Virginia= (Panhandle State). _Country_ and _Cook by frying_;
then hold out flat spread left hand, palm up, and grasp the wrist with the right.

=Wisconsin= (Badger State). _Country_ and _Badger_.

=Wyoming= (Land of Cheyennes). _Country_ and _Cheyennes_ or _Finger Choppers_.

=Up= or =Upward=. Point up with flat hand or else the right G, raising the same about head high. The index means specifically "that thing up there"; whereas the flat hand means the abstract idea "up." Compare _Tall_ and _Stand_.

Fr. _en haut_, _haut_; Ger. _auf_, _hinauf_, _aufwärts_.

U in The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Roycroft Dictionary*, by Elbert Hubbard

UNIVERSITY: 1. An institution for the prevention of learning. 2. A place where rich men send their sons who have no aptitude for business. 3. A plan for the elimination of physical culture and the exaltation of athletics. 4. A literary, gonococci culture-bed. 5. A collection of buildings which emit the odor of the classics and omit the odor of sanctity. 6. A place wherein the youthful mind is taught the danger of thinking.

UNION LABOR: A force which unchecked would develop into violent and destructive anarchy.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Miss District de Columbia and her forty-eight Subsidiaries.

UNREQUITED: (Used generally with the word love.) Inability to make both ends meet.

UTOPIAN: A person who demands that you shall live up to his ideals.

UNPARDONABLE SIN: Neglecting to close the screen-door.

UP TO DATE: To be far behind the Ancients, who were generally ahead of the current date. _E. g._, "This thing would never have happened if I had only been up to date, but I tried to be dateless."--Last words of Socrates.

UTOPIA: A place where you have but to suggest a thing, to consider it done; a condition where all things are supplied on slipping a wish into a slot.

USAGE: The consecration in time of something that was originally absurd.

UNSURPASSABLE BLACKING

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Our Knowledge Box*:, Edited by Geo. Blackie

_--Put one gallon of vinegar into a stone jug,
and one pound of ivory-black well pulverized, half a pound of loaf
sugar, half an ounce of oil of vitriol, and seven ounces of sweet oil.
Incorporate the whole by stirring.

2. Take twelve ounces each of ivory-black and molasses; spermaceti oil,
four ounces; and white wine vinegar, two quarts. Mix thoroughly. This
contains no vitriol, and therefore will not injure the leather. The
trouble of making it is very little, and it would be well to prepare it
for one's self, were it only to be assured that it is not injurious.

U in The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Devil's Dictionary*, by Ambrose Bierce

UBIQUITY, n. The gift or power of being in all places at one time,
but not in all places at all times, which is omnipresence, an
attribute of God and the luminiferous ether only. This important
distinction between ubiquity and omnipresence was not clear to the
mediaeval Church and there was much bloodshed about it. Certain
Lutherans, who affirmed the presence everywhere of Christ's body were
known as Ubiquitarians. For this error they were doubtless damned,
for Christ's body is present only in the eucharist, though that
sacrament may be performed in more than one place simultaneously. In
recent times ubiquity has not always been understood--not even by
Sir Boyle Roche, for example, who held that a man cannot be in two
places at once unless he is a bird.

UGLINESS, n. A gift of the gods to certain women, entailing virtue
without humility.

ULTIMATUM, n. In diplomacy, a last demand before resorting to concessions.

Having received an ultimatum from Austria, the Turkish Ministry met to consider it.

"O servant of the Prophet," said the Sheik of the Imperial Chibouk to the Mammoosh of the Invincible Army, "how many unconquerable soldiers have we in arms?"

"Upholder of the Faith," that dignitary replied after examining his memoranda, "they are in numbers as the leaves of the forest!"

"And how many impenetrable battleships strike terror to the hearts of all Christian swine?" he asked the Imaum of the Ever Victorious Navy.

"Uncle of the Full Moon," was the reply, "deign to know that they are as the waves of the ocean, the sands of the desert and the stars of Heaven!"

For eight hours the broad brow of the Sheik of the Imperial Chibouk was corrugated with evidences of deep thought: he was calculating the chances of war. Then, "Sons of angels," he said, "the die is cast! I shall suggest to the Ulema of the Imperial Ear that he advise inaction. In the name of Allah, the council is adjourned."

UN-AMERICAN, adj. Wicked, intolerable, heathenish.

UNCTION, n. An oiling, or greasing. The rite of extreme unction consists in touching with oil consecrated by a bishop several parts of the body of one engaged in dying. Marbury relates that after the rite had been administered to a certain wicked English nobleman it was discovered that the oil had not been properly consecrated and no other could be obtained. When informed of this the sick man said in anger: "Then I'll be damned if I die!"

"My son," said the priest, "this is what we fear."

UNDERSTANDING, n. A cerebral secretion that enables one having it to know a house from a horse by the roof on the house. Its nature and laws have been exhaustively expounded by Locke, who rode a house, and Kant, who lived in a horse.

His understanding was so keen
That all things which he'd felt, heard, seen,
He could interpret without fail
If he was in or out of jail.
He wrote at Inspiration's call
Deep disquisitions on them all,
Then, pent at last in an asylum,
Performed the service to compile 'em.
So great a writer, all men swore,
They never had not read before.

Jorrocks Wormley

UNITARIAN, n. One who denies the divinity of a Trinitarian.

UNIVERSALIST, n. One who forgoes the advantage of a Hell for persons of another faith.

URBANITY, n. The kind of civility that urban observers ascribe to dwellers in all cities but New York. Its commonest expression is heard in the words, "I beg your pardon," and it is not consistent with disregard of the rights of others.

The owner of a powder mill
Was musing on a distant hill--
 Something his mind foreboded--
When from the cloudless sky there fell
A deviled human kidney! Well,
 The man's mill had exploded.
His hat he lifted from his head;
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said;
 "I didn't know 'twas loaded."

Swatkin

USAGE, n. The First Person of the literary Trinity, the Second and Third being Custom and Conventionality. Imbued with a decent reverence for this Holy Triad an industrious writer may hope to produce books that will live as long as the fashion.

UXORIOUSNESS, n. A perverted affection that has strayed to one's own wife.